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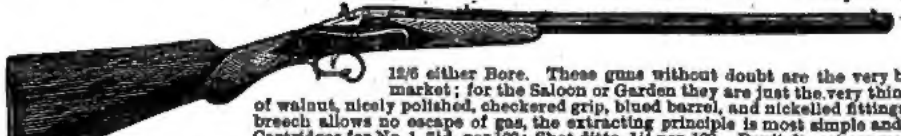

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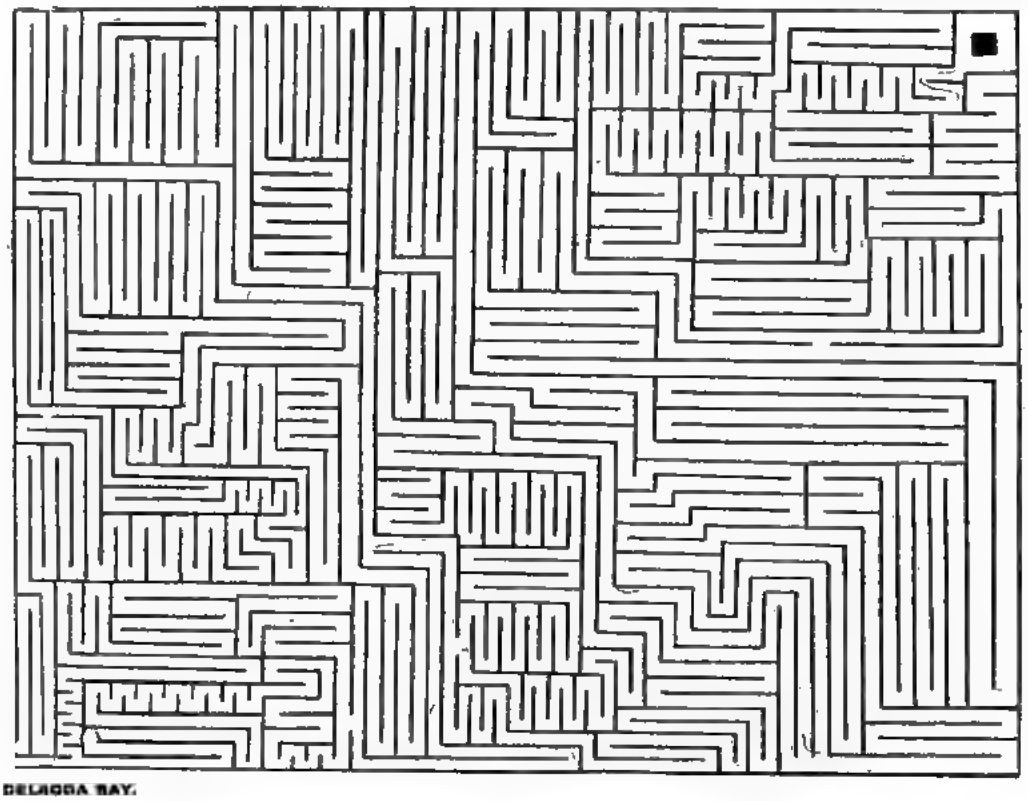
"THE CAPTAIN" HOLIDAY PUZZLE.

KRUGER'S ESCAPE.

WHERE KRUGER IS HIDING.



DELAGOA BAY.

If the black square represented the place where Mr. O. P. Kruger is in hiding, what would be that gentleman's shortest route to get to Delagoa Bay without crossing any of the lines?

There will be no prize for this, as the "Old Fag" does not wish his readers to destroy their copies.

Specially drawn for THE CAPTAIN

"HIS DUTY DONE!"

by Colbron Pearse

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

A CHAT WITH MR. LOUIS BECKE.

By Arthur Lawrence.

Illustrated by J. Littler and from photographs.

NOTWITHSTANDING the facilities of modern travel, the world is still—from the adventurer's point of view—a mighty big place. Consequently, those of us who travel, or who do the next best thing and read about travel, are apt to centre our attention on some particular region. The world is too vast for all-round inspection, and, at present, it is impossible to disperse one's personality and scatter oneself over the globe.

One is by turns fascinated by the glamour of the Arctic and Antarctic; of ships bursting into unknown, ice-girdled seas; of Africa, with perilous adventures into the heart of the Dark Continent, where the lowest of savages, the fiercest of animals seem to be leagued with the forest and jungle against the hardy invader; or one is entranced by the multitudinous charms of the Islands of the South Seas—

> The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
> The lightning flash of insect, and of bird . . .
> The league-long roller thundering on the surf

of the Pacific. Personally I vote for the Pacific.

No aborigines in the world are more interesting in their variety and distinguishing characteristics than those of the islands of the Pacific, from the good-looking and mild-mannered brown Polynesians, to the less amiable woolly-haired black Melanesians, and the intervening varieties who inhabit the atolls and islands, which you will see on the map, scattered like dust over that huge expanse of ocean which, on the west, washes the coast of Australia and China, and, on the east, the coast line of America.

One is so used to small maps that it is not always easy to realise that these islands, many of them large and important, looking like mere spots on the atlas, comprise—exclusive of Australia and New Zealand—some million and a half square miles of territory, with some millions of highly-variegated inhabitants.

The fact that the population of the Pacific is thinly spread over many hundreds of islands, some of them distant thousands of miles from others, would require of a man that he should give up the best part of his days if he would even claim an acquaintance with each group of these islands. It is for this reason, in part, that one's library gives one but scant information. Many of the books written are based on mere hurried excursions. The modern "explorer" touches certain of the better-known islands, so that he gets a view of the coast-lines of many, and, maybe, a week or two's acquaintance with two or three of them. Of course, many Europeans have settled down here and there, but, unfortunately, are either not qualified or do not have any incentive to record their views and experiences.

Louis Becke stands alone in this respect, that he has spent the greater part of his life in the Pacific, has touched at most of the islands, and has resided for a year or two at a good many of them. To quote Lord Pembroke's prefatory note to one of Mr. Becke's books, Louis Becke knows the Pacific "as few men alive or dead have ever known it."

For the last year or two he has resided in England, never stopping long in one place, and his visits to the metropolis are few and far between. It is not surprising that after the fashion of the suggestion that he who "hears the East a-callin', never heeds aught else," that Mr. Becke told me that he intends finally to return to the land of palms. Would he not sigh after the fleshpots of civilisation? was the question. "Nary a sigh," was the immediate rejoinder. But this by the way.

It is but in the nature of things that one should find him at the seaside, although a surf-beaten reef is scarcely suggested by a rectitudinous and well-paved esplanade.

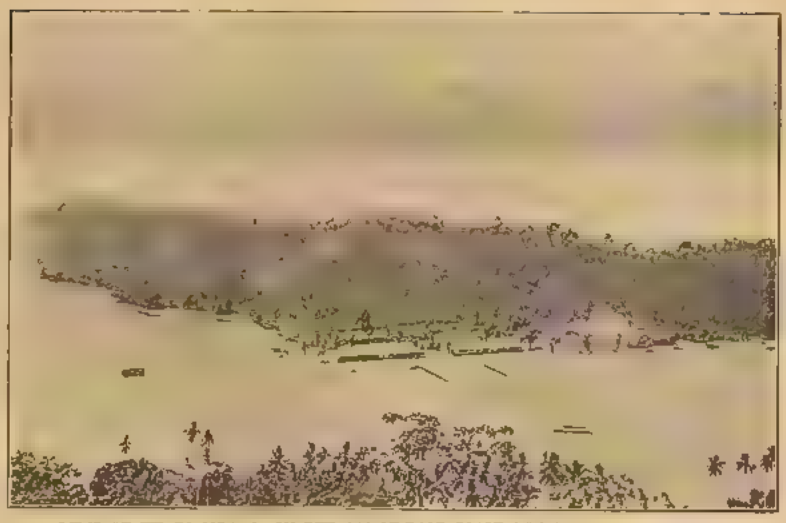
It is after a delightful day with one's host, during which all sorts of subjects have been discussed, that the writer suddenly remembers that he has not come down to obtain information for his personal benefit, but with the notion of extracting from the victim a biographical sketch of himself, and some talk of the natives, for THE CAPTAIN. Imagine, therefore, that at a late hour of the night, which the interviewer's persistence protracts to the small hours of the morning, that the unwearied host, whose placid courage is equal to the inquisitiveness of the predatory journalist, returns good for evil by communing with the inquisitive guest to the accompaniment of the pipe of peace and refreshment of the sort best suited to the occasion. One of many charts of the Pacific Ocean lies on the table by the way of solving any geographical difficulties.

LOUIS BECKE.
Photographed in Sydney.

Louis Becke was born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, which by a simple calculation puts his age at fifty-two, although, possibly due to a good constitution and so much outdoor life, he gives one the impression of being a dozen years younger. When he left school at fourteen he made up his mind that he must go to sea. It was impossible to keep him at home, so an uncle sent him, with an elder brother, to take up a berth in a mercantile house in California. They sailed for San Francisco in a veritable tub, which, for over a month, drifted about in front of storms on the sea between New Zealand and Australia, the old barque being dismasted and leaking. The crew mutinied, and it was not until a call had been made at Rurutu, in the Tubai group, and fresh food had been obtained, that they permitted the captain to resume command of the ship. They were nearly five months in making the Californian coast.

Undeterred by this unpleasant experience the younger brother left the merchant's office, obtained a berth as clerk in a steamship company, and traded to the southern ports of California. In about a year's time he had scraped enough money to take a passage in a schooner bound on a shark-catching cruise to Christmas Island and Palmyra Islands in the Northern Pacific. The life was as rough as need be, but was full of excitement. His next trip was a trading venture amongst the Western Carolines, the Pelew group. Becke had put in £200 with the skipper who owned the schooner. They were the only two white men on board. As usual, there was more excitement. The old man was a good chap. He had only two faults: First,

though a splendid seaman, he knew nothing of navigation; and, secondly, he knew a great deal too much about drink. It took but a week or so to find themselves stranded amongst the Marshall Islands, and the old skipper in a state of delirium. Becke and the native sailors ran the ship into a little uninhabited atoll, and for one pleasant week had to keep the captain tied up to prevent him killing himself. At last they got him into his senses again, and stood out to the westward. They fell in with a big sailing canoe from the Marshall Islands, which had been blown out of sight of land, and drifted six hundred miles to the westward. Thirty out of the seventy natives were dead. The remainder were soon cheered up with provisions and water, and were left to make Kusaie Island, then in sight, but not until Becke and the native chief had sworn Marshall Island brotherhood with one another. Years afterwards, when he came to live in the group, the chief proved his friendship.



VIEW OF KUATO ISLAND, ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA
The hills in the background show the mainland of New Guinea.

The cruise proved profitable enough to enable Becke to decide to go in for trading, and eventually to know the people of every group of the Pacific.

A decent, well built schooner costs a couple of thousand pounds, and, although steam is taking the place of sail, at present these craft do much of the carrying. The schooner is filled with all manner of European goods at Sydney or Auckland, and then makes for her various calling places under a white skipper and her supercargo, possibly a white mate, and a crew of natives, who are admirable sailors. The firm which owns the schooner has agents dotted about here and there all over the islands — solitary men whose business it is to collect copra, pearl shell, sharks' fins and tails, cotton, coffee, arrowroot, ivory nuts, nickel, chrome, or whatever may happen to be the chief product. He has a trade-house on the beach, which is practically a store full of calicoes,

AVARUA HARBOUR, ISLAND OF RAROTONGA.
The vessel was then the Countess Festetic's yacht, *Tolna*—she is now a trader

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From a PREPARATIONS FOR A DINNER PARTY IN A SAMOAN VILLAGE. *photograph.*

gaily coloured fancy stuffs, knives, tomahawks, tobacco, spirits, wines, tinned meats, sewing machines—in fact, a regular store of dry goods.

After being supercargo on several ships Becke now became trader, living for a year or so in one or other of the islands. To make money for himself or his firm a trader must be considerably cute. He must keep good friends with the natives, although some of the older traders seemed to think it good business to abuse the confidence of the natives in many respects. He must, as the phrase goes, be able to keep himself company. Mr. Becke says he has been as long as a year in one of the islands without seeing a white man. He seems to have suffered nothing by the seclusion. The house of thatch and boards is comfortable enough; the food is excellent. The tinned meats afford a most varied dietary; fish in any quantity to be had for the catching; bush pigeons are most appetising and dainty; fowls cost nothing; turtle and turtle eggs are plentiful; the pork is excellent. For recreation there is fishing, shooting, canoeing, and bathing. News only comes with a schooner, or in former years by a passing whaler, perhaps. Books are thumbed to pieces, but at night the natives come in, and, gathering round the door, tell stories, or sing, in the cool tropical night, to the humming accompaniment of the ocean, and with the light of the "Scorpion" and other stars—unseen in our own hemisphere—overhead.

There is another side to the picture, and travellers who have been roughly handled by natives are apt to suggest that while the pictures drawn by Louis Becke may be true enough as he saw them, that many people do not find island life quite so idyllic. They forget that, to use an old axiom, "you are apt to find what you bring with you," and Mr. Becke—as a few hours' conversation will tend to convince one—takes with him a singularly clear brain and level head, an equable temperament, courage which is never of the aggressive or bombastic order, and no little tact. By the use of the last word one does not mean cunning, but in his case a habit of dealing with the natives as you wish them to deal with you, together with a sympathy which is only worth anything if it be genuine and in no way worn as a garment. The simple, child-like native is an excellent hand at detecting anything like humbug.

There is nothing about Mr. Becke—herculean proportions, or anything of that sort—to suggest exceptional physical strength, but in this he is not lacking, coming of a robust, deep-chested family, with hard muscles and sound lungs.

In regard to this and his brother, who went on a ranche some thirty years ago, and whom he has not seen since, though he hears from him, Mr. Becke mentioned one or two items well worth recording.

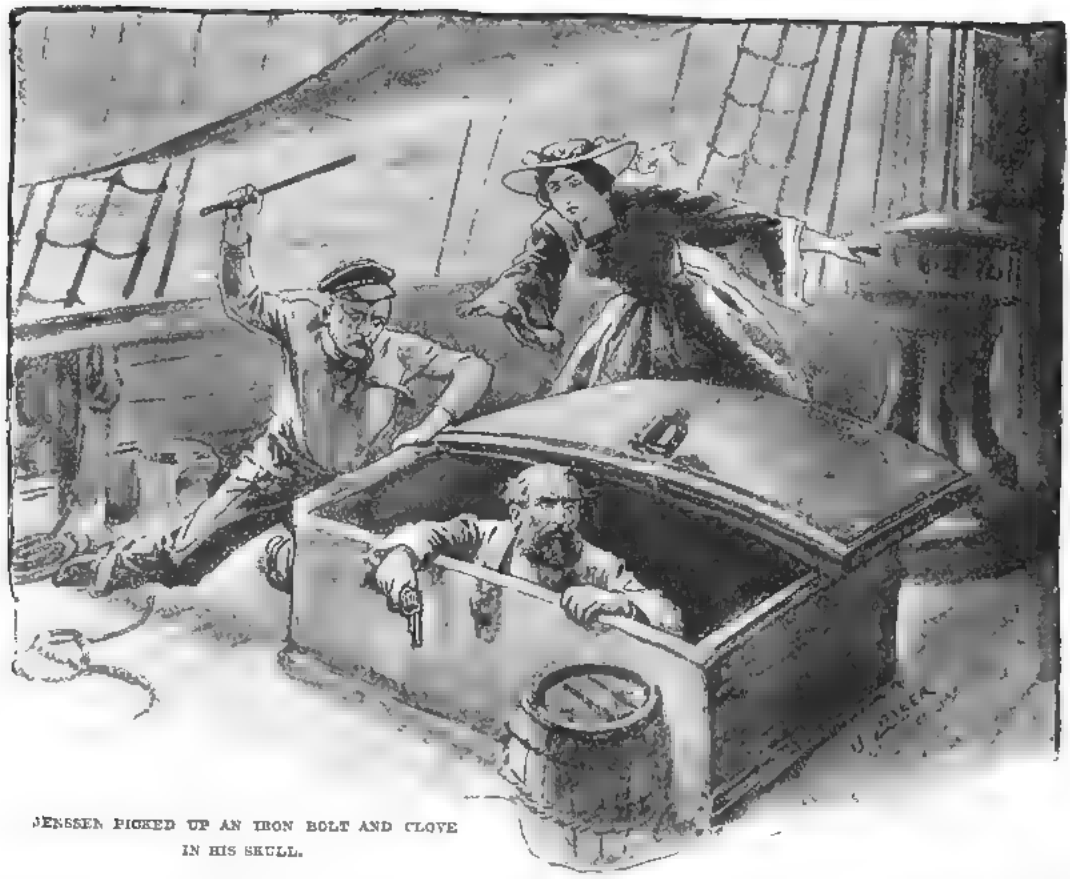
"That is a portrait of my brother—the one who went to California with me," he said to me, "and when we were boys together he used to give me many hammerings. We were allowed plenty of freedom, but for some time my parents could not imagine how it was that

my brother seemed to possess so much spare cash. One day he came home with one eye closed, his nose injured, and one or two other disarrangements. Asked for an explanation, he told a cock-and-bull story of being run over by a cart! It turned out that, under an assumed name, he had been frequenting a place exclusively patronised by gentlemen interested in the noble art of self-defence, where he would 'take on' all comers, sometimes receiving twenty pounds odd in payment for a performance, and had managed to maintain his position as best man at the game for some considerable time. On the occasion of his being 'run over by a cart,' he had really met someone of somewhat superior fighting ability."

Whatever skill the younger and much-hammered brother may have as a fighter—and he is a crack shot, by the way—one can judge by his conversation and history that he hasn't an ounce of the braggart about him, and this will account partly for the fact that he is alive and flourishing to this day. Speaking of this, one thinks of that historic figure—who, for two years, was Becke's companion—Captain, or "Bully" Hayes, who was really a singularly skilful pirate, adapting himself to modern conditions. Mr. Becke assured me that, unlike Pease, another of somewhat similar avocation, but a cut-throat of the most barbarous type, Bully Hayes' memory has been much maligned, and that, although Mrs. Grundy would regard him as a monster of impropriety and other things, he was not guilty of many of the deeds imputed to him. Boldrewood's "A Modern Buccaneer" is founded on Becke's log-book, and one of these days Mr. Becke will probably write a full account of the doings of the redoubtable pirate. Suffice it to say, that for some time Becke sailed with Hayes as his supercargo, and that, after being shipwrecked on Strong's Island in the notorious brig *Leonora*, they parted company. The attitude Bully Hayes assumed towards these peaceable islanders did not fit in with Becke's notions, in reply to an expression of which Hayes threatened to shoot him. To put it mildly, there ensued a great deal of unpleasantness. Hayes eventually departed with his spoil, leaving Becke on the island, to settle down with the natives until taken off by a man-of-war, which was actually searching for Hayes. So much Mr. Becke told me, but one may add how the life of Bully Hayes came to an end.

Hayes was in 'Frisco when he fell in with a simple-minded person who was about to take a trip to the islands in his yacht, which was lying in the bay. "I'm your very man," said Hayes, only too truthfully; and being a very genial fellow he soon made himself master of the situation. They were all aboard, when Hayes said that he had forgotten to bring his chronometer, and begged the yacht-owner to get it. He did, but when he returned the yacht had sailed away without him, but with the owner's good wife on board. The story goes that they got on very well for a while, and then began to quarrel bitterly. One day Hayes had a row with the steward, named Jenssen. Yet again Hayes uttered his threat anent shooting, and disappeared down the hatchway for his revolver. "Kill him, Jenssen," suggested the lady, who had also had a tiff with the hot-tempered fellow. Jenssen picked up an iron bolt, and when Hayes' bald head appeared, clove in his skull. This was the wind-up of an embroidered career. Hayes had

From a NATIVE CARRIERS. *photograph.*



JENSSEN PICKED UP AN IRON BOLT AND CLOVE IN HIS SKULL.

made himself so objectionable to the German authorities, and had evaded capture so often, that the German-protected islands went into rejoicings at the news of his death, guns were fired, and flags waved amidst general excitement, whilst Jenssen was looked upon as a hero. Mr. Becke tells me that not long afterwards Jenssen was drowned.

It was at Samoa that Becke first set up as a trader on his own account. Subsequently he and a Manhiki half-caste bought a cutter and went into partnership, trading throughout the group. Twice the cutter was seized, as at that time the natives were fighting. It was when in charge of a trading vessel, which he took to the Marshall Islands, that Becke fell in with Hayes, to whom he had sealed orders to hand over the craft. After two years' cruising the incident at Strong's Island happened, which has been already recounted, ending in Becke's sojourn on the island for the space of five months. The natives treated him with great kindness. Subsequently Becke travelled to the Carolines, sailing to Eastern Polynesia, living in the Gamblers, Paumotos, and Easter and Pitcairn Islands. In this part he picked up an abandoned French barque on the reef, floated her, and loaded her with cocoa-nuts, intending to sail her to New Zealand with a native crew, but she went ashore and he lost everything.

Meeting with the managing partner of a Liverpool firm, he took service with them as a trader in the Ellice and Tokelau groups; finally settling down as a residential trader. He travelled again to the Carolines, and was wrecked on Peru, one of the savage Gilbert Islands, again losing everything he possessed. But of the islands he has visited and lived in, and the adventures he has had, are they not briefly alluded to by Lord Pembroke, from whom I have quoted, and at more length and very graphically in the many books which this interesting "Wanderer" has written? Suffice it to say that "Lui," knowing the languages and dialects, and acting straightforwardly, was liked and trusted—although it is not he who says it—throughout the islands. He has more literary work in hand than he can find time for, and from the writing point of view is in the enviable position that he has not yet told a third of what

he has experienced, whilst he has an enormous mass of material, which he will put in order for publication when he has time to attend to it. At the time of our meeting he had just completed and sold a long story, which by this time will be appearing in serial form in a contemporary.

His knowledge of the different island dialects used to entitle Mr. Becke to the post of bargainer-in-chief in dealings with natives. If danger was apprehended the proceeding was as follows: Becke would be in the foremost boat, which would approach within easy speaking distance, and then there would always be the "covering" boat, which remained some little distance away, with rifles in readiness. On one such occasion he found the natives wildly excited, refusing to have anything to do with them. The Scotch skipper in the "covering" boat received the translation of their remarks from Becke very calmly. "Talk to them again," he adjured him. "Have patience, my boy, patience!" Becke renewed his conversation with the natives, but had to duck promptly to avoid the bullets and stones with which these one-sided negotiations were received. "Patience!" said the old Scotchman grimly. But at this moment Becke received a bullet in the neck which ran round to his spine and caused him some inconvenience for days. Several stones struck the "covering" boat, and one of them hit the skipper. The natives use a sling with great dexterity, in the manner of David's attack on Goliath. Becke sheered off, and the Scotchman no longer cried "Patience!" but brought the ringleader down with his gun, and both boats returned to the ship without any unnecessary delay. Treatment of this sort nearly always indicated that German labour vessels — commonly called "black-birders" — had visited the natives recently; the Germans invariably conducting themselves in a way which brought on reprisals, in which the innocent sometimes had the measure which might have been better applied to the guilty.

NATIVE OF S.E. NEW GUINEA WITH HIS SON'S SKELETON. *photograph.*

LIGHTNING AT SEA IN THE PACIFIC. (*From a drawing made on the spot.*)

By permission of *"The Book of Cricket.*

HUGH TRUMBLE.

(Knowledge is Power.)

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APROPOS OF SOME BOWLERS.

By C. B. Fry.

THE question as to who should be reckoned the best bowler ever seen is debated over and over again among first-class cricketers. I have heard many great players of experience make quite long speeches on the subject. On the whole, the balance of expert opinion leans towards F. R. Spofforth. He was surnamed the "Demon," on account of his Satanic skill and the "devil" in his deliveries. It is a common error to attribute his *soubriquet* to his terrific pace, but Spofforth was never a fast bowler in the proper sense of the term. Occasionally he used to put in a very fast ball, which was generally a "yorker" and often proved fatal, but his standard pace was medium to fast-medium, a little faster, perhaps, than G. T. Hearne's. He was complete master of every detail of the bowler's art. Tall, thin, lanky, loose-limbed, and very long in the arm, he took a lengthy run and delivered the ball right over his head, following through with his body till his head was almost level with his waist, and taking a couple of long strides down the pitch. He put his whole soul into every ball. He seemed to find in every batsman his most hated foe, whose downfall was a sworn and sweet vendetta. W. L. Murdoch, who was captain of the Australian side when Spofforth was most successful, says: "That 'Old Spoff.' never went on to the field in an important match without a complete plan of attack formulated in his head for every batsman opposed to him—the great bowler knew, in fact, exactly how he intended to get each man out, and precisely how the field was to be placed in each case in order to compass this object. He used to lie awake at night cogitating and maturing his plans. He had an absolutely marvellous command over the ball. He used to be able to bowl balls of all paces, from quite slow to very fast, without altering his action—the same run, the same delivery, the same everything, but the ball might be a fast yorker or a slow off-break. Naturally he used to take batsmen in completely." "W. G." says: "That Spofforth was the best bowler he ever knew at controlling his break. If the wicket was sticky, Spofforth could make the ball break a yard. But he used not to do this every ball; he used to modulate his break, sometimes only putting on a couple of inches, sometimes only six inches. And," adds "W. G.," "every ball, whether it broke an inch or two feet, if you missed it, hit the sticks." Most bowlers, when they find they can make the ball break, do nothing but try how much break they can compass, and few have any control over the amount of twist they put on—it is a yard, or nothing. Spofforth knew better, did better, and had his reward in wickets. "That lanky devil," said a well-known batsman, "bowls at me all anyhow—head over heels! But I'm hanged if I know what pace the ball is coming, and every ball is on my blind spot; and I can't watch the break, and I don't care if I never see him again."

Spofforth achieved his results by hard practice, hard thinking, and wonderful natural ability. He is to this day a remarkably fine bowler, who, though he has given up first-class cricket, would be the best bowler on most county sides.

Alfred Shaw, besides being the most accurate bowler who has yet appeared, always allowed his mother-wit to have a chance. On one occasion he was playing in Gents. *v.* Players at the Oval. The wicket was absolutely perfect. The Players lost the toss. Shaw, as usual, walked out with a view to business, and made a careful inspection of the wicket. He had a ball or two down and discovered that he could make the ball break just a trifle, just enough to beat a batsman who was not watching the ball. Of the two batsmen who opened the innings one, Shaw knew very well, was fond of playing forward as much as possible. "So I said to myself," tells Alfred, "if I can get him to think I can't make the ball break he'll lunge out careless like at everything. So I bowled him two overs of straight, good length balls, which he played forward at in fine graceful style, quite beautiful; but he didn't happen to get a run, because he played each time straight to a fielder. Seeing he was now easy in his mind and confident, I bowled him next ball one a bit slower and with all the off spin on it I could get. He came out just the same, so graceful, but the ball broke in just an inch or so, enough for him to play outside it, not watching it, you know, and it hit his middle and leg. He was out for nought. Now, if I had bowled him that ball in the first over he'd have played it, because he was on the look out; he would have said 'Hallo!' and likely made a hundred runs, for he was a fine bat on a good wicket. He was very angry."

By permission of *The Book of Cricket.*

TOM RICHARDSON.

(A Surrey Idol.)

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This little story is worth thinking over. Notice that Shaw took the trouble to find out what he could do, and then made use of it with some cunning. He not only took the state of the wicket and his own powers into account, but also the style and temperament of the batsman. That is how good bowlers get good men out on good wickets.

✣ ✣ ✣

GEORGE LOHMANN as a bowler was an artist. He followed the Australian methods, first perfected by Spofforth, of varying his pace without varying his delivery. He had a curious power of bowling a ball that made the batsman feel it was coming right up to him, which, however, dropped much shorter and often found the batsman straggling all over the place. Lohmann's artifices were very subtle and scientific. He used to prefer diddling a man whom he could have bowled neck and heels. On one occasion he was beating a certain batsman every ball, but could not get him out, for the batsman failed to touch the balls off the wicket, but somehow or other fluked his bat in the way of the straight ones. "How's this, George?" said the batsman. "I ain't batting well—can't see you a bit but you can't get me out." "No," said George, a bit nettled; "you are not batting well enough to get out." "What do you mean?" said the other. "Why," was the reply, "if you could put your bat where you mean to, and try to, you'd have been caught twenty times and clean bowled ten." In fact, Lohmann was casting his pearls before swine. The batsman was too ignorant to appreciate the delicacies of destruction the artist bowler was providing. In common with most great bowlers—at any rate, medium-pace and slow bowlers—Lohmann had very sensitive hands, and a very delicate touch. This quality of hand is the same as that of a violinist, a pianist, or a painter. No doubt it is a gift that enables its possessor to use his hands with great effect. Lohmann once told me that he never could bowl his best after making runs, as grasping the bat seemed to deaden the feeling of his hand—in fact, spoilt his touch.

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HUGH TRUMBLE, the Australian, is a bowler who gets most of his wickets by using his head. He is not, except on a very sticky wicket, a difficult bowler to play, but he is always extremely likely to get you out. When a batsman comes in, Trumble tries, for an over or two, to bowl him, or get him caught at the wicket, but if not successful he changes his tactics, alters his field a little, and sets himself to feed the batsman with balls that suit his best strokes. Trumble's principle is that on a good wicket a batsman in good form is more likely to get himself out in trying to force a ball or bring off a stroke than he is to be clean beaten. He, of course, tries to bowl in such a way that the batsman may be tempted to try a stroke for which the ball is nearly, but not quite, suited. For instance, for Ranjitsinhji Trumble puts two or more short-legs, and then deliberately bowls straight, good length balls at the leg-stump. Now, in an ordinary way, there is no ball Ranji likes better, for he takes four off it nearly every time. But to have it deliberately served up ball after ball is disconcerting, and he feels inclined not to try his natural stroke at the ball, for fear of accidents. My best stroke is a straight drive over the bowler's head. So Trumble puts an out-field in the right place, and tosses up balls easy to hit pitching on the middle and off. Not to have a dash at these requires self-control and worries me. No batsman likes being fed and nursed by a good bowler; it is disconcerting. Instead of playing naturally, you begin wondering what you will do, and the result is a mistaken stroke.

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Once upon a time a gentleman came to me at the Oval during Gents *v.* Players and interviewed me for an illustrated weekly. He asked me, among other things, whose bowling I disliked most. I told him that on the whole I thought that Tyler of Somersetshire presented me with more difficulties than any other. "But," said he, "What about Tom Richardson?" I said Tom was magnificent, but for some reason or other I personally liked fast bowling better than slow. He did not seem to think I was right in my head, and transferred his impression to paper to the effect that I had said I found Tom Richardson quite easy. This I did not say at all. A short time after I was playing in a Surrey town and missed a catch in the out-field. "Booh, booh!" shouted a spectator. "Who said Tom Richardson can't bowl? Bowl yer any time he likes." Which little anecdote shows how wary one should be in giving opinions. But the gist of it is that the best bowler on a side is not always the one most likely to get a particular man out. Therefore, it is just as well to give a thought to the question of who among your bowlers is likely to present most difficulties to a batsman. Many batsmen are almost "dead un's" to certain bowlers when they first come in; but if you let them get their eye in upon other bowlers who suit them better,

they are able to meet their *bête noir* with confidence and success.

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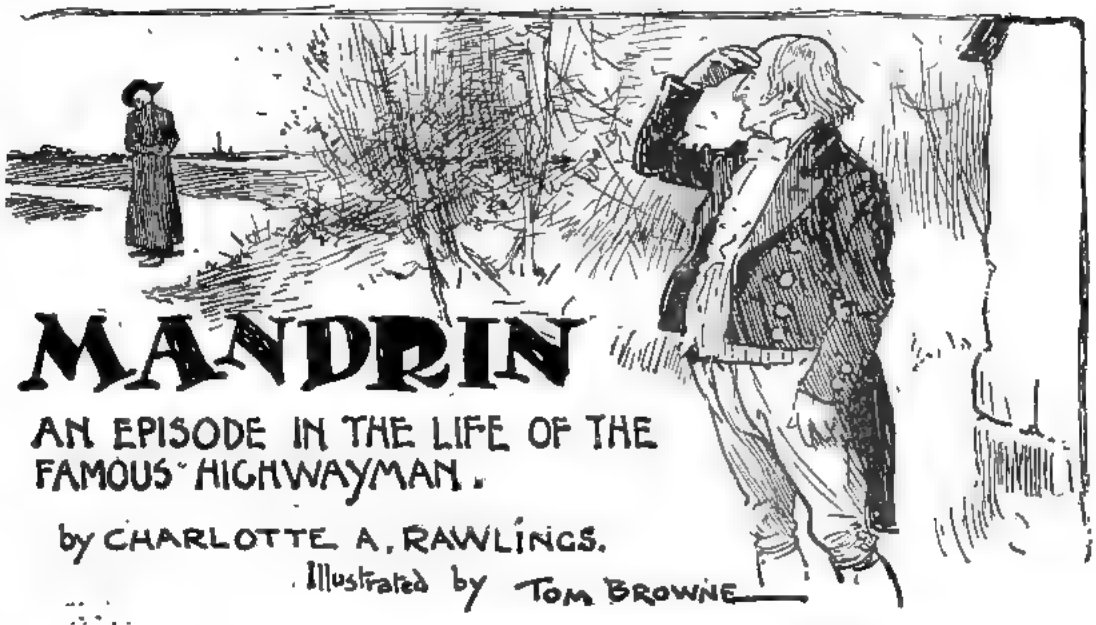
Nearly every boy worth his salt has lately read Major-General Baden-Powell's book on scouting. Well, exactly the same use of the wits that makes a good scout makes a good bowler, always supposing the bowler has certain natural ability and takes the trouble to practise. It is just the little points that make the difference. Try to apply your minds to the problems of the cricket field as "B. P." applies his to the problems of the veldt. It is the way to succeed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. Harrop.—How to get along without funds is a problem upon which much ingenuity has been exercised; it has puzzled wiser heads than yours. I do not know the circumstances or style of your club, but I advise you first of all to go to the clergyman of your parish, or some gentleman who is well known there, explain to him your difficulty, ask him for a letter in support of your object, and then go round with a book and endeavour to get subscriptions from householders and others. People will generally help a boys' cricket club. I may point out, however, that before actually starting a club you should find out for certain whether you can really finance it. **H. L. Ismay.**—You did not send a stamped envelope. Size No. 5 would suit you. **Scorer.**—In scoring six balls to the over simply put two dots in the middle of the square instead of one. Join the dots into the form of the capital letter M for a maiden. There is no difficulty. In any case a scorer can score as he likes, so long as he can make out his own analysis. **Dorothy Armstrong.**—I do not much like the name you suggest for your cricket club, but I expect you have christened it by this time. A club is best named after its head-quarters. Why not "The Rectory C.C."? As for a motto, "*Vi et armis*" is a bit heavy, though it goes well with Strongarm—I am afraid your enemies, if you have any, may tease you by quoting a rhyme about "Strong in the arm and thick in the head." A good motto for a girl's club would be "*Capiamus*" (if you must have Latin), which, being interpreted, means "Let us catch." Thank you very much for your good wishes. **S. B. S.** cannot play football or hockey, and wants to know how to keep his muscles elastic in the winter with a view to cricket. He had better try light Indian clubs. **C. H. D.**—See answer above to "Scorer." You can get a small scoring book at a low price at almost any shop where such articles are sold. You can get one for tenpence by writing to the Post Office, Dyke Road, Brighton. **W. Maybin.**—I do not know how to add anything to what I wrote in THE CAPTAIN about training. You must avoid doing too much by fits and starts. You can safely go in for the races you mention. If I were you, though, I should train for the short distance and chance the long one. Paper-chasing is not good for sprinting, but it depends when you run; a month before does not matter. **O. H.**—Have you read the articles on cricket I wrote in the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN? Lack of space prevents me going into detail here. Stand close to your block; never run away an inch towards square leg; put your front foot close to the ball when you play forward: always watch the ball all the way till it meets your bat. Your brother should use a small ball. Eighteen yards is quite long enough. **G. M. F.**—It is a very vexed question whether or not dumb-bells are good for cricket. The truth is, that for cricket you want quickness and elasticity of muscle—not sheer strength. Therefore light dumb-bells, carefully used, are probably good; a careless use of any bells, and the use of heavy bells, is bad. **Du Rennes.**—I did the same thing to my shoulder once. It took some time to get well. Give it a good rest, plenty of rubbing, and then try using very light Indian clubs. **A. Goetes.**—You are well developed for your age and well proportioned. You need not trouble about yourself. I expect your heart is as right as possible. Your trade will do no harm to your development. Of course, the more general the exercise you take the more all round is your muscular growth. **G. E. C. B.**—Oil is supposed to be bad for binding and for splices, but I do not think it makes much difference as long as you do not put too much on. The way to oil a bat is to wipe the face with an oily rag. Boys generally put far too much oil on their bats. **W. F. Little.**—This answer will not, I fear, be in time for you. Your daily scheme is all right, but ought you not to do some running? I have absolutely no knowledge of your sort of race, and have no notion either of the average pace adopted or the number of rests usually taken. I expect everyone has to find out what he can do and make his plans accordingly. But you cannot arrive at this till you have tried several races. **S. Scarlett**—I made inquiries, but could not find out much. "Wanderer," of the *Sportsman*, kindly promised to make some further inquiries for me. You might write to him—c/o *The Sportsman*, Fleet Street. I think there is a club at Upton that would suit you. **R. B.**—No; better not use gloves for swimming. **Captainophilos.**—(1) Three times a week in dry, hot weather; twice in wet weather during the season; once a fortnight in the winter. (2) Raw linseed oil. (3) They are the same. You can get a chart from Sandow, Ltd., Victoria Embankment, W.C.—it costs a shilling, I think. Write and ask. (4) Persevere, but do not drive yourself too hard on any one occasion. **A. K. Hardy.**—The man is out, bowled off his leg, just as much as if clean bowled. **Prac-Joker.**—You had better use light dumb-bells and light Indian clubs, and get as much outdoor exercise as possible. From your description I should say your blood was poor, and that you required feeding up; but you should consult a doctor. **F. Skinner.**—Perhaps some day an article such as you suggest will appear. I will hand your request to the Old Fag. Rather; go back as far as you can without breaking your wicket. Of the two I would rather have F. S. Jackson. Your master's proceedings were unorthodox. **A Lover of Cricket.**—Why not write for a CAPTAIN bat? I think you could use one size less than full size. Makers' prices vary. About 12s. 6d., I should say. Go to a good maker—such as Wisden or Surridge. **G. M. K. Foster.**—The size of your leg is not of any account. Many fine runners have small calves, but yours is quite stout enough as it is. **Periwinkle.**—Last, but by no means least. I am glad to hear from so keen a cricketer. Your brother's performances are good, decidedly, and from the atmosphere of your letter I fancy he stands an excellent chance of doing well. It is a great pity there are not more of your sort.



MANDRIN

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

by CHARLOTTE A. RAWLINGS.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE.

THE "Auberge de St. Jean" was an old-fashioned inn, situated in a picturesque valley in the mountains of Burgundy. It was the "half-way" house on the high road between the towns of F—— and C——, and was renowned as a resting place for travellers and their horses.

Business, however, had been very slow for some while, and Maître Clément was standing outside his inn, watching more particularly the southern end of the road, from which quarter he was evidently expecting some arrival. At last—to his delight—he saw a four-in-hand coach and outriders coming round the turn of the road towards him. He hurried into the house, announcing the good news, and hastily changed his ordinary coat for a better one—and, rubbing his hands with satisfaction at the prospect of a good "job," came to the doorway just as the fine equipage pulled up in the court-yard.

To his astonishment, he heard the new arrivals talking English, and he soon saw that it was some grand personage and his attendants. He was just wondering how he could make himself understood, when a gentleman got out of the coach, and in a very proud, disdainful manner, though in broken French, asked if they could be provided with refreshments and rested for a few hours.

"*Ah, oui, milord, mais certainement!*" said the innkeeper, rubbing his hands in his excitement, and bowing profusely. "I can prepare dinner at once for milord and his party, and his horses shall be properly attended to."

Then he disappeared, calling his few attendants, and many imaginary ones—wishing to impress his foreign visitors with the grandeur of his establishment. The servants appeared, and the new arrivals were shown to their rooms.

They seemed to be a merry party, laughing at the quaint old pictures round the room. Among these were one or two portraits of celebrities of the day, one of which especially attracted their attention, and seemed to amuse them very much.

Presently, the innkeeper came in and, seeing them gathered round this picture, remarked: "That is the portrait of Mandrin—and a very good likeness, I am told."

"Mandrin?" asked Lord E——, "who was this Mandrin?"

"What! Is it possible milord has not heard of our famous highwayman? Why, I thought he was known all over the world! He is very famous in our country, milord. Always kind to the poor, and good to his men—not one of whom has he ever lost—often risking his life to save theirs." Then, lowering his voice, he approached nearer to the visitors, and said: "Do you know, gentlemen, one of his men *has* been caught lately; the authorities have had him locked up secretly in the dungeon of the old prison, not far from here, and to-morrow the man is to be tried. I am expecting the judge and his

party every moment—and Mandrin will be clever if he saves his man this time!"

"Ah! thank you," said his lordship; "that is very interesting!"

At this moment Lord E—— was interrupted by his coachman, who came to tell him he had discovered that the axle of the front wheels had been damaged in the journey there, and that he feared it would prevent their going on till the next day.

"Dear me! That is most annoying. You know how anxious I am to get on to G——. I don't the least know what I am going to do with myself in this poky, uninteresting little place. See that the repair is done as quickly as possible, Donald."

"I will do my best, my lord."

The travellers all seemed much put out at the news brought by the coachman, and the curious little innkeeper said:—

"I hope nothing serious has happened, milord?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Lord E——. "Something has gone wrong with the front wheels of my coach, which is most unfortunate, as we wanted to be at G—— this evening to meet some friends, and now I fear we must remain here for the night. Can you manage to put us up?"

"*Mais oui, milord.* The 'Auberge de St. Jean' is at your disposal. We will do our best to make you comfortable."

"Thank you. But what am I going to do with myself all these hours? How long will it take to prepare dinner?"

"One hour and a half or two hours to make milord a good dinner. Will milord not take a walk, and go to see the prison? It is famous, though this is a small place."

"Well, perhaps I had better. It will be something to do while dinner is being prepared."

"Yes, milord—a very nice walk. And now that milord remains until to-morrow, he will, of course, like to hear the trial? Everybody will be there to see Mandrin's man condemned. I know the mayor very well, and if milord likes I will ask him to invite him to the trial. It will take place early in the morning."

"Oh, I suppose I may as well hear the trial, as I have to be here; but I am not a bit interested in your Mandrin and his men. I wanted to be with my friends, who will be expecting me. But tell me, in what direction is the prison?"

"Oh, I will soon show milord!" and, leading the way to the front of the inn, the landlord pointed out the road, and his lordship started off at once. At first the innkeeper watched him out of pure curiosity; then he suddenly lost sight of him, and presently all he saw going along the road was a priest.

"Bah!" said Monsieur Clément. "He has taken a wrong turn somehow. However, I must hurry in to cook their dinner, or it will not be ready in time."

By-and-bye his lordship returned, and he and his friends sat down to dinner, which they thoroughly enjoyed. When the meal was over, the innkeeper brought in a book containing the history of Mandrin's life, and many exciting adventures, which he thought the gentlemen might like to read to pass away the evening. Then he said:—

"A messenger from Monsieur le Maire has come, and begs me to tell milord that he will be delighted to see him and his friends at the trial to-morrow."

"That is very courteous and kind," said Lord E——. "Pray give the mayor my compliments and thanks, and say we have much pleasure in accepting his invitation."

The next morning Lord E—— and his friends went to the *mairie*, or town hall, and were received very courteously by the mayor, who gave them the seats of honour next to him.

Soon the trial commenced. The prisoner, accused of murder, was brought in strongly guarded, and, as was the custom in those days for such criminals, riding a donkey, his face towards its tail.

Witnesses were called, all of whom bore testimony that they had seen the prisoner among others, who had escaped, attack the coach of the Duke de S. and deliberately shoot him. Many other things were said to prove that he was not only one of the famous gang, but Mandrin's chief man, and the one of all others whom he would least like to lose. All the evidence was very strong against the prisoner, who, however, continued to declare his innocence, and said that he did not even know Mandrin by sight.

The Judge: "How do you account, then, for having been seen among the gang?"

Prisoner: "They only *say* they recognise me, your lordship, but I declare it is a mistake! I am not the man they say! I am innocent! I was never at the place of the murder—but the only man who could save me from the law, by proving where I was, must be far away by now! It was a foreign gentleman—an Englishman, I believe—who was touring through France."

The Judge (sarcastically): "Ah, indeed! This is very interesting. And what had this 'foreigner' this 'Englishman,' to do with you? Where did you and he meet?"

Prisoner (sadly): "Ah, your lordship, you do not believe me! But I was walking on the bridge at D—— when I noticed a runaway equipage, the horses galloping towards me, and saw that if they crossed the bridge and tore down the crowded thoroughfare I had just lef loss of life would

"I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED! HE IS HERE, MY KIND BENEFACTOR!"

result, so I made up my mind to try to stop the horses. This I did by jumping on the neck of the nearest one as they were dashing over the bridge, and was carried some little way before the frightened creatures could stop. The gentleman got out of the carriage and thanked me for what he called my 'great bravery.' He gave me a gold piece, and asked me for my name and address, which he wrote down in a pocket-book, promising to send me more money the next day. I only wish I knew where he was, I know he would speak for me—but it's no use! You are all determined to condemn me, an innocent man!"

The judge, who at first listened with a scornful expression on his face, became moved as the man went on with his story, which he had told so simply and modestly that all who heard it felt pity for him. But all France was full of the fact that at last one of Mandrin's men had been, not only caught, but kept safely locked up till the day of his trial.

It was a triumph for the police—a triumph for the judge, who, with his colleagues, had come there so convinced he was the right man, that he must be convicted and punished as the law ordained. So, hardening himself against the growing feeling of sympathy for the prisoner, the judge once more assumed his grave expression, and addressed him as follows: "That is a very nice story, my man, and I wish I could believe it; but, you see, the evidence is so strong against you—you are so exactly like the portrait we hold of Mandrin's chief man, that I fear I still consider you guilty of the charge against you. Nevertheless, I would not be human if I did not give you a last chance of clearing yourself. Look round the court and see if you can find your 'friend.'" (Murmurs of approval from all present.)

The prisoner rose slowly and thanked the judge; then, with an utterly hopeless expression, began to look round at the assembled people. When at last his eyes lighted on the face of the English nobleman—whose presence, from his position hitherto, he had not been able to observe—his face lighted up with joy and surprise, and he threw up his arms, crying: "I am saved! I am saved! He is here, my kind benefactor!" Then, overcome by all the excitement he had gone through, he sank down on the floor in an unconscious state.

There was now intense excitement in court. After all, then, they had got hold of the wrong man! All eyes turned to where the prisoner had pointed.

And the English nobleman, what of him? There he sat, erect and proud, much vexed, apparently, at being made the object of such ardent gaze. Then he turned to his friends, and, speaking in English, asked them questions, pointing to the prisoner, and they all seemed to agree with him. As soon as the judge had recovered from his surprise, he said in broken English:—

"Will the English gentleman kindly tell us whether he, or either of his friends, knows anything about the prisoner, whether he has ever been at D—— on a tour through France, and whether he really is the gentleman whose horses ran away and were stopped by the prisoner, as he related?"

Lord E—— rose and, bowing to the judge, said: "I have much pleasure in answering your lordship's questions, especially now that I recognise the prisoner, who, I see, has let his beard grow a little. At first sight he was apparently a complete stranger to me and my friends here. Then, gradually, as he proceeded with his story—the event of which is so fresh in my memory—I became aware that the accused was no other than my brave rescuer at D——. Now, your lordship, I am prepared to swear, as also are my friends here, that he is what he represents himself. My horses did run away over the bridge at D——, but as I always keep an account of each day's doings, the simplest thing will be to refer to my pocket-diary; then I can find the actual date on which I was there, and the name and address of my rescuer. Thus, we shall soon see whether he has told us the truth."

With these words, his lordship took the book out of his pocket, and, opening it, deliberately looked back page by page to find that on which he had described the accident at D——. During this time, there was great excitement in court. The judge's face and that of his colleagues being full of excitement, not unmixed with disappointment, and the prisoner's gaze, full of confidence and hope, was rivetted on the face of his unexpected deliverer.

"Here it is," said Lord E——, "and the date, I find, is the 17th of July last. Is that the date of the robbery, and that given by the accused?"

"It is, your lordship. Pray let us hear your account. This is indeed marvellous!" exclaimed the judge.

"Most extraordinary!" chimed in his colleagues, putting up their hands in their astonishment, and looking at each other for sympathy.

"Well," continued Lord E——, "that day's account is as follows:—'Another pleasant day at D——, which might have turned out very disastrous to me but for the bravery of a sturdy little Frenchman. Had been over the cathedral, and was driving to see the old castle, when, suddenly, some clothing fell out of a window and was carried by the wind into the middle of the road. Horses reared terribly, then bolted—coachman losing all control. While we were dashing over the bridge, towards the Rue St. Joseph, a brave man threw himself on to the neck of one of the front horses, and, soon stopping them, saved us, no doubt, from a terrible accident. A most prompt and courageous deed! Got out as soon as I could, shook hands with the good fellow, and thanked him, giving him a louis. Asked his name and address, which were: "Jean Robinet, Rue de la Lyre, No. 9," and promised to send him more money to-morrow.'

"That, gentlemen, is all the account, but you are welcome to see it for your own satisfaction," said Lord E——, handing the open book to a gendarme, who took it to the judge.

One of his party, who understood English, translated the account, and found it corresponded perfectly with the man's evidence.

The excitement and sensation in court can well be imagined. The judge pronounced the accused not guilty of the charge brought against him, and he was formally acquitted—the people assembled all showing great satisfaction and pleasure at the release of the prisoner.

Lord E—— shook hands with him before he left the court, and, wishing him "good luck," gave him a good sum of money to pay his "expenses home and to make up for lost time from his work." So, with many grateful thanks, and a glad heart, Jean Robinet left the court a free man once more.

After the people had left the court, the mayor came forward and shook hands with Lord E——, and thanked him for his courtesy in giving such opportune evidence, and being the means of saving an innocent man. He, personally, "had never been so deceived in a case before, and quite thought they had at last captured one of that famous gang," etc. Then he invited Lord E—— and his friends to luncheon, which was gladly accepted. It was really a most sumptuous repast—the choicest wines and champagne being served in honour of the English travellers.

After the meal was over, and having thanked the mayor for his kind hospitality, Lord E—— and his friends returned to the inn, where they found everything in readiness for their departure. Before leaving, however, his lordship wrote a letter, and sent for the innkeeper.

"Monsieur Clément," said he, "after we have gone, I want you to take this letter to the mayor with my compliments. There is no need to hurry about it, as it is of no great importance."

Then, giving the innkeeper a handsome purse, filled with gold, Lord E—— said: "I hope this

will repay you for your good care of us during our short stay," and bade him farewell.

Monsieur Clément took the letter to the mayor, who was entertaining a few friends who had been at the trial.

"The English milord begged me to give you this letter myself, with his compliments, monsieur. He left us an hour ago."

"Ah, indeed! Have they gone already? Well, it is very polite of him to write. I wonder what his lordship has to say."

The mayor hastily tore open the envelope, quite proud to receive a letter from the English nobleman. As he read the contents, his friends were much astonished to notice a rapid change of expression in his face. He turned first deadly white, then suddenly red, which assumed a purplish hue, in his growing excitement and rage . . . He crumpled the letter up in his hand, rose from his chair, and tried to speak, but at first his voice failed him. He paced up and down in his fury, to the utter amazement of his friends and the consternation of the innkeeper, who rapidly made for the door.

"I have been deceived—*duped!*" he yelled, at last, choking with rage. "We have *all* been made fools of! I have actually shaken hands with, and entertained royally, no other than Mandrin!"

"What?" "Mandrin?" "Impossible!" cried the various friends, and the little innkeeper included. "That charming Englishman, *Mandrin?*"

"It cannot be!" they all exclaimed, now nearly as frantic as the poor mayor, and following him round the table, with more frightened and incredulous expressions.

"I tell you I am *duped;* it *was* Mandrin saving his man again! Read *that!*" said the mayor, his hands shaking, as he pulled open the now much-crumpled letter.

His nearest friend eagerly seized it, and while the rest crowded round him, read out the contents, which were as follows:—

To his Worship, the Mayor of L——.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you again most cordially for your kind hospitality, and to express my gratitude to you for having so effectually assisted me in saving my man—whose life, up to almost the last moment, I despaired of rescuing!—Yours most faithfully,

MANDRIN.

"I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED—*duped!*" HE YELLED, AT LAST, CHOKING WITH RAGE.

* * * * * * *

The innkeeper rushed out of the room, and hastened home with the great news, telling it to everyone he met. Mandrin had been amongst them! The innkeeper and his household secretly enjoyed the turn affairs had taken. They quite understood *now* why there had been so much fun among the "English" visitors while looking at Mandrin's portrait, and after Monsieur Clément had brought them the book relating to his life and adventures.

Arrangements were made at once to send a messenger to the nearest town with the news, and to order a strong body of mounted gendarmes to pursue the fugitives. But by that time Mandrin and his men were miles away, and once more safe from the clutches of the law.

In order to save his man it had been most important for Mandrin to see him *before the trial,*

and to accomplish this he arranged the following clever plan :—

First he procured and filled up a pocket diary up to date, which contained a brief history of his "tour through France," and the important event at D—— on the date of the robbery. Also, he carefully wrote down on a separate piece of paper what he wished his man to say at the trial. Then he cleverly arranged with the innkeeper to show him the way to the prison (though he knew every inch of the road), and, as will be remembered, was lost to view for a while, during which time he went to a particularly sheltered spot, where he had ordered one of his attendants to place a certain parcel for him. This he found and quickly opened. It contained the long gown and hat of a priest, and a pair of plain shoes. He put these on —the gown over his handsome suit, and, cutting a "staff" off a tree was now completely disguised.

Then he walked to the prison, where, being a "priest," he would easily gain admittance as confessor to the prisoner to say "a few prayers for his soul."

The keeper took him unhesitatingly to the dungeon. As soon as the door was safely closed and locked, the would-be "priest," who had made signs to the prisoner to keep silent, rapidly told his plan for saving him to his surprised and delighted follower, and showed him the prepared "diary"; then gave him the written part of the plot, which he was carefully to learn and *act*.

He had just completed all his directions when they heard the step of the returning gaoler, who, when he entered, found them both devoutly kneeling, the priest praying out loud in a monotonous voice for the forgiveness of this "sinful and penitent soul." Gruffly warned that "Time was up!" the monk rose and left the dungeon.

Thus it was that that daring Mandrin prepared his man for the evidence at the trial, and was the means of saving his life!

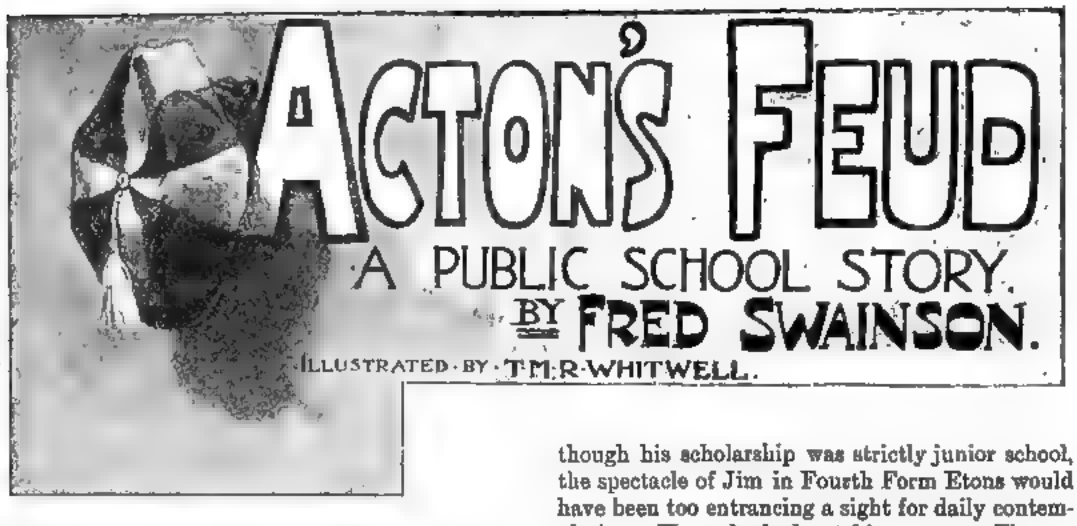
[NOTE.—Mandrin was a gentleman by birth, highly educated, and was master of several languages. He possessed most charming manners, as well as a wonderful power of impersonating any character he chose, so that, although an outlaw, he managed to move in the best society whenever it suited his purpose. For daring adventures and perfect horsemanship, he was the "Dick Turpin" of France, and beloved by all who knew him intimately. He was remarkable for *never* losing one of his men, for if ever one was caught, which was rare, he always managed in some wonderful way to save him.—C.A.R.]

HOW TO BECOME A SHORTHAND CLERK.

(Reply to A. M. G., and others.)

AMONG the numerous and varied queries that reach me week by week, none is more common than the question of how to learn shorthand and typewriting quickly and efficiently. I have replied to this question so many times over that correspondents who are thinking of writing to me upon this subject will save themselves and me much trouble by following these instructions. To learn shorthand without the aid of tuition, obtain copies of the following books: "Pitman's Teacher" (6d.); "The Manual" (1s. 3d.); and "The Reporter." A dictionary would also be useful. The self-reliant student will also find it of assistance to spend a few pence in one of Messrs. Pitman's monthly publications, to be obtained from the Metropolitan School of Shorthand, Southampton Row, W.C. When these books have been thoroughly mastered, constant practice will still be necessary to make perfect. Having become thoroughly conversant with the system, speed practice now commences. That is one way.

But by far the easier, better, and pleasanter way is to attend a school of phonography. I am not concerned with the excellences of rival systems of shorthand, but I speak from practical knowledge when I say that Messrs. Pitman's Metropolitan School of Shorthand in Southampton Row, London, W.C., is unrivalled, not only for its good results, but also for the care and pains taken with each individual student. A person who cannot learn shorthand at Pitman's School can assuredly learn it nowhere else. The weighty words of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and many other prominent men, as to the satisfactory results obtained at this school, will be sufficient to support my point. I therefore advise "A. M. G.," and the many other correspondents who have written to me on this subject, to take a course of instruction there. Terms can, I believe, be arranged to suit everybody.—A. E. M. F.



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XIII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit) is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is den'ed his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarre. between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seises the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt. Thus he is forced to borrow a loan from Acton, who explains to him that it is necessary for someone to accompany him to London, with reference to a betting transaction after "locking-up." Jack, in return for the loan, cannot refuse, though to be found out would mean expulsion. The journey to London and back is made in safety, and Acton lays awake imagining what will be Bourne senior's rage when he hears of Jack's escapade.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PENFOLD TABLET FUND.

THE Easter term had been one of unadulterated discomfort for Jim Cotton. He had felt the loss of Gus's helping hand terribly, and he had not yet found another ass to "devil" for him in the way of classics or mathematics. Philips, a former understudy to Gus, was called upon, but with unsatisfactory results, and Cotton, *mirabile dictu*, was compelled in sheer desperation to try to do his own work. Frankly, the Fifth of St. Amory's was beyond Jim's very small attainments, classical or otherwise. He had been hoisted up to that serene height by no means *honoris causa* but *aetatatis causa*. Jim was verging on 6ft., and he filled his clothes very well into the bargain, and though his scholarship was strictly junior school, the spectacle of Jim in Fourth Form Etons would have been too entrancing a sight for daily contemplation. Hence he had got his remove. Thrown over by Gus, unable to discover a second jackal for the term so far, he had been left to the tender mercy of Corker, Merishall & Co., and Jim was inclined to think that they showed no quarter to a fallen foe. Corker had been distilled venom on the particular morning with which this chapter deals on the subject of Jim's Greek. Herodotus, as translated by Jim with the help of a well-thumbed Bohn's crib, had emerged as a most unalluring mess of pottage, and Dr. Moore had picked out Bohn's plums from Jim's paste with unerring accuracy. Whilst Cotton was wishing the roof would fall down on Corker's head and kill him, the other fellows in the Fifth were enjoying the fun. Gus Todd, though, felt for his old friend more than a touch of pity, and when old Corker left Jim alone finally, Gus very cleverly kept his attention away from Jim's quarter. When Corker finally drew his toga around him and hurried out, Jim Cotton gathered together his own books and lounged heavily into the street, sick of school, books, Corker, and hating Gus with a mighty sullen hate. For Jim had remarked Gus's sprightliness in the Greek ordeal, but was not clever enough to see that Gus's performance had been only for old friendship's sake. Jim, however, put down Todd's device as mere "side," "show-off," "toadyism," and other choice things, all trotted out specially for his eyes. When he reached his room he flung his Herodotus into the nearest chair, and himself into the most comfortable one, and then beat a vicious serenade on his firegrate with the poker until dinner time.

In the evening, while Jim was moodily planted before a small pile of books, he received a visitor, no less a personage than Philips, Jim's occasional

back. "Well," said Jim, surlily, "what do you want?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, old boy. Can I have a chair?"

"Can't you see I'm busy?" said Cotton, unamiably.

"You look like it, more or less, certainly."

"Well, I've no time for any oratory to-night, Philips, and that is all about it."

"I'll give you a leg-up for Merishall in the morning if you're decently civil."

"All right then," said Jim, thawing instantly. "What's the matter?"

"Ever heard of Penfold?"

"No, what was the animal?"

"Well, he was the brightest and most particular star that Taylor ever had in his house; that is, until you pitched your tent among us."

"Don't rot, Philips. What has the Penfold done?"

"Made a chemical discovery which stamps him as one of the first half dozen chemists in the world."

"Oh," said Jim, wearily; "most interestin', very."

"Here only ten years ago, and, 'pon honour, this was his very den."

"Have noticed the place to be stuffy," said Jim, with no enthusiasm, "and now that is explained. Suppose he lived with his nose in books and test-tubes?"

"And," said Philips, ignoring Jim's heavy wit, "the Fifth and Sixth Form fellows in Taylor's think we ought to take notice of it somehow."

"Now, I wouldn't," said Cotton, critically; "I'd keep a thing like that dark."

"You heathen!"

"If he'd pulled stroke at Cambridge, or anything like that——"

"We thought a tablet on the wall, or something of that sort, would meet the case. Corker's dining hall is lined with 'em."

"Get to the point," said Jim, grimly.

"A sub. of five shillings among seniors, and half a crown among the kids, would meet the case, I think."

"And did you think I'd spring a crown for a marble tablet to a mug like Penfold?"

"Rather," said Philips.

"Well," said Jim, "life would be worth living here if it weren't for the unearthly smugging, but as it is St. Amory's is about as lively as a workhouse. I'm not forking out on this occasion. Taylor's smugs must do all that is necessary to be done."

"Well," said Philips, "all the other fellows have given in their names, bar you and Todd."

"Oh!" said Jim, with sudden interest, "you've asked Todd, have you?"

"Of course. Gus seemed rather waxy that he should be called upon. One might almost fancy he hadn't got the five shillings."

"Todd evidently is a miserable miser," said Jim, with a bitter smile at the thought of Gus' insolvent condition. "He isn't the same fellow he used to be."

"Jove, no!" said Philips; "he's come on no end this term. He's an improvement on the old Gus."

"Yes," said Jim, angrily; "the beaks have got him into their nets. But he ought to subscribe to the Penfold, when he's the biggest smug in Taylor's."

"And you ought, too, Jim, since you've the biggest money bags."

"All right," said Jim, "I'll subscribe. 'Twill look better if we all subscribe."

"You're a funny ass, Cotton. I thought I was going to draw you blank. What's the reason for your sudden change of mind?"

"I don't want to be bracketed equal with Toddy."

"That's settled then," said Philips, who was puzzled at Jim's sudden change of front. "And now let's see to Merishall's work for the morning."

The subscriptions for a tablet in the great Penfold's honour were not hard to obtain, the upper form fellows in Taylor's dunning the rest of the house without mercy, and, to the great wonder of all, the foremost of the duns was James Cotton, Esq. The way he squeezed half-crowns out of the fags was reckoned little short of marvellous, and before the week was out every Taylor fellow had subscribed bar Gus. Jim's exertions were rewarded by the office of secretary to the Penfold Fund. "We'll get a house list, Philips, and pin up a proper subscription list on the notice board. The thing will look more ship-shape then. By the way, what was it the Penfold did? Is he dead?"

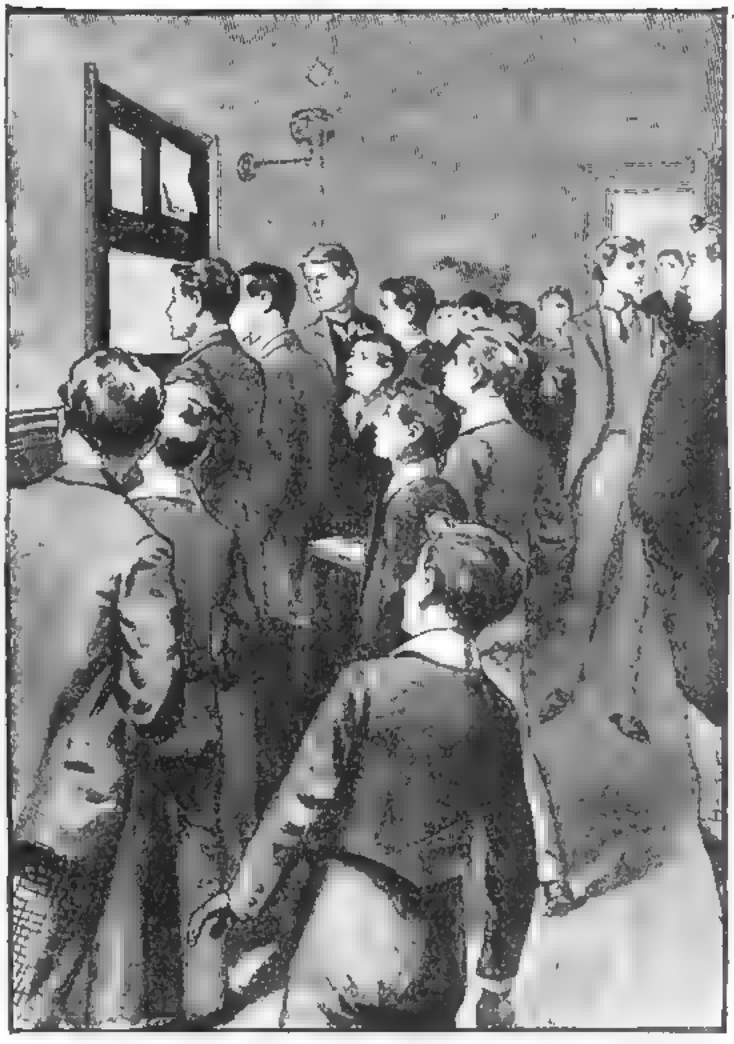
"You are a funny fellow, Cotton. Here you are sweating the half-crowns out of the fags and you don't know why you're doing it."

"That is just what I do know," said Jim, smiling serenely.

When the list was pinned up on the board and opposite each fellow's name appeared the half-crown or crown he had contributed, it made a brave show. Towards the end of the list opposite the name of Todd, A. V. R., there had occurred a dismal blank thoughtfully filled by secretary Cotton with a couple of beautifully even lines ruled in staring red ink. This vivid dash of colour on the white paper gave poor Gus quite an unsolicited advertisement, and since none of the

other fellows knew of Gus' circumstances, it practically put him in the pillory as a tight-fisted old screw. This result was exactly what Jim Cotton had in his mind when he fell in with the tablet scheme so enthusiastically. Pretty mean, wasn't it?

When Gus saw the staring red abomination for the first time it made him feel that he would like to pour a little boiling oil over the secretary of the fund, for to a fellow of Gus' temperament the chaffing remarks of his acquaintances and the knowing looks of the juniors made him shiver with righteous anger. He did not like being pilloried. He had desperate thoughts of going and publicly kicking Cotton, but he remembered fortunately that Jim would probably only make one mouthful of him. But he paced his room angrily, and except that he really meant to keep himself to his resolution of honourable poverty to the term's end he would have written home. Not to do so cost him a struggle.



THE LIST WAS PINNED UP ON THE BOARD, AND OPPOSITE EACH FELLOW'S NAME APPEARED THE HALF A CROWN, OR CROWN, HE HAD CONTRIBUTED.

There was someone else who eyed this plain manifesto of Gus' position with anger, and that was the Rev. E. Taylor himself. The house-master had not been a house-master for years for nothing, and he guessed pretty shrewdly that someone was writing off a debt with interest against Gus. The house-master made a still shrewder guess as to whom this might be, for he had watched the dissolution of the partnership of Cotton and Todd with great interest.

Thus it was that Philips was called into Taylor's room for a quiet little chat on house matters. "Your idea of a memento to Penfold was an excellent one, Philips, and the house seems to have taken it up very heartily."

"Oh, yes!" said Philips, naïvely. "The fellows have taken any amount of interest, especially Cotton."

"Cotton's is rather a case of Saul among the prophets, isn't it, Philips?"

"This sort of thing didn't quite seem his line before, sir."

"No; I never thought so myself, but it is very pleasant to make a mistake, too. I see Todd, who is the best chemist in the house, does not subscribe at all."

"Most of the fellows thought it rather strange."

"And said so, no doubt?" said the master, looking abstractedly at his finger nails.

"H'm!" said Philips, feeling uncomfortable at this thrust. "They may have."

"You see, Philips," said Taylor, gently, "there ought to have been no quizzing of Todd, for a contribution to a matter like this ought to be entirely voluntary—most emphatically so, I think. And if Todd does not see his way to subscribe—

and he is the sole judge—there ought to be no remarks whatever."

"I see, sir," said Philips, dubiously.

"I was much annoyed to see that Todd's name has been prominently before the house for the last day or so."

"You mean on the notice board, sir?"

"Yes. I can quite see why it is. The honorary secretary has not had much experience in this clerical work before, so he has fallen into a great mistake. In fact," said the house-master, bluntly, "the secretary's taste is not to be depended on."

"I don't think Cotton meant anything——" began Philips.

"Well, perhaps not," said the Rev. E. Taylor, doubtfully; "but in any case will you take down the present list, and draw up a fresh one—if you think one at all necessary—with only the names of subscribers upon it? A house list should not have been used at all. Please tell Cotton I said so, and I hope he will see the fairness of it."

Philips took down the offending list, and told Cotton the house-master's opinions. Jim Cotton had not very quick feelings, but contempt can pierce the shell of a tortoise; and as Philips innocently retailed the message, the secretary of the Penfold Tablet Fund knew there was one man who held him a cad.

CHAPTER XV.

A RENEWED FRIENDSHIP.

THE following morning Gus was much astonished to receive a letter containing a blank sheet of notepaper enfolding a postal order for £1. This was properly filled in, payable to A. V. R. Todd at St. Amory's Post Office, but there was not the slightest clue as to the sender. Gus looked at the blue and white slip in an ecstasy of astonishment. Now Gus knew that no one was aware of his bankrupt exchequer save Cotton, and he knew that Jim was not likely to have said anything about it for one or two very good reasons, and would now keep it darker than ever. If it were known that Gus had been practically pilloried for being penniless by the fellow who had lifted his cash, Cotton would have heard a few fancy remarks on his own conduct which would have made his ears tingle. Gus pondered over this problem of the sender until he felt giddy, but he finally came to the conclusion that Cotton had regretted his polite attentions to an old friend and had sent the order as a kind of *amende honorable*. Gus instantly regretted the fervent wishes about the boiling oil and the public kicking for Jim Cotton, and he also determined to go and thank his old patron for what he was sure was his anonymous gift.

So after breakfast he cashed the order and, with pockets heavier with coin than they had been for some time, he went to Jim Cotton's room. Jim received him with an odd mixture of anger and shame, and when Gus handed over to him two half-crowns, Cotton, in some confusion, told him to hand them over to Philips, who had initiated the subscription for the Penfold tablet.

"Thought you were the secretary?" said Gus.

"No! I'm out of the boat now. Philips is the man," said Cotton, sulkily.

"And, by the way, Jim, it wasn't half bad of you to send me that order. It was no end brickish, especially after I had left you more or less in the lurch."

"What order?" said Jim, looking curiously at Gus.

"What's the good of trying to pass it off like that, old man? It could only be you."

"I don't know what you're driving at. You seem to be talking rot," said Cotton, angrily, for he fancied that Gus was fooling him in some way.

"Well, I've got an order for £1 this morning, envelope stamped St. Amory, and it could only come from someone who knew I was stumped, and you're the only fellow who knew that, unless, indeed, you've been kind enough to tell some of the fellows."

"I've told no one; and anyway, I didn't send the order."

"Oh, rot!"

"Thanks! I don't tell lies as a rule, and I say I know nothing whatever about your order. I think you'd better cut now instead of wasting my time with this rotten foolery."

"You didn't send it?" said Gus, finally, with more than a dash of irritation in his voice at the continued boorishness of Cotton.

"No, I tell you! Shall I get a foghorn and let you have it that way?"

"Then look here, Cotton. If you didn't send it, your underscoring of my name on the house list because I couldn't subscribe was the act of an arrant cad."

Cotton winced at Gus's concise definition, but he said, "Oh, get out you fool!"

"Fool, or not," said Gus, becoming more angry every moment as he thought of his wrongs, "I'm not an underbred loafer who cleans a fellow out of his cash and then rounds on him because he can't pay his way. Why, a Whitechapel gutter-snipe ——"

"Can't appreciate the allusion," said Jim; "I've never been to Whitechapel. But anyhow, Todd, there's the door. I think you had really better go."

"Not till I've said you're the biggest bounder in St. Amory's."

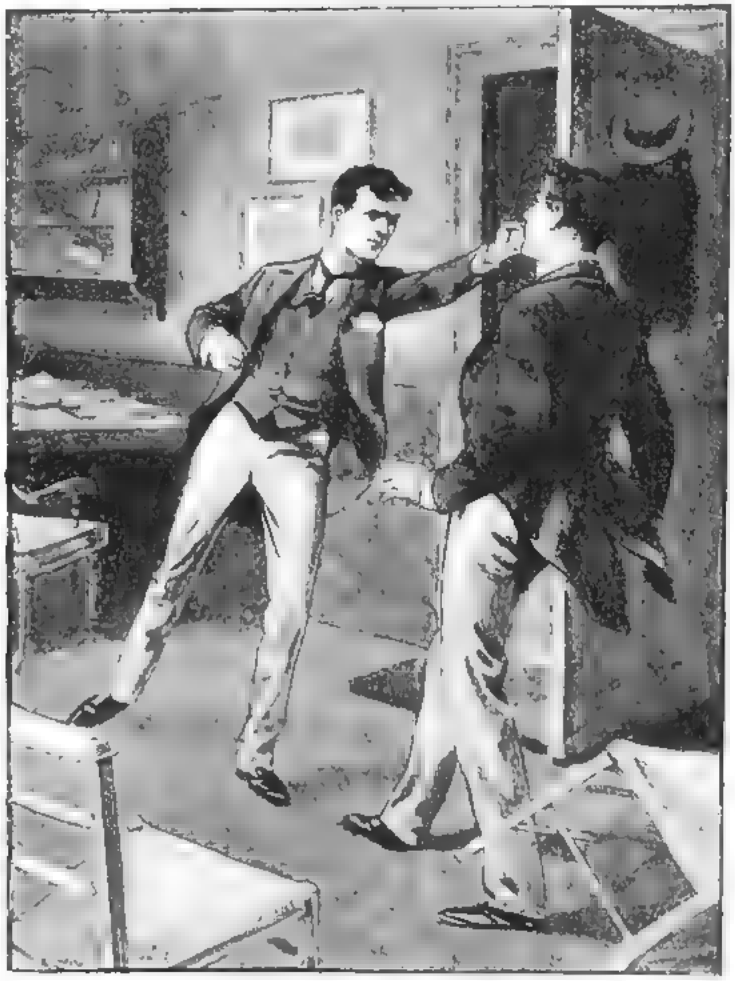
"Now you've said it you really must go, or I'll throw you out!"

Gus was too taken up with his own passion to notice that Cotton was also at about the limit of his patience, and that Jim's lips had set into a grim and ugly sneer. Todd was furiously trying to find some clinching expression which would quite define Jim's conduct, when that gentleman took one stride forward and caught him by the collar. The grip, the very touch of Cotton's fingers maddened Gus beyond all bearing. His anger broke loose from all control; he wrenched himself out of Cotton's grasp and passionately struck him on the mouth.

Cotton turned grey with passion as bitter as Todd's, and repaid Gus's blow with interest. Gus dropped to the floor, bleeding villainously. Cotton thereupon jerked him to his feet, and threw him out of the room.

Gus picked himself up from the corridor floor and went to his own room, his face as white as a sheet and his heart as black as ink. What Gus suffered from his passion, his shame, his hatred, and the pain of his old friend's blow, for the next few hours words won't tell. He attended morning school, his head in a whirl of thought. Cotton was there too, and, could looks have killed, Jim Cotton would not have been in the land of the living for very long. When Merishall went, Gus waited until all the form had filed out, and, still dizzy and sick, he wearily followed suit and turned in at his own door. As Gus came into the room someone rose up and faced round to meet him, and Todd found himself once more face to face with Cotton.

Now the blow which had tumbled down Gus so heartily had, so to speak, tumbled down the striker in his own mind just as thoroughly. Jim Cotton's mind was not a subtle one, but the minute after he had floored Gus and shut the door on him, his better mind told him distinctly that he was a cad. Why? Because when he struck Gus the feeling was as though he had struck a cripple. Gus had doubled up under the weight of his hand as though he had been a leaf. Cotton dimly felt that for a fellow of his build and weight to let Gus have the full benefit of both was not fair. "That is how it must feel, I suppose, to strike a girl. My fist seems unclean," he said in huge disgust. "I'd give Todd his three sova. back if I could recall that blow. I wish I'd left the fool alone, and anyhow, it's my opinion I don't shine much in our little squabble. Todd has been playing the man since his Perry cropper, and I've been playing the cad just because he was once useful to me and I did not want to let him go." Cotton devoted the next few hours to a little honest unselfish thinking, and the result was



HE WRENCHED HIMSELF OUT OF COTTON'S GRASP AND PASSIONATELY STRUCK HIM ON THE MOUTH.

that he came pretty near to despising himself. "I'll go and apologise to Gus, and if he shies the poker at my head I'm hanged if I dodge it."

That is why Gus was received in his own room by the fellow who had so lately knocked him down. Gus stared at Jim, his swollen lip trembling with anger and his eyes blazing with indignation.

"I say, Gus, old man, I am an utter out-and-out cad, and I've come to apologise."

Gus murmured something indistinctly.

"When I knocked you down I did the most blackguardly thing that even I have ever done, and, you may believe me or not, I am now about disgusted with myself. I felt that there was only one thing that I could do, and that was to apologise."

Jim was so obviously cut up by remorse that Gus thereupon buried the hatchet. He did not throw the poker at Jim's head, and you may be surprised to hear—or you may not—that Gus and Jim Cotton took their after-dinner coffee at Hooper's, as in the old time. The conversation was *staccato* at first, but interesting.

"But who sent the order?" said Gus.

"Dunno, really, but I could almost bet my boots that Taylor is the criminal."

"Taylor! What does he know of my affairs?"

"Well, that beastly house list with your red raw agony column made him most suspicious, and I believe he knows to a hair exactly how big a cad I've been."

"Go on, old man, leave that."

"He sucked Philips dry about the Penfold tombstone, and although he said nothing to me personally, Philips gave me to understand that I'm not in favour with the parson. Taylor is the man who's provided your sub. for the Penfold, take my word for it."

"He's not half such a bad fellow, Jim."

"No," said Jim, with an uneasy laugh; "Taylor's all right, but he'll make me squirm when he has the chance."

The friendship of Cotton and Todd was thus renewed and cemented—with Gus' bluest blood. Gus gave Jim some good advice about the schools, which made Jim feel a bit dubious. "Chuck your Bohn's cribs and your keys under the grate, and show up your own work."

"Footle, you mean, Gus."

"All right, footle, then. I know all our own private personal beaks would rather have a fellow's own work, if of fair quality, than all the weirdest screeds from any crib whatsoever."

Jim made the experiment, very gingerly be it said, but did show up his own work, and from Corker to Merishall all the beaks were civil to him. Gus' reputation a sa prophet was established, for Corker himself seemed pleased with the Cottonian version of Herodotus.

"Rather rough in parts, Cotton," said the old man, beaming on the shrinking Jim, "but at least you've not been ploughing Herodotus with the help of your old ass, Bohn."

Jim's effort, however, came too late to affect in any degree his position in the Fifth. When the lists of the Easter term were published, Cotton was the last, deservedly, of the form, but A. V. R. Todd was the seventh. This was an eye-opener to many in the form, but the result sent Gus into the seventh heaven of delight. Taylor came specially into Todd's modest sanctum to congratulate him, and Corker sent an extra special letter to Todd senior, saying all manner of sweet things about Gus. He put the highest mark of his favour upon the delighted Gus by asking him to dinner—a very great honour, but a dreadful ordeal. Gus was wonderfully nervous as he commenced his soup. How do I know? Well, I had been asked, I believe to give the bewildered Gus a little countenance. Gus went home, a day or two later, to the bosom of his family, where he was treated with the utmost honour. He redeemed the watch from the jeweller, and fulfilled his own promise to that worthy man. All through the holidays he basked in the smiles of his proud father, and rode that gentleman's pedigree hack. Corker's highest mark of appreciation was to give you a dinner; with Gus' father it was to let you ride his own horse.

CHAPTER XVI.

BOURNE *v.* ACTON.

JACK had gone to London with his patron on Thursday. On Saturday morning Acton went to Aldershot, carrying with him the hopes and good wishes of the whole of St. Amory's, and at night the school band had met him at the station. They (the band) struggled bravely—it was very windy—with "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" in front of the returned hero, who was "chaired" by frenzied Biffenites. The expected had happened. Acton had annihilated Rossal, Shrewsbury, and Harrow, and in the final had met the redoubtable Jarvis, from "Henry's holy shade." The delightful news circulated round St. Amory's that Acton had "made mincemeat" of Jarvis. He had not, but after a close battle had scrambled home first: he had won, and that was the main thing.

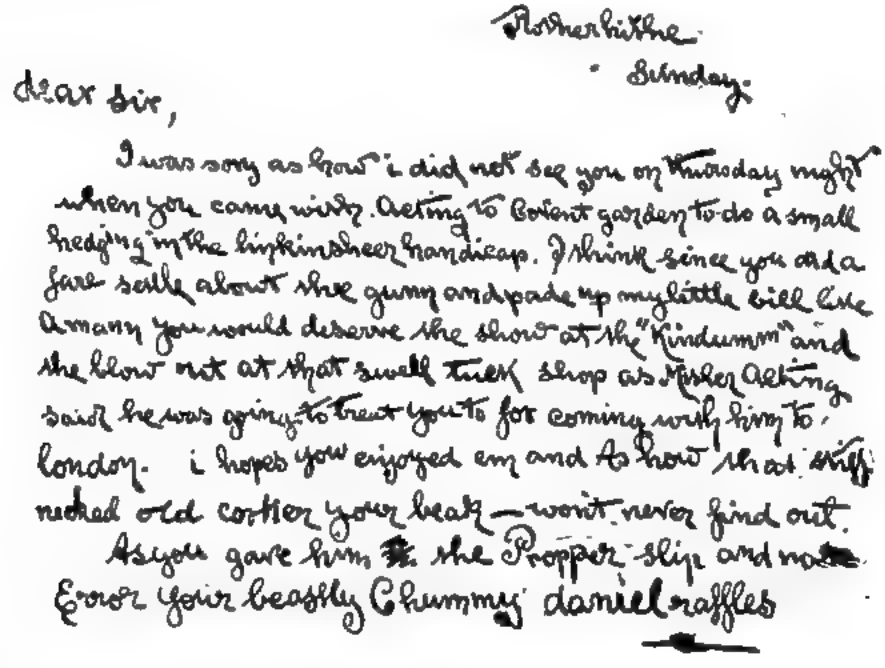
As Acton walked into chapel on Sunday morning with Worcester, Corker got scant attention to his sermon; the fags to a man were thinking of

Acton's terrible left. The gladiator lived in an atmosphere of incense for a whole day.

As Phil Bourne was finishing breakfast on Monday morning his fag brought him his letters, and, after reading his usual one from home, he turned his attention to another one, whose envelope was dirty, and whose writing was laboriously and painfully bad amateur work.

"Rotherhithe," said Phil, looking at the post mark. "Who are my friends from that beauty spot?"

I give the letter in all its fascinating simplicity.



Rotherhithe
Sunday.

Dear Sir,

I was sory as how i did not see you on thursday night when you came with Acting to Covent garden to do a small hedging in the linkinsheer handicap. I think since you did a fare settle about the gunn and pade up my little bill like a many you would deserve the show at the "Kindumm" and the blow out at that swell tuck shop as Mister Acting said he was going to treat you to for coming with him to London. i hopes you enjoyed em and As how that stiff necked old corker your beak — won't never find out.

As you gave him the Propper slip and no Error your beastly Chummy daniel raffles

The letter had evidently been meant for Jack, but had naturally reached Phil, since the envelope was directed to "Mr. Bourne."

Bourne, when he had struggled to the end of this literary gem, dropped the letter like a red hot coal. Was it a hoax, or had Jack really gone up to town, as the letter said?

The "Mister Acting" made Phil's heart sink with dire forebodings.

"Go and find young Bourne, Hinton, and tell him to come here to my study at once, or as soon as he's finished breakfast."

Jack came in whistling a jolly tune; he was in full bloom, for had he not now left all his cares behind him?

"You can cut, Hinton; and, Jack, take a chair and give me an explanation of this letter."

Jack read Raffles' letter through to the bitter end, and wished he had never been born. Phil eyed his young brother, who had turned deathly white, with the horrible certainty that Jack had gone up to London.

"Then it's true?" he said.

No answer.

"Jack, I know you could speak the truth once. Look at me. Did you go to London on Thursday night?"

"Yes," said Jack faintly.

"Did Acton take you?"

"Yes."

"You know that if Dr. Moore hears of it he will expel you."

"Yes."

"You went to oblige Acton?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever think what pater would think if he heard about this?"

Jack, as a matter of course, had thought many a time of what his father would think about the business, and when Phil in that level voice of his recalled him to this terrible point he broke down. "Phil, do not tell pater; he'd never forgive me! Nor Corker. Cut me into ribbons if you like, only don't let me be expelled."

"Here," said Phil, "I don't want any snivelling in my room. Cut, you miserable puppy, to your own quarters, and when school is over keep to them till I come. You're a contemptible little puppy."

Jack hurried out, crunching Raffles' letter in his fist. He went straight to Acton's room, and, bursting in whilst Acton was drinking his last cup of coffee, blurted out the dismal news. Jack was almost hysterical in his rage against Raffles.

"Acton, I believe that filthy blackmailer meant Phil to get that letter: he wanted to round on me and get me into trouble. Oh!" said Jack in a very explosion of futile rage, "if I could only pound his ugly face into a jelly."

"Well, perhaps you'll have that pleasure one day, Jack. I hope so, anyhow. Now straight,

"OUT, YOU MISERABLE PUPPY, TO YOUR OWN QUARTERS."

Jack, you need not be frightened of your brother saying a word. He could never risk Corker hearing of it, for he could not bear the chance of expulsion, so he'll lie low as far as Corker is concerned, take my word for it. He may hand you over to your father, but that too I doubt. He may give you a thrashing himself, which I fancy he will."

"I don't mind that," said Jack. "I deserve something."

"No you don't, old man, and I'm fearfully sorry that I've got you into this hole. But your brother will certainly interview me."

"I suppose so," said Jack thoughtfully, even in his rage and shame. "I hope there is no row between you," for the idea of an open quarrel between Phil and Acton made Jack rather qualmish.

"You'd better cut now, Jack, and lie low till you find out when the hurricane is going to commence."

Jack went away, and as the door closed softly behind him Acton smiled sweetly, "Well, Raffles has managed it nicely, and carried out my orders to the stroking of the t's. He is quite a genius in a low kind of way. And now I'm ready for Philip Bourne, Esq. I bet I'm a sight more comfortable than he is." Which was very true.

I, of course, knew nothing of all these occurrences at the time, and the first intimation I had that anything was wrong was when Phil Bourne came into my room and gave me a plain unvarnished account, *sans* comment, of Acton's and young Bourne's foolery in London.

"I'm awfully glad, old man, that I am able to tell you this, because, although you're Captain of the school, you can't do anything, since Acton is a monitor."

(It is an unwritten law at St. Amory's that one monitor can never, under any circumstances, "peach" upon another.)

"Well, I'm jolly glad too Bourne, since your brother's in it."

"What has to be done to Acton? Jack, of course, was only a tool in his hands."

"Oh, of course. It is perfectly certain that our friend engineered the whole business up to and including the letter, which *was* meant for you."

"Do you really think that?" said Phil,

"I'm as certain of it as I can be of anything that I don't actually know to be true."

"Why did he do it?"

"Do you feel anything about this, old man?"

"I feel in the bluest funk that I can remember."

"Then that's why."

"You see, I cannot put my finger on the brute."

"He has you in a cleft stick. Who knows that better than Acton?"

"I'm going to thrash Jack, the little idiot. I distinctly told him to give Acton a wide berth."

"Jack, of course, is an idiot; but Acton is the fellow that wants the thrashing."

Phil pondered over this for fully five minutes.

"You're right, old man, and I'll give—I'll try to give—him the thrashing he deserves."

"Big biz," said I. "You say you aren't as good as Hodgson; Hodgson isn't in the same street as Acton; *ergo*, you aren't in the same parish."

"That's your beastly logic, Carr. Does a good cause count for nothing?"

"Not for much when you're dealing with sharps."

"I see *you've* inherited your pater's law books. The school goes home to-morrow, doesn't it? Well, my Lord Chief Justice, in what relation do you stand towards the school to-morrow? Are you Captain?"

"No," said I, in my best legal manner. "There

is no school to-morrow—*ergo*, there cannot be a Captain of a non-existent thing. To-morrow is a *dies non* as far as I'm concerned. Why this thirst for knowledge, Phil?"

"Because I want you to be my second against Acton, and I didn't want your Captaincy to aid or abet me in a thing which is against rules."

"I see," said I, warmly, "and I will sink the rules and all the rest, and trust to a little rough justice being done on an arrant scamp."

"Thanks," said Phil. "With you as second and a good cause, I ought to teach Acton a little genuine lesson."

"I'd rather trust in a good straight left."

"All right, then. I'll see Acton now, and bring him to the point."

"Do, and let me have the result."

Phil swung off in that cool, level-headed fashion which is peculiarly his own. He had thought the matter out thoroughly in that five minutes brown study, and now that he had put his hand to the plough he would not look back. I liked the set shoulders and his even step down the corridor. Surely something must reach Acton now! He walked down the street, turned in at Biffen's yard, and mounted up to Acton's room. He knocked firmly on the partly open door, and when he heard Acton's "Come in," walked solidly in.

Acton smiled amiably when he saw his visitor, and with his half foreign politeness drew out a chair.

"No, thanks," said Phil, icily, "but if you've no objection, I'd like to close your door. May I?"

"By all means."

"My opinion of you, Acton——"

"Why trouble about that, Bourne; I know it."

——"is that you're an unmitigated cad."

"Gently, friend, gently," said Acton, half getting up.

"You, by your foul play, have disfigured poor Aspinall for life——"

"Bourne, you're a monomaniac on that subject. I've had the pleasure of telling you once before that you were a liar."

"And you did not get your 'footer' cap for it, which seems such a paltry punishment for so villainous a crime."

"That is stale, stale," said Acton, coolly.

"You entice my brother to London, which means expulsion for him if it is found out by Dr. Moore."

"I believe that's the rule."

"The expulsion of Jack would bring disgrace on an honest name in the school and give pain to an honest gentleman——"

"The pity o' 't," said Acton, with a sneer.

"And so, since you, by a kind of malicious fate, seem to escape all proper punishment ——"

"You should be a parson, Bourne."

"I'm going to try to give you your deserts myself."

"An avenging angel. Oh, ye gods!"

"Do you mind turning out at the old milling ground at seven sharp to-morrow morning?"

"The mornings are chilly," said Acton, with a snigger. "Besides, I don't really see what pressing obligation I'm under to turn out at that time for the poor pleasure of knocking you down."

"I never thought you were a coward."

"How charitable!"

"But we must bring you to book somehow. Will you fight—now?"

Before he had time to avoid the blow Phil had struck him lightly on the face. For one half second a veritable devil peeped out of Acton's eyes as he sprung at Phil. But Phil quickly backed and said coolly, "No! no, sir! Let us do the thing decently and in order. You can try to do all you wish to-morrow morning very much at your ease. I apologise for striking you in your own room, but necessity you know——"

"Bourne, you'll regret that blow!"

"Never," said Phil, emphatically, and with cutting contempt. "I have asked Carr to second me. I daresay Vercoe would do the same for you. He has the merit of being a perfectly straightforward fellow, and since he does not go home like the rest to-morrow——"

"Thanks. Vercoe will do excellently. He is a friend of yours, too!"

"I'm glad to say he is."

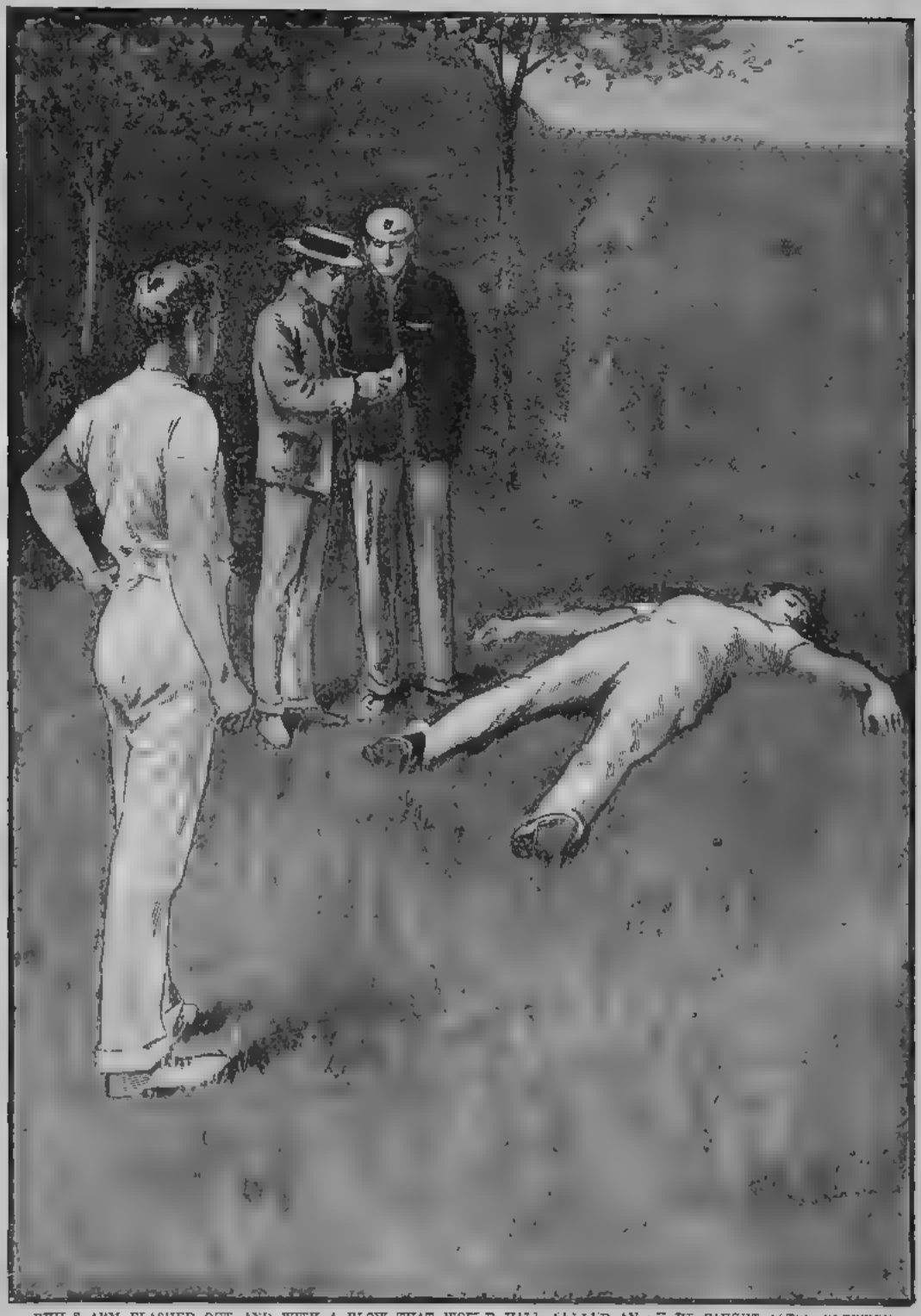
"Well, you may now be pretty certain there will be no foul play, whatever else may follow. I'll teach you wisdom on your front teeth."

"I daresay," said Phil, as he coolly stalked out, and left Acton curled up on his chair like a cobra balancing for its stroke.

Quietly and without any fuss the few details were arranged, and next morning four of us filtered down to the old milling ground, on whose green sod so many wrongs had been righted in the old times, and where I sincerely hoped Phil would yet redress, however imperfectly, another.

Of course, we all know fisticuffs are not what they were; for every strenuous mill of to-day there used to be fifty in the old days, and the green turf which formerly was the scene of terrific combats between fellows of the Upper School now only quaked under the martial hoof of, say, Rogers, the prize fag of Biffen's, and Poulett, the champion egg poacher of Corker's, and other humble followers of the "fancy." Milling as an institution in the schools may write up "Ichabod" above its gates.

I tossed with Vercoe for corners, and when I won, I chose the favourite corner, the one King



PHIL'S ARM FLASHED OUT, AND WITH A BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE FELLED AN OX HE CAUGHT ACTON BETWEEN THE EYES. ACTON DROPPED TO THE GROUND LIKE A BLUDGEONED DOG

had when he fought Sellers with a broken wrist, and beat him, too; which Cooper had when he stood up to Miller for one whole half-holiday, and though beaten three or four times over, never knew it, and won in the end, which mills and the causes thereof, if some one would write about them, would make capital reading. Anyhow, it is a lucky corner, from the legends connected with it, and I thought we should need any luck that might be knocking about so early in the morning.

Phil was as cool and calm as though he were going to gently tund a small fag for shirking. Acton was outwardly calm, but inwardly seething with hate, rage, and blood-thirstiness. His proud soul lusted for the opportunity to repay the flick on the face he had received from Phil, with interest. I watched the sparkling fire in his eye, the unaffected eagerness for the fray in his pose, and thought that even Acton had not quite the skill to cater for such a large and lusty appetite. Vercoe and I set our watches, and agreed to call time together, and then we moved each to our corner. Phil peeled as quietly as though he were going to bed, Acton with feverish haste, which perhaps was his foreign blood working out; beside Acton's swift, impulsive movements Phil's leisurely arrangements seemed sluggish indeed. "Time!" said Vercoe and I in chorus, and I added in an undertone to my man, "Go in and win."

It was obvious from the start that Phil was not as good a man as Acton as far as skill was concerned, but when it came to well-knit strength there was no doubt that Phil had the pull. Acton's eagerness was a disadvantage against one so cool as Bourne. In the very first round, Acton, in his overwhelming desire to knock Phil out in as short a space as possible, neglected every ordinary precaution, and, after a spirited rally, Phil broke through Acton's slovenly guard, and sent him spinning into Vercoe's arms. We called time together, and to my intense satisfaction the first round resulted in our favour.

After that, thoroughly steadied by Phil's gentle reminder, Acton dropped all looseness, and began to treat Phil with the greatest respect, never taking any risks, but working in a scientific fashion, which poor Phil found hard enough to parry, and when he could not do that, hard enough to bear. But he never faltered; he took all that Acton could give him in imperturbable good temper, working in his dogged fashion as though he were absolutely confident of winning in the long run, and as disregarding present inconveniences because they were expected, and because the ultimate reward would repay all a hundredfold.

There was also something else I noticed. Acton did not do so much damage as he ought to have done, and I found him constantly "short," but when Phil did score there was the unmistakable ring of a telling blow. I was puzzled in my mind why Acton was so "short," but I think now it was because he had never done anything but with gloves on, and fisticuffs, which were more or less familiar with Phil, were unknown to him. They don't fight, I believe, in France or Germany with Nature's weapons, but occasional turn-ups with the farmers' sons and the canal men had, of course, fallen to Phil's share.

On each occasion that Phil got home, Acton answered with a vicious spurt which did not do much good, but only tired him, and at the end of the seventh round I was astonished to think that Phil had stood the racket so well. Phil's lips were puffy, and one eye was visibly swelling, and he had other minor marks of Acton's attention, but he was in excellent condition still. Acton was damaged above a bit, and Phil's first-round reminder showed plainly on his cheek.

Acton began to think that unless he could make Phil dance to a quicker tune pretty soon, he himself would be limping round the corner of defeat, for he was very tired. When we called them up for the eighth round he had evidently determined to force the fighting. Much as I disliked Acton I could not but admire his splendid skill; he bottled up Phil time and again, feinted, ducked, rallied, swung out in the nick of time, planted hard telling blows, and was withal as hard to corner as a sunbeam. As I sponged Phil at the end of the eighth I felt that three more rounds as per last sample would shake even him, so I said, "Try, old man, for one straight drive if he gives you a ghost of a chance. Don't try tapping."

Acton came up smiling, in a twinking he had Phil at sea by his trickiness, and was scoring furiously. Then, for the first time, Phil backed, shortly and sharply. Acton sprang forward for victory, and a huge lunge should have given Phil his quietus, but it was dreadfully short, and stung rather than hurt. Phil recovered the next moment, and was on the watch again cool and cautious as ever. Then Acton, following an artless feint which drew Phil as easily as a child, ducked the blow and darted beneath his guard. I gave Phil up for lost. How it happened, though I was watching carefully, I cannot say, but Acton seemed to slither or stumble on the turf as he rushed in, and for one second he was at Phil's mercy.

At that very instant Phil's arm flashed out, and with a blow which would have felled an ox, he caught Acton between the eyes. Acton dropped to the ground like a bludgeoned dog.

Phil, like a gentleman, backed a yard or so away, waiting for Acton to get up again, but he made no sign. Vercoe and I then counted him

out with all due formality, and Phil had won at the very moment he was about to be beaten. We did our best for Acton, who was unconscious, and just when we began to despair of bringing him round he opened his eyes with the usual vacant stare. In a minute he recovered his thoughts, and said eagerly, "Then I've won."

"Not quite," said Vercoe, grimly. "You've jolly well lost."

Acton tottered to his feet blind with rage—diabolic rage—but hate and fury couldn't give him strength to stand. Vercoe gently caught him, and laid him quietly on his back, and sponged his face where the awful force of Phil's blow was becoming plainer every moment.

He compressed his lips with rage and pain and looked at Phil with such a look of deadly hatred that Vercoe was disgusted.

"Now come, Acton. You've fought well, and, by Jove! you ought to lose well. Bourne fought like a gentleman, and you've been beaten fairly. What is the good of bearing any malice?"

"Look here, Acton," said Phil, "I'm jolly glad I've thrashed you, but all is over now. Here's my hand, and we'll let bygones be bygones."

"Never!" said Acton. "I'll get even with you yet."

"So be it," said Bourne; and he turned away and got into his coat, leaving Vercoe and Acton on the field of battle. "Don't care to mention it, old man," he said to me as we got to his room, "all the same, I thought I was a gone coon just when I knocked the fellow out."

I went for my holidays that morning, and Acton, escorted by Vercoe, got into the same train. He was white and almost scared looking at his defeat, but there was on his face still that unfading expression of unsatisfied hate and lust for revenge. I buried my face in my paper in utter disgust.

So you see Acton departed from St. Amory's at the beginning of the Easter holidays in a slightly different mood from that which he enjoyed at Christmas, when the young Biffenites had cheered him till they were hoarse and he was out of hearing.

Toby was almost beside himself with consternation when Bourne and Vercoe turned up at the Courts in the afternoon.

"Your 'ands, Mr. Bourne, and your eye! What have you been a-doing of?"

"I have had the painful necessity to thrash a cad, Toby."

"But you did thrash him, sir?"

"I fancy so," said Bourne, grimly.

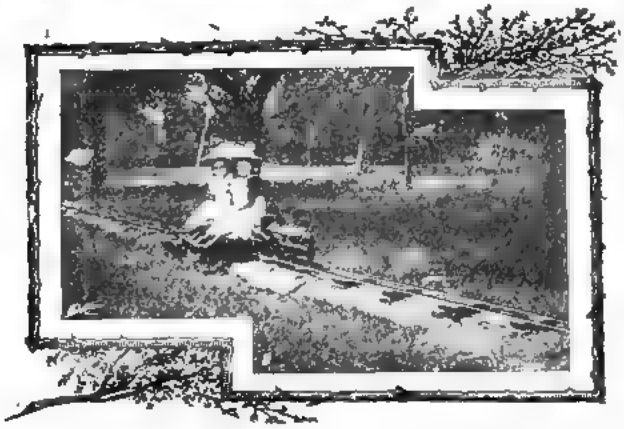
Jack went home in the evening a sadder and wiser boy. When he saw his brother's closed eye and swollen lip, and the angry patches on his cheeks, he was cut to the heart; he took his thrashing like a man, and when all was over felt he loved and respected his brother more than ever. "What a beastly little pig I've been," he said to himself.

Vercoe and Bourne were the victorious finalists at Kensington in the rackets. It was, as the papers aptly remarked, "Quite a coincidence that Bourne's right eye was beautifully and variously decorated in honour of the occasion."

I don't expect many finalists, at rackets anyhow, turn up with black eyes.

(To be concluded.) Fred Swainson

THE LILLIPUT RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.



By A. Williams.

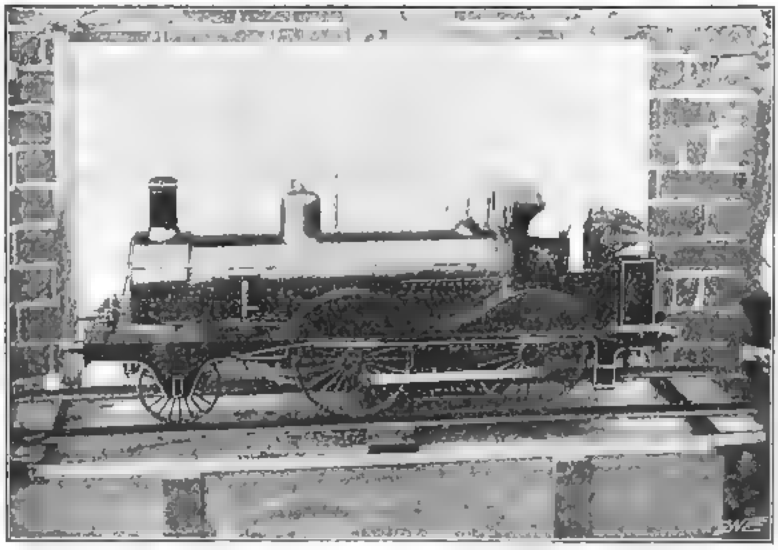
Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.

IT may be said of railways in general that they afford excellent illustrations of that great principle of economics—the division of labour—which gives to each man his particular last, and asks him to stick to it, so that, by combining with other kinds of employment, his own labour may be most effective.

There is, however, one railway in existence which is an example of the opposite process—one of concentrating many duties into the hands of a single man, till his powers rival in number those of Louis XIV. or of a Cæsar.

That railway is the Lilliput Railway, strictly Limited, running from Appletree to Lilliput in the County of Berkshire, through a district given up to apples and poultry. Its gauge is 6½ins.; its total length 80ft. The metals, as will be seen in our illustrations, are partly on the transverse system, partly on the longitudinal—a satisfactory enough compromise. Five stations in 80ft. would seem to be a generous number, but that is the allowance. The most important station is Appletree (otherwise known as Crawlinside), where the inevitable advertising fiend has been at work. Then come in succession Henley, Bunker's Hill, Duckworth and Lilliput. At the first and third of these no stoppages are given in the company's time-table, and as Duckworth is only an inverted biscuit tin, and Henley equally primitive, it is, perhaps, as well so. The truth is, the ducks and fowls, through whose country the railway passes, have from the first opposed the engineer. Hens, especially, have a delight in scraping holes in the ballast, and laying themselves out to be generally disagreeable.

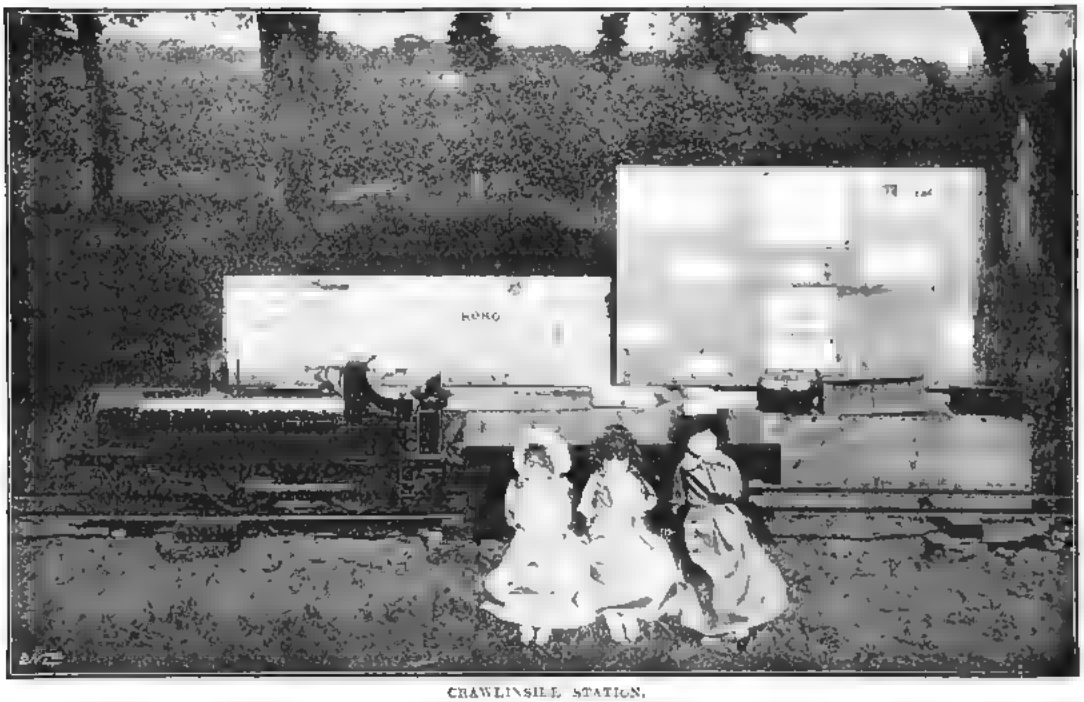
On more than one occasion, too, ducks have been in peril of their lives through straying on to the metals with an aggravating air of ownership. It was, therefore, thought diplomatic to name one station after each of the



"THE NEW CHUM."

tribes, placing Bunker's Hill in the middle as a coaling depôt. We say *coal*ing because the "New Chum" *does* burn coal. It is an engine built for real passenger traffic, able to trundle itself, truck, and ten stone of humanity—a total of 16sts.—with the greatest ease. When in a good humour it will attack even heavier loads. Has it not towed the village policeman (15sts.), the churchwarden, also a man of weight, the parson, and other lesser lights, besides women and children?

To go into exact measurements—the engine is 38ins. long over all, 9ins. wide, 14ins. high.

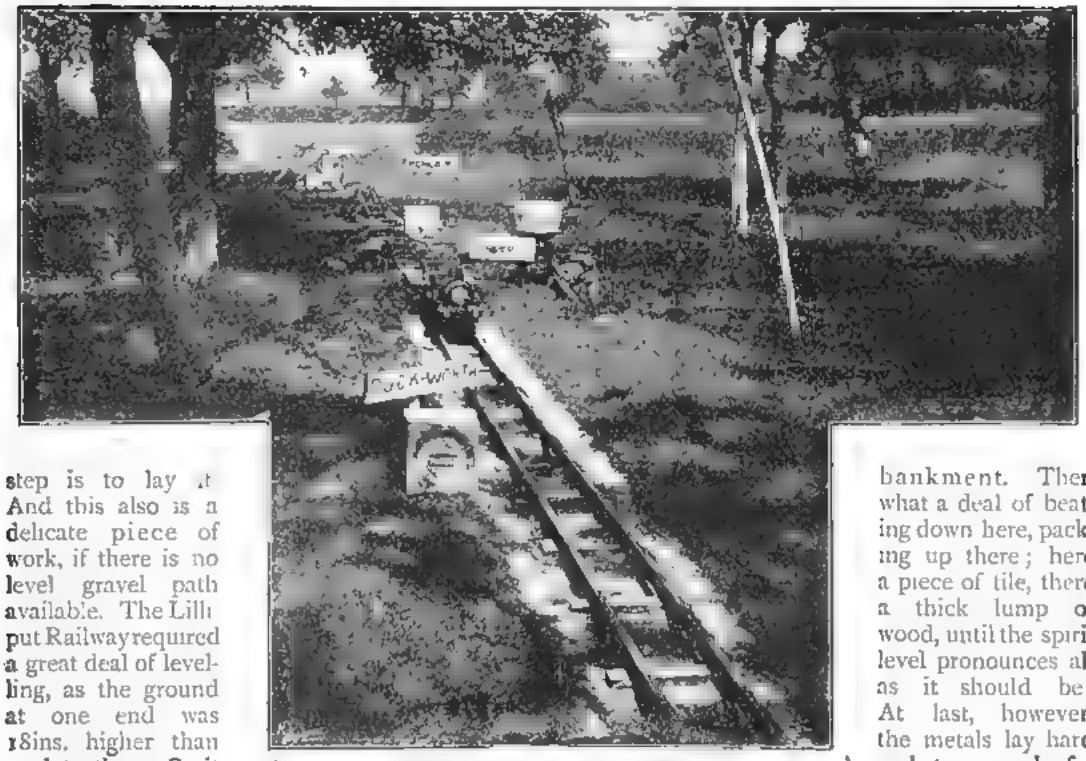


CRAWLINSIDE STATION.

It weighs 60lbs., and, owing to the 7½in. "drivers" being coupled, the amount of grip it gets is great. No such thing as a slipping of the wheels ever occurs, and with 30lbs. of steam the engine will move an ordinary person from rest without the least difficulty. It might be supposed that 6½ins. would afford a very unstable base. On the contrary, the passenger is able to shift about a considerable amount *en route*, provided he does not go too far fore or aft, which would mean a "tip up," as the truck wheels are well underneath. Timid travellers as a rule sit very rigid, with a look of anxiety lest the slightest movement might cause a general undignified collapse. Familiarity, however, breeds contempt, and after a while the fact drives itself home that 6½ins., if properly used, is ample for ordinary purposes.

The construction of a model railway and rolling stock is no light undertaking. To begin with, it demands a considerable money outlay, which becomes even formidable if the owner is not his own engineer, and if he intends to work on a rather large scale. All model fittings require such delicate workmanship that their price is out of proportion to their size, and there are few amateurs who are not driven to the model shops for taps, gauges, etc. Having at the cost of much time, thought, and labour, constructed an engine and truck, there comes the question of a permanent way. This is a more difficult matter than it might appear. It is evident that accuracy of gauge is above all things necessary, and the writer well remembers his despair when confronted with many feet of twisted T-iron, which had to be sawn into lengths, and bent this way and that until it lay evenly between its extreme points. The lengths, exactly paired, were then screwed down to sleepers, and the transverse portion of the rails was complete. On the whole, the system of wooden rails topped with strip iron is as satisfactory as the other, and it has the advantage of being much easier to construct, and cheaper too.

Assuming that our track is finished, the next

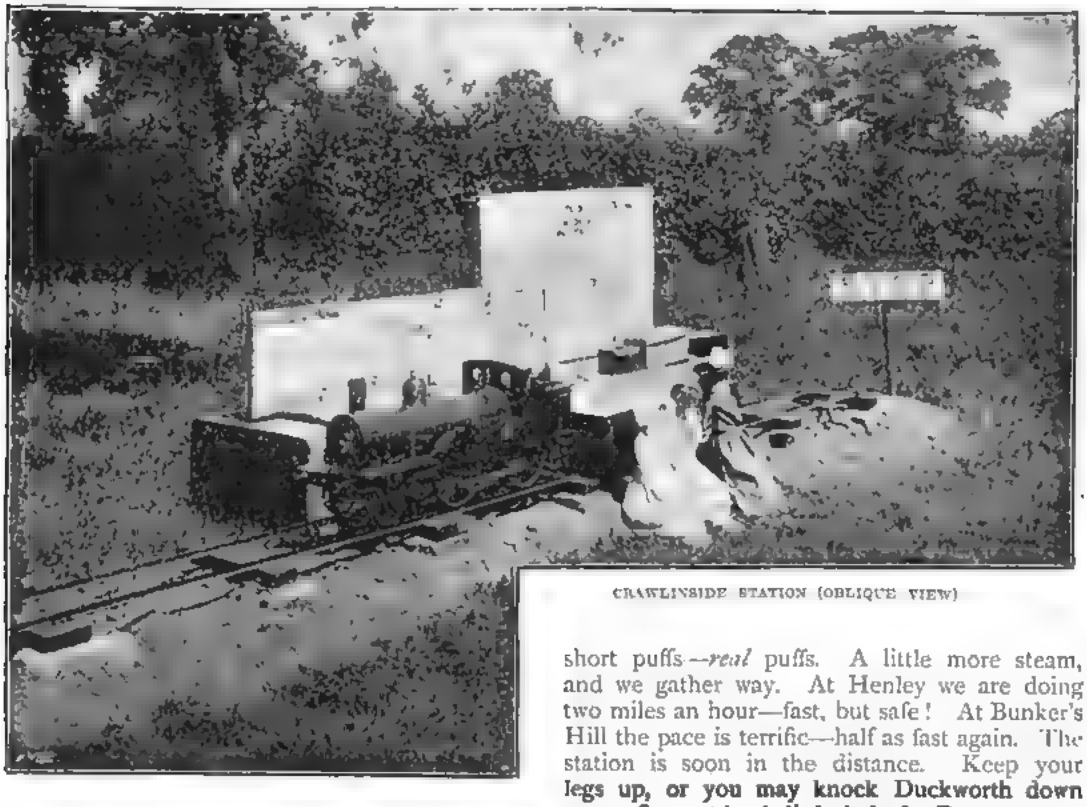


GENERAL VIEW ON THE COUNTRY.

step is to lay it. And this also is a delicate piece of work, if there is no level gravel path available. The Lilliput Railway required a great deal of levelling, as the ground at one end was 18ins. higher than at the other. So it was necessary to make a cutting at Lilliput and run the earth towards Appletree to form a substantial embankment. Then what a deal of beating down here, packing up there; here a piece of tile, there a thick lump of wood, until the spirit level pronounces all as it should be! At last, however, the metals lay hard and true, ready for traffic, and warranted not to "whip" unreasonably anywhere, fowls permitting.

THE "NEW CHUM" PULLING THREE ½-CWT.; ONE ½-CWT.; TRUCK, 2 STONES HIMSELF, 4 STONES. TOTAL IN MOTION, 20 STONES.

Now for the engine and truck. Why, anyone can put the water in and light a fire, and—but not so quick, my young friends! When you have to do with an engine burning *real coal*, not a half-guinea spirit lamp on four wheels, you must treat it like a real engine, and real engines require a little humouring. Come with me for a run down my railway and I will explain all. We stroll up to Appletree Station, where wonderful advertisements meet the eye, *e.g.*, "Blair's Pills keep the feet dry," "Carlton Tobacco for baby," "All who desire a soft skin should use Hinde's Hair Curlers." Note, too, the warning: "Hens found scratching will be persecuted."



CRAWLINSIDE STATION (OBLIQUE VIEW)

Here is the "New Chum," glorious in green paint. We pour a gallon of hot water into the boiler, screw down the manhole, and half fill the furnace with glowing charcoal. Then a pair of bellows set in motion underneath creates the needful draught until, in a minute or two, the "blower" begins to fling beads of water into the air. That is the first sign of energy. Then the hand on the steam-dial moves a little and the noise of the blower becomes louder and louder. The charcoal is glowing more brightly than ever from the suction of air through the five one-inch tubes. On with some coal! There, isn't that something like smoke, real, smelling, enginy smoke? We must oil up a bit before starting. Don't forget the cylinder cups and the axle bearings. Is the feed pump all right? Yes! The safety-valve is beginning to fizzle, and the dial shows 20lbs. Then we may as well be getting on. There is room for two, and nothing to spare. See that the reversing lever is forward, and let him have his head—half an inch of regulator. Well, if you *did* give a gentle push with your foot it would not be amiss, as there are two of us, and we don't want to strain anything. We are off, to the tune of some smart, short puffs—*real* puffs. A little more steam, and we gather way. At Henley we are doing two miles an hour—fast, but safe! At Bunker's Hill the pace is terrific—half as fast again. The station is soon in the distance. Keep your legs up, or you may knock Duckworth down as we fly past! A little jerky? But you must remember that this truck has no springs. So we run with a fair track to within a few yards of the terminus, and then the driver shuts off the regulator and turns on the steam brake. It grinds on the wheels, and, 25secs. after the start, we glide into Lilliput Station. Ticket, please!

In conclusion, the writer would say that, whatever the difficulties encountered in railway construction may be, they are more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction that comes when all is finished.

HOWELL'S BIG HIT

By
H. St. John Seamer.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

PEOPLE made a lot of fuss last summer about a fellow at Cheltenham, or Clifton, or wherever it was, who hit up a big score in a house match.

He was at the wickets for about a week on end, but we don't hear of any big hit during his innings; in fact, somebody wrote to apologise for the narrowness of the boundaries. There was nothing to touch Howell's performance a season or two back, before he got his place in the second eleven, where he plays now. That was a big hit, if you like, although it wasn't reported in the papers, and he didn't have letters written, or presents made to him, either. And he deserved them, if anybody did. It was what the papers call "the beginning of his cricket career." That was the funny thing about it. He had never done anything much in the cricket line before. He couldn't bowl a bit, and his batting wasn't any better. I don't think he cared much for the game, to tell you the truth, for he always got out of playing if he could. But from the day that he made his big hit he began to improve steadily, until he became the best bat in our Division—better even than Martin or Dawson Tertius. Next season he was tried for the second eleven, and got his place, too; and now they think of putting him in the first, when the summer term comes round again.

It happened one Wednesday afternoon in a Division match. All the boys, you know, who are not good enough to be in one of the school elevens are divided up into Divisions, pretty equal in strength; and the eleven best boys of each Division play matches, on half holidays, with one another to see which is Head of Divisions—that is, the eleven which has won most matches by the end of the term—and everybody, of course, wants his Division to be head, so that we have jolly exciting games, I can tell you.

Division IV. was playing Division III. (that's the one that I belong to) in the Little Field, where all these matches take place, because it isn't big enough for the school elevens to play in properly, and we had Barclay Primus to umpire for us. He was an awfully good bowler in the first, but he had hurt his wrist and couldn't bowl, so that they didn't want him for that afternoon. Deeks was umpiring for Division IV., because he was no good—at playing cricket, I mean.

Division IV. were awfully coxy just then, because they had beaten Divisions I. and II., and it was very important that we should beat them.

so as to prevent their getting enough games to make them head outright. They had a jolly good bowler in Wills Secundus, who bowled fearfully swift, and as straight as anything; while Crawford had made thirty-six, not out, only the Wednesday before, so that it wasn't going to be an easy job. However, we had two good bats in Martin and Dawson Tertius, and we hoped to get the better of them that way.

Their captain, Wills Secundus, tossed up, and Dawson Tertius, who was ours, guessed wrong as usual. It's a funny thing, but he always does guess wrong if he can. He has a way in school if he isn't certain of the termination of a word (and no one ought to be expected to know all those horrid terminations. I don't believe the masters themselves would if they didn't have the book) of writing it down both ways at once —sort of half-and-half—or making a sound that might mean either. Old Timson knows this, and when he sees, or hears, him doing anything of the kind, he drops on him sharp, and says, "Which do you mean, Dawson?" Then he splutters a bit and makes a shot, but it is safe to be the wrong one, so that it doesn't help him much. But he does it as regular as clockwork, and of course he guessed wrong this time.

So they decided to go in first, and we had to go out to field. I told you that our bowling was weak, but luckily their batting wasn't much better, except in the case of Crawford, and he was soon given out "leg before," by Barclay; which was awfully good of him, for Crawford declared that he was not leg before, and I don't believe myself that he really was. He wouldn't go out at first, and Barclay had to tell him that he was a cheeky brat, and that he would punch his head for him if he didn't go. So he went out at last, because Barclay Primus is a big chap, and although he had hurt one hand he could have whacked Crawford as easily as anything with the other. Of the rest, Wills Secundus was the only one who made double figures, and he ought to have been caught first ball, if that silly duffer Browne Secundus hadn't dropped it. Minkley made a duck, for Wills ran him out almost at once, and he was awfully wild about it. Four were bowled, and there were eleven byes and things. Altogether, they made forty-seven. So that we went in with forty-eight to get to win, and forty-seven to tie.

Martin and Dawson Tertius opened the batting for our side, and Wills Secundus and Minkley bowled. But we had no luck from the very first. In the second over Dawson hit out at a straight ball from Wills, and missed it, so that one wicket was down for three. Browne Secundus took his place, and managed to survive the next over or two, although he didn't do much in the way of making runs. Then Martin began to slog, just as he always does when he has made a few runs, and fancies that he is "set," as he calls it. The consequence was that he spooned up a ball right into cover-point's hands, and two wickets were down for nine—our two best bats, too.

I followed, but I didn't stay long, for that ass of a Browne Secundus must needs run me out in my first over. We ran two byes off my first ball, and I had put the second to leg, when he called out "Come on!" Of course, I started off down the pitch, but before I got half-way he shouted, "No! Go back! Go back! Leg's got it!"—and tore back again to his own wicket. I couldn't stop myself, and so we were both at the same end when the ball was returned, and the wicket-keeper knocked off the bails, and I was out. I didn't mind for myself so much, for I took care to wait for young Browne, and jolly well punched his head after he had finished his innings, but it made three wickets down for eleven runs at the most critical part of the game.

I hadn't long to wait, for he got bowled by Minkley almost before I could get my pads off, and serve him jolly well right, too.

Things were looking serious. Our four best wickets had fallen, and the score only stood at fourteen—we still required thirty-four runs to win. Division IV. were coxier than ever. They made sure of winning now, and the airs that that Wills Secundus put on were perfectly insufferable. And still the rot continued. Parker—who had taken my place—Roberts, and Browne Tertius succeeded one another, and only added another five runs—two out of the five were byes. Dawson Tertius was nearly tearing his hair with vexation; the rest of us had fallen into a state of stony despair. As the Latin grammar would say: "*Actum erat de divisione quarta.*"

Then Howell went in, with Poole for his partner. And there he stuck. He seemed to have only one stroke—a straight down sweep over the block-hole. But it answered its purpose. Wills Secundus and Minkley did their best, but they couldn't get him out. He just stood there, and stopped the straight ones, while he let all the others go by. Poole made one or two, but there was nothing but an occasional bye got from Howell's end. Then Poole was bowled by one of Wills' swift ones, and Francis took his place with the score at twenty-three. We were still twenty-four runs behind, and there was only little Pettit to go in. It was awful!

Dawson shouted to Howell to hit out, but he shook his head, and went on just as he was doing before, his bat moving up and down over

the block-hole in the most provoking way. Another bye was run. Francis broke his duck with a single, and then allowed himself to be stumped off the first ball of Minkley's over. He ran out to meet it, and struck all round it, the little duffer! Nine wickets for twenty-six runs!

Little Pettit wasn't ready, and so Dawson Tertius walked out to Howell, and implored him to do something, he didn't care what. Runs were what were wanted, for it was no use trying to play for a draw. He came back when little Pettit ran down to the wicket—he would run, in spite of Martin's telling him that it wasn't the proper thing to do. He was only a little chap, and as funky as anything. We could see his knees trembling from where we sat, as he took his stand at the crease and got ready for the second ball of Minkley's over. It pitched a little wide of the off stump, and little Pettit ran forward to hit it. Fortunately he only just managed to touch it with the edge of his bat. It flew high over short-slip's head, for they had all come in close, as he was such a little chap, and one run was scored—twenty-seven runs, and twenty-one to make to win.

Then came Howell's big hit.

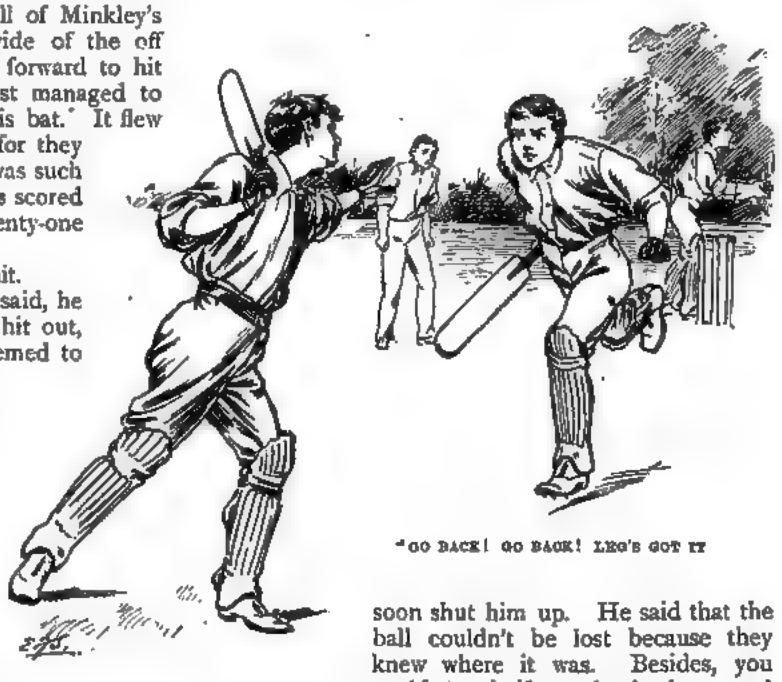
After what Dawson had said, he was evidently determined to hit out, cost what it might. He seemed to wake up all of a sudden, and made a fearful swipe at Minkley's next ball, a wickedly bad stroke. The ball went up in the air straight for long-on. Long-on missed it, and—it disappeared

That sounds funny, doesn't it? But it is really what happened. In the Little Field we didn't play with boundaries; the boundaries were the hedges and so on all round, and we ran every hit right out. Across one corner of the field was a sort of drain, and into this the ball rolled after long-on had missed it.

Long-on didn't notice where it had gone, and was hunting for it in the grass beyond; but the others had seen, and began shouting directions. Still he couldn't find it, and Minkley left the wicket to go and show him where it was. But he couldn't find it either, and the other man in the long-field went to join in the search. Finally, all the fielders, except Wills Secundus, left their places to hunt for the ball. And it was discovered that it had rolled into a pipe—where the drain passes under a place made level to allow carts and things to go across—and they couldn't get hold of it to get it out.

Meanwhile Howell and little Pettit were running like anything, and we were cheering them like mad. They had made five when Wills Secundus called "Lost ball!" Then they stopped, but our umpire, Barclay Primus, who had also gone to where the ball had disappeared, shouted, "No, no! Go on running! It isn't 'Lost Ball' at all!" and they went on running again—which shows the advantage of having a good umpire who isn't afraid of anybody. I think Barclay Primus is an awfully good umpire to have.

Wills Secundus got awfully waxy at that, and began to argue the point, but Barclay Primus soon shut him up. He said that the ball couldn't be lost because they knew where it was. Besides, you could see it if you knelt down and looked up the pipe; and you could feel it if you stuck your arm up. Wills Secundus was furious. He called long-on all the names he could think of; and then, as that didn't mend matters, tried to get the ball out himself, but, of course, he wasn't any better able to pull it out than the others. And Howell and Pettit kept on running. So at last he sent off Crawford, who was the fastest runner on their side—he won the junior hundred, and junior two-twenty, and was second in the junior quarter last sports—to get a pole from the pavilion in the big field to poke the ball out.



"GO BACK! GO BACK! LEG'S GOT IT

And Howell and Pettit kept on running.

He was an awful long time away, for it turned

out that the captain of the first eleven caught him taking the pole, and smacked his head, and wouldn't let him have it. So he had to explain all about it, and what it was for, and then they laughed at him, and allowed him to bring it.

All this while the runs were mounting up, but the batsmen were getting so fagged that they could hardly trot up and down the pitch. Already they had made sixty-two when the pole arrived and the ball was poked out. Wills Secundus caught hold of it as it rolled out into the open ditch, and began running towards the wickets.

"One for the throw!" we shouted, and Howell and Pettit began staggering down the pitch once more.

This made Wills so waxy that he lost his head, shied at the wicket and—missed. Of course all the field had gone down to see the ball got out of the pipe, and there was no one to stop it. So we made five for the overthrow before the wicket-keeper got hold of it again.

Altogether that made sixty-eight or sixty-nine for Howell's hit, counting the overthrow—we couldn't be quite certain which, because in the general excitement the umpires and the scorers lost count. However, we put it down at sixty-eight so as to be on the safe side. And it only just came in time, for Wills sent an awfully fast "sneak" down to little Pettit and bowled him with the first ball of the next over. It was horribly mean of him, for Pettit is such a little chap, besides being done up with all that running; but we couldn't do anything because the umpires let it pass.

ALL THE FIELD HAD GONE DOWN TO SEE THE BALL GOT OUT OF THE PIPE.

There was a scene, I can tell you, when they came out. We shouted and cheered them like anything, till the master on duty and the prefect came to see what was the matter. We hoisted Howell on our shoulders and carried him round the field in procession, and that made the other side more waxy than ever.

We had made ninety-five in all, which gave us a majority of forty-eight on the first innings; and, of course, that was the only one that counted, because the second innings could not be finished, and it was only a single-day match.

From that day Howell began to take an interest in cricket, and improved out of all knowledge. He is in the second eleven now, and plays a jolly good game, I can tell you; but he has never made another hit like that which helped us to be Head of Divisions two seasons ago.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

No. XI.—HOW TO PASS THE INDIAN CIVIL.

SOME HINTS BY A SELECTED CANDIDATE.

"The Indian Civil," you continually hear said, "is the hardest of all exams." And this is true, for two very good reasons. First of all, because the competition is big; it is acknowledged to be the finest service in the world, both as regards prestige and pay, and, naturally, there are yearly a number of men who are anxious to enjoy both. Secondly, the standard is very high indeed, for under the present regulations, setting aside all other comers, the best men from Oxford and Cambridge compete.

A very smart man will get into the I.C.S. in the ordinary course of events if he has the inclination to do so; but a man of fair ability need by no means despair, as is proved in the case of the writer. It is to such men that the following hints are offered, in the hopes that they will considerably lighten their task, and eventually land them in the haven where they would be.

Most readers of THE CAPTAIN will have formed an idea of what they are going to be two or three years before they leave school. If they want to go in for the I.C.S., they should begin betimes, so as not to be flurried, or hurried, or scurried when they get to within a year of the exam. First of all, get a book of the examination papers; this you can order from any bookseller. In it you will find the regulations, scope of the exam., the papers in full, tables of marks, and some significant statistics. The actual papers you need not worry about; they may frighten you, but a careful perusal of the other matter will make you familiar with the idea of the exam., and show you what kind of marks you may expect. Here I may mention that, except in English essay and mathematics, the actual marks obtained are the result of your marks in each subject less 100, multiplied by 5-4. In other words, you must make 100 before you can count at all; anything over is multiplied as above.

Now as to the subjects you should take up *while still at school*. You will, of course, have a strong subject, on which you will eventually get a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge. Classics, mathematics, and science are equally paying *per se*, and if you are any good at any one branch, you ought to score at least 1,000, as you will see from the marks in the book. Being a classical man, I, of course, plump for classics, as a good classic ought to write a good essay, answer his history, law, and philosophy in good English, and score well in French and German. Put your back, therefore, into your strong subject, and make sure of your scholarship.

Again, while at school, exercise yourself in essay writing. You will see that everyone takes up the English essay in the exams. You will also be struck by the disparity of the marks. If by the time you go to the 'Varsity your essay is good, you should make at least 300. But be assured of this, that you can't "cram" the art of essay writing at the last minute. You must begin early.

As to history, you will see in the book that there are three history subjects—two classical and general modern. A classical man will naturally take up classical history; but work hard at it, for Roman and Greek histories are the hardest papers in the exam. Have the general outline and dates at your finger-tips. You will not have much time at school for general modern history, but the book will give you the periods; if you have any interest in any one, read a book or a novel on that period; If you have no choice, ask some master. Don't worry about it, but simply take an interest in it, so that when, at the 'Varsity, you go to lectures on the subject, you will not be altogether at sea.

We come now to French and German. A glance down the marks under these subjects will show you that either the marks are good, or there is a blob; the latter is to be avoided. If you are one of those patriotic, but misguided, people who hate "those —— foreigners," get rid of this idea as soon as you can. Try to respect your French master, and learn as much from him as he will be delighted to teach you, Be careful about your "comps." and "unseens." Read as much Molière as you can; you will find his plays perfectly charming, and quite easy; but they pay. German, perhaps, you will have some difficulty in getting. If it is taught at your school, take it up, and break the ice.

It is not half so hard as it looks, and if you can read and write a little in that language before you leave school, it will be a great thing done. I was nearly forgetting to explain why French and German are so useful. It is very simple. In the history, philosophy, and law subjects a man has to remember facts, dates, rules, and arguments, to answer questions in both morning and afternoon papers; in French and German this only applies to the afternoon papers. "Comps." and "unseens" are a matter of knack and practice, and they do not overtax the memory. I strongly advise you, therefore, to take up French and German before you leave school, and work at them as well as you can without starving your strong subject. In this way you will go up to the 'Varsity with six or seven subjects well in hand. The other three or four must be left to choice or circumstance when you are "up."

We will suppose you have your scholarship at some college, and have said *au revoir* to your friends at school. You have a long holiday before you—August, September, and a week or two in October. Spend this quite invaluable time abroad—Germany for preference, as you will be more behind in that than in French. Take a lesson from a German at least three times a week, and work well at the grammar and conversation. If your conversation at table flags, repeat "Otto" to them; it will win you a reputation as a humorist. See, hear, and talk all you can. Get some cheery old Teuton to gossip with you over a "back" or two, and by the time you return to England you will know a considerable amount of German, and, what is better, take a great interest in it. You have had a splendid holiday, and have the experience and *savoir faire* of a man who has travelled. This will be of great social value at the University.

Your first year "up," keep your languages and essay going gently but firmly. Begin attending lectures on your period of "Gen. Mod.," and the other subjects you elect to take up; but in this you must be guided by the college authorities, who will, of course, keep you to your "strong" subject. Read a French novel or two, *e.g.*, "Tartarin de Tarascan," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," "L'Abbé Constantin," and, if you want a treat, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Also read an easy German play, and some German poetry. Send now and again a German "comp." to your Teutonic teacher in the Fatherland. He will be delighted to hear from you again, and will return your "comp." and letter full of corrections; mark, learn, etc., them.

At the end of your first year you will find that you have not overworked yourself, unless you are abnormal. You will, therefore, be pining for some good hard work. Go, then, to a big I.C.S. coach for the Trinity term, *i.e.*, the middle of June to the end of July. There you will get invaluable hints on the exam., that is all too close for some men; you will get splendid teaching in your special and your outside subjects; and, above all, you will know exactly what wants the most attention in your second and third year's reading at the 'Varsity. In short, you will "know the ropes" thoroughly.

You still have two months and a half of "vac." This time go to France, and do as you did in Germany. Take some lessons, read, and talk; all the time keep up your German by reading a little every day; else the glib French will oust the sturdy Deutsch from your head. By living in the country you will learn a great deal very easily, and still have time for "reading" and real recreation. Moreover, if expense is very much an object, living abroad in the "vac." is cheaper than living in England, and much more fun.

At the beginning of your second year you should be *au fait* at French and German. Begin now to read a book on the literature of each language; if you can, read this in French and German. Keep your histories going strong, and this year attend to your outlying subjects; for you will want your third year for your strong subject.

Your second "vac.", go again to Germany, and read as much as you can, especially extracts from the best authors. Keep up your French, and get some one to give you some dictation from the French, while you translate *ex tempore* into German, and *vice versâ*. This will make you quick at both. If you have time, revise your general modern history period with your notes.

This will bring you to your third year, which you will have to devote to your strong subject, especially if you are at Cambridge; for your tripos is not far off. You will not have much time for your other subjects; but never let them drop, and, above all, keep your French and German compositions going.

At the end of your third year, *i.e.*, the middle of June, you will have six weeks before the I.C.S. exam. Two courses will be open to you. If you feel pretty safe in your own opinions, take this time quietly. Get away to the sea, and look up odds and ends. If you have any inspirations as to likely questions, jot them down, and get them up in the form of an answer. In general modern history, topical events nearly always suggest a question to the examiner; then why not to you also?

Test your vocabulary in your languages, and your facts and dates in your histories.

If, however, you feel a bit nervous, soothe yourself by going to the above I.C.S. coach, but don't let him drive you too hard.

Just before the exam., go away with a friend, frivolous for choice; and, above all, one who hardly knows what the I.C.S. means. If you can't keep off your work, take a note-book or two with you. Above all, come up to the scratch as fresh as paint; don't feel anxious, but a bit excited; this state of mind will enhance the brilliance of your answers. Between papers, avoid your fellow victims as you would an adder. Nothing will keep you from looking up your subject for the next day, but don't learn anything new, or you will wreck yourself. If you feel a bit done, take a glass of champagne with your dinner. This will revive you, and send you to sleep when you turn in.

Finally, when you have written your last word, go home, have a good sleep, and think no more about it till you get a long blue envelope with the announcement that you are

A SELECTED CANDIDATE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arthur.—Certainly, write as often as you like. **P. W. G.**—Many thanks. Send me your name and address and I will gladly do as you ask. **Hopeful.**—There is no fee. I will return your stamps if you send me your address. **Architect.**—Application for the Preliminary Examination must be made to the secretary R. I. B. A., Conduit Street, Bond Street, W. **Nil Desperadum.**—Your *non de plume* is the most suitable motto for you. Try again by all means. **S. W. B.**—I must refer you to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. **C. B.**—A premium of £50 or £60 a year would secure a place as pupil. If you advertise or answer advertisements, be careful to make close inquiries. **Liber.**—(1) The salary of the chief librarian at the Guildhall is £750 a year. The head librarian's of a big borough's series of libraries—a central and its branches—range from £250 to £500. (2) Particulars of the Library Association can be obtained from the secretary, 20, Hanover Square, W. **Artist.**—There is certainly a good chance for a clever artist—a better chance than ever before to make money rapidly. When it is considered that in connection with a penny illustrated paper alone over a thousand people annually help to illustrate its pages, you will see what scope there is. Why not send in some of your sketches to the art editor? He will, at any rate, give you a candid opinion. Don't place too much reliance upon the opinion of your mother in this respect. **G. P.**—(1) A midshipman begins at £31 18s. 6d. per annum; a sub-lieutenant at £91 5s.; a lieutenant at £182 10s.; (2) The fees on the training ship amount to £75 per annum, and with extras about £100. (3) Promotion is slow, and a great deal depends upon influence. **S. W. P.**—You must obtain a nomination from the Home Secretary. Write to your member of Parliament. **C. D. H.**—Write to Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, S.W. **E. H. W.**—Consult our advertisement pages. You will find the names of several excellent coaches there. **Custos.**—An assistant of Customs gets a minimum salary of £70, rising by £5 annually to £105. The assistant next gets promotion to a second-class examining officership with £110, rising by £7 10s. annually to £220. First class examining officers get £230, rising by £10 annually to £340. Finally, as you are a graduate of London University, you will not be required to pass any Entrance Examination, but can be entered straight away at any one of the four Inns of Court on payment of the necessary fees. The amount of these fees was given in the October number of THE CAPTAIN. As you have had entry as a student you will be required to keep your terms by dining in the hall of the Inn of Court to which you belong, not less than three times in each term. Twelve terms have to be kept, and, at the end of them, the examination for Call must be passed. This examination may be taken in two parts if desired, the first part to be passed before you have finished keeping your terms. **W. G. H.**—Why not try the *Figaro*? *Hugo's Illustrated French Journal* would also be useful. **Desirous.**—Seventeen is not too old for the Merchant Service, but you are too old for the Navy. **Inquirer.**—Enter the foundry as a clerk, and study civil engineering in your spare time. If in any way possible, put in a course at an engineering college or a technical school. **Ambitious.**—Cannot advise you to take up literature on the strength of your having run a small monthly magazine. Why not do as your father wishes? Go into the engineering, and write as much as you like in your spare time. **B.A.**—To take your degree at the London University, you must first pass the Matriculation Examination; then go in for the Intermediate Arts, and then the final, Bachelor of Arts examination. Particulars of subjects can be obtained from the Registrar, University of London, Burlington House, Burlington Gardens, W. You would certainly need to go to a good "coach"; you will find the names of several in our advertising pages. **Accountant.**—Unless you want to join the Institute of Chartered Accountants, there would be no examination. **C. C.**—Certainly it is a gentleman's position, and will be in no way inferior to that which you now hold. **J. S.**—If you desire to become an actuary, the first step to be taken is to obtain a position as clerk in the office of an insurance company or society, in the actuary's department. A few actuaries practice as solicitors and take pupils, but this would involve the payment of a premium; while, if you become a clerk in an office, you will receive a salary, even though it be a very small one, from the outset. The interests of the profession are guarded by the Institute of Actuaries, whose offices are at Staple Inn Hall, London, W.C. It puts those who wish to become Fellows of the Institute through the Student and Associate stages, no person under sixteen being eligible as a student, nor under twenty-one as an associate. **I. D.**—To become an Associate of the Royal School of Mines, you must enter the School at South Kensington, where, after three years, you can gain your associate degree in metallurgy or mining, or both, which will materially help you in your career. The training occupies three years, and for the first two years the fees amount to £75, and they vary from £30 to £40 for the third year. Before entering for the Associateship, however, it is necessary to pass in the elementary stages of mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, physics, etc., at the examination of the Department of Science and Art.

THE NEW CHUM

A NORTH QUEENSLAND YARN

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie" &c.

Illustrated by Cockburn Reynolds.

"GET out of this! Clear out of my yard!" roared the squatter, as well as he could, on rising to his feet; for the calf-pen lay three inches deep in the very finest and driest of Nicholson River dust, and some of it had got into his mouth. The half-dozen stockmen in the immediate neighbourhood looked at one another wonderingly, for none of them had ever seen Mackenzie of Culdara lose his temper before, but they all agreed that he was perfectly justified in doing so on the present occasion. The fact of the matter was that a number of sturdy calves, which had escaped the large half-yearly muster, had been driven into the branding-pen, and in his awkward and futile endeavours to hold a spirited year-old, which he had just roped, Swan, the "New Chum," as he was called, had somehow got the rope mixed up with the boss's legs, and the result was a most ignominious spill for the latter.

Swan had only been at work five days on the station, and this was by no means the first time he had given actual proof of his lack of experience—so far, at least, as the branding and otherwise handling of cattle were concerned. But then, he had told the boss before he was engaged that he had only hitherto worked on a sheep station, and knew next to nothing about cattle. So, being short-handed just then, and seeing that he was evidently a quiet and well-brought-up young fellow, who, moreover, could sit on a horse's back with the best of them, Mackenzie had engaged him for a week on trial.

Swan was covered with confusion, and came forward muttering an abject apology; but the squatter misunderstood him, and, as he was beating some of the superfluous dust from his Crimean shirt and moleskin trousers with his broad-brimmed felt hat, he cried:—

"That's enough! I want no more of it! A man who hasn't got strength enough to hold a calf, or sense enough to let go a rope when he sees it's going to do damage, is of no use to me."

Without another word the New Chum turned and left the yard. As he was crawling through the slip-rails the squatter, in a more subdued voice, called after him:—

"I say, Swan, you needn't go to-day. It's too late for a start now; any time to-morrow or the next day'll do."

But the New Chum did not seem to hear, and was walking slowly up the track towards the station buildings. The stockmen exchanged glances and smiled. Those who knew the boss best speculated inwardly as to how long it would be before he followed up the man he had just discharged, and, muttering something about "having been just a trifle riled," tell him to go on with his work again.

Mackenzie shook the dust out of his great blonde beard that sparkled on his broad chest, and remarked:—

"Smoke-oh, boys! I fancy it's about time we did a rest." And so saying he climbed up on to the top rail of the fence, and set an example by pulling out his pipe.

It was a hot day even for the Never-Never country of the Carpentarian Gulf, and that is

saying a good deal for a place where the thermometer sometimes stands for days and nights together in the neighbourhood of 120degs. in the shade. There was an insupportable glare from the white dust in the yard caused by the intense sunlight, for right overhead the great orb of day looked down like a quivering ball of fire from a cloudless, never-changing sky of steel-like blue. The brown, unbarked mortised posts and rails of the labyrinthine yards threw shadows as black as ink—they were sharp, clearly-defined, palpable things. Outside the rails, on one side, was a dense golden-wattle scrub, from which the organ-magpie piped its beautiful song in the early morning. On another side was a forest of ti-trees, looking for all the world like a sleepy, old-country orchard *minus* its vivid colouring. And away to the east lay the park-like bush proper, with its long, deep chain of lily-draped lagoons, with its gentle rise on the right on which had been built the rough bark-covered sheds, and the better class of buildings with their white gleaming roofs of galvanised iron. It was a typical cattle station on the newly opened-up country of north-western Queensland. Close to the fence a fire of dry logs was burning, and at which a row of branding-irons were heating. The very sight of the little red flames that danced and leapt in the fierce white sunlight was enough to throw one into a profuse perspiration. A huge billy of tea was stewing by the fire, and the dusty stockmen helped themselves to its contents with a cool temerity, clearly showing that the words tannin and indigestion had no signification to them.

"GOT THE SACK," HE REPLIED, BLUNTLY.

For a few minutes after the New Chum had taken his departure no one spoke, until one of those wretched, nondescript loafers, who occasionally do a little work for the sake of appearances, jerked his head in the direction of the disappearing Swan, and drawled out with that intonation peculiar to New South Wales:—

"Fancy 'e's somethin' 'e does. Too big for 'is boots. Washes three times a day reg'lar as clockwork. Cricky——"

"If you only washed once a day, Joe Williams, you'd be pleasanter company," remarked the squatter quietly. And the men roared again as the discomfited Joe literally and metaphorically "got down from the fence," instead of, as he had expected, being commended for his politic remarks.

In the meantime the discharged man was walking up the track to the station. To tell the truth he did not seem to be particularly upset about his recent little friction with the squatter and his subsequent discharge. Indeed, though he felt annoyed and distressed that he should have given the worthy squatter such very good cause for annoyance, he could not help smiling to himself as he thought over the situation. Would he go at once, or would he stay? he asked himself. He thought he had better go, and that at once. He would proceed to the MacArthur River, some 225 miles farther on, and have a look at the country. By the time he got back the squatter's anger would doubtless have evaporated. Luckily he saw his two horses standing close to the entrance of the smaller paddock. He would go into the men's hut, roll up his swag, and, getting his bridle, catch them, saddle-up, and be off before the squatter and his men came back from the yard. But there was Miss Mackenzie, the squatter's daughter—he must see her before he took his departure.

His riding horse was saddled, and his pack-horse loaded up. He tied them to the fence, and as he went over to the dwelling-house he met her coming down the verandah steps—a tall, lissome slip of a girl, with the soft dusk of the sun's kiss upon her cheeks, with a wonderful wealth of silky brown hair, and an inscrutable look in her large dark eyes. He had not thought before that she was so pretty.

"Where are you going, Mr. Swan?" she asked, looking inquiringly at the horses.

"Got the sack," he replied bluntly, and then he told her what had occurred.

"You'd better not go," she said, regarding him with an unwonted seriousness in her fine eyes. "Father will be so sorry. He is hasty at times, but it never lasts for more than a minute or two. It's hardly safe going through that country, where there are no white settlers and the blacks are bad. Besides, you might have another attack of the fever."

In an idle moment, to amuse himself, he had guessed her age at eighteen or nineteen—a mere girl comparing her age with his, but now it seemed to him as if she were the older of the two.

"Oh, I'll be all right," he remarked carelessly. "You'll excuse me for wanting to say good-bye to you, won't you? But the chances are I may not see you again." And lifting his hat he turned as if to go.

"Won't you shake hands?" she asked, with a hint of resentment in her eyes and in her voice. There was not a trace of false modesty in her manner.

As they shook hands their eyes met, but neither spoke a word. In another minute he was gone.

Two hours later the squatter came over to the dwelling-house looking rather put out.

"What's the matter, dad?" asked the girl innocently. She had a pretty good guess as to what was the matter, but then, all women are daughters of Eve.

"That young fool, Swan!" broke out the squatter, trying hard to wax indignant. "He riled me a bit in the yard, and I told him to go up to Jackson and get his money. Never intended for a moment to let him go, but he's gone, and hasn't been near Jackson to draw a penny—confound his pride! And the worst of it is I had taken rather a liking to the beggar! Oh, confound him! Do you know which way he went, Dorothy?"

"He must be near the Twelve-Mile by this time," replied the girl, as if the subject did not particularly interest her. "But here's a couple of letters for you, dad. A stockman from Carne's brought some of our mail along."

After reading his letters the squatter seemed lost in thought.

"What is the matter, dad? You look serious," commented his daughter.

"Nothing; only I think you'll have to go back to Sydney and stay with your aunt, the judge's wife. This is no place for a girl who has been brought up as you have been. When I have touched fifty thousand pounds I'll come south too, and that'll be before very long. I've a letter from my partner, Conway, in Melbourne, and he's sending his son up here as agreed upon. He'll arrive in Burketown within the next few days, and I'll have to go in for him. I think I'll take you in with me, and send you back to Sydney by the boat that fetches him. Wonder what the young fellow is like? His share in the station is worth a good twenty thousand now, but as there's two thousand square miles of country, it could stand five times the stock."

"Dad, I'm not going down to Sydney just yet," said the girl, "but I'll go in a few weeks from now. I'd better have the bachelors' quarters looked to, seeing your visitor is coming so soon. I wish he had stayed away a little longer. By the way, I wonder where all that smoke is coming from? It has been in the air now for four or five days, and is getting thicker."

The New Chum had only got as far as the Nine-Mile Creek, when he turned out to camp for the night. He hobbled his horses where there was good feed, boiled his "billy," and unrolled his blankets under a shady Bauhania tree. He was very comfortable, but he did not exactly like that smell of smoke in the air. He had only once in his life seen a bush fire, but he did not wish to see another. The gruesome horror of the sight was sufficient to last him a lifetime. But the tea tasted as only tea made in a billy can taste, the Johnnie cakes and the cold boiled meat were excellent, and the after pipe was a thing to conjure the mind from the things of this earth. Later on, when he rigged his mosquito net, and turned into his blankets, he had almost forgotten all about his unfortunate adventure in the branding pen. Soon he saw the jewelled Southern Cross appear in the blue vault of the eternal heavens, and he heard the shuddering croon of the 'possum from the hollow tree, and the morpoke's weird chant from unseen depths of gleaming golden-wattle. Then, when these sounds grew distant and indistinct, it seemed to him as if he were gazing into the great dark eyes of a girl whose sweet, thoughtful face was framed in a wealth of silky hair, and who very much resembled the squatter's daughter, Dorothy.

At noon next day Swan had halted to camp for his midday meal. His saddles and gear were close at hand, and his horses a couple of hundred yards off cropping the somewhat dry grass. He was in what seemed to be a dead forest of woolly-butt trees and pines. He knew that there must be a pretty bad bush fire somewhere, judging by the smoke, which within the last few hours had become unpleasantly dense, but he had been strangely absent-minded

all the forenoon, and had paid but little heed to it. Perhaps he was thinking more about a pair of dark eyes than he ought to have been doing, or perhaps he was only about to have another attack of fever. In point of fact, his head felt queer now, and he was becoming chilly despite the fact that the sun blazed down with a pitiless rigour from a quivering, copper-coloured sky. It was no use trying to eat, or boil his billy, although in all truth he felt thirsty enough. But there was no bright-eyed girl now to come and see if his canvas bag were full of cool, clear water. He crawled out from under the shade, and lay on his face among the dry, rank grass in the scorching, tropical sunshine. Suddenly he sat up and listened. A breeze had sprung up out of the west, and far off he could hear a hollow booming and crashing, just as if the discharge of distant pieces of artillery was being deadened by the sound of the surf. A screechingflock of parrots and cockatoos flew past him as if in terror, with deafening clangour. Several kangaroos came bounding into view, their great tails beating a hollow-sounding tattoo upon the ground, and at sight of him shot off eastward through the thick timber again. Then he leapt to his feet in alarm as the thunderous drumming of horses' hoofs came up out of the same direction, and in another minute a herd of wild horses, with streaming tales and manes, came stampeding past, shaking the very earth with their furious gallop. They hardly seemed to notice him in their mad career. He knew now only too well what the headlong flight of the animal creation meant. The bush fire was approaching, and unless he wanted to be burned to a cinder he would have to saddle up and be off like the wind. He lifted his eyes to a low range of wooded hills not more than a couple of miles distant, and he saw a sight that struck terror into his heart. A great glowing wall of fire was travelling along it with a rapidity that was appalling, sending clouds of smoke and burning *debris* high into the air, like the matter vomited from the jaws of an active volcano. The wind was freshening; unless he looked sharp the fire would be on him before many minutes.

A HERD OF WILD HORSES CAME STAMPEDING PAST.

He caught up his bridle and halter, and made over to his horses. Luckily, they had not stampeded with the wild mob. He caught his saddle-horse, and had just unhobbled the pack-horse when, scared by some stray scrub cattle that dashed past just then, it broke away and disappeared in the direction of the track along which they had just travelled. Now it meant that he must leave his pack-saddles and, most likely, most of his effects behind. The crashing and the roaring from the fire was coming nearer and nearer. Palpitating living things in an agony of fear dashed past him regardless of his presence. Wallabies and kangaroos, with their natural enemy, the dingo, ran shoulder to shoulder, jostling one another in their wild race for life. He flung his saddle on the horse, that now had become restive and anxious to be off; it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could get it to stand quietly enough until he tightened the girths. And all the time the ague was upon him, and in that furious heat and blinding, stifling smoke he was shaking like a

palsied man, and sick nigh unto death. With difficulty he climbed up into the saddle, then paused bewildered for a moment to determine the direction in which he was to ride. But the New Chum, as he was called, was no coward, and he had that grit in him that has made empires for the Anglo-Saxon race.

Now then, Eclipse, for a race with Death in the guise of the great fire-king. The wind is blowing a gale, and the pale horse, with its hollow-eyed rider, is settling down to its work with demoniacal glee. You will want all your wind and mettle on a course like this!

Far away ahead, down the hill-side and towards the track along which Swan is now galloping, comes a sea of raging fire. You must stick to the track, Eclipse, for if you miss it you may get tangled up in one of the dense scrubs and be caught as in a trap, and then it will be out of the frying-pan and into the fire with a vengeance. The only question now is, will you be able to outflank that horrible death? Steady, Eclipse, steady!

And on and on rushes the fire-king, the flames rolling over each other like wave upon wave, darting from one side to another in paroxysms of fiery haste, and leaping from tree to tree to swathe them in winding-sheets of living fire. How the flames lick up the stems and run along the branches to the outermost twigs! What a pandemonium of rending and crackling and strange sounds is the peaceful forest now! What a hell of horror and fiery passions!

Swan bends low over his horse's neck and gives it its head. If he can cover a mile in the next few minutes he will have passed that flank of flame that is bearing down on his right and be comparatively safe. Now then, Eclipse, there is a little gushet of fire in the way, but through it, my boy, and the deuce take the hindmost!

As rattled the hoofs of Miss Kilmansegg's steed over the cobblestones, so rang the feet of Eclipse over the little ironstone rise. The pace was killing, and in Swan's weak state it was as much as he could do to cling to the mane of his plucky horse. He gasped for breath, and choked with the horrible black smoke and dust and scorching hot air that came as if from the open door of a furnace. The trees seemed to fly past at lightning speed, and then it was as if a great wave of fire rolled down from the ridge and swallowed him up. The flame was scorching his face; his hair and eyebrows were singeing, and his clothes were burning on his body. A giddiness seized him, and he swayed in the saddle. In another second he would roll to earth, and that would be the last of him. Oh, God! to perish like a soulless brute while yet all his life was before him! The thought was too terrible.

Go it, Eclipse! Stay with it, my boy! And, as if with a new lease of life, his horse sprang forward and onward. His eyes were closed. It was neck against leather now. He clung to his saddle in a frenzy of despair. Then, with a lightning-like flash, the brain played him a curious trick. He thought he saw right through that wave of flame, and on the other side of it stood the slim form of a girl. Her wealth of gleaming hair was something to dream about, and in her great dark eyes was a look that thrilled his pulses and quickened into life a wayward longing within him. She seemed to beckon him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and they were those of the squatter's daughter, Dorothy.

"SIT TIGHT!" CRIED MACKENZIE.

In another second he had passed through that gushet of flame and was tearing along the track. Bravo, Eclipse! You have the true mettle in you! In a minute or two more he would be comparatively safe and able to take it easier.

And then a stumble over a partially hidden stump, and Swan is thrown violently from the saddle, but fortunately where the soil is sandy. His horse recovers itself and dashes off again along the track.

It seems as if the fire-king is to have its victim after all. He staggers to his feet like a drunken man, and looks helplessly round. It is no use running; that vast semi-circle of flame is swifter than he, and must inevitably hem him in. No use worrying; better say his prayers while he has yet time, for in five minutes more he may have to give an account of himself.

And then something like two great shadows looming up through the thin smoke, and a voice he seems to know rousing him from his lethargy, and crying out:—

"Hello! That's you is it? Thought you couldn't be far away—just caught your horse on the trail, so look sharp and bundle up—no time to lose!"

It was the squatter, breathless, in his shirt-sleeves, mounted on his powerful sorrel mare, and leading Eclipse. He observed the New Chum's fever-stricken condition, and his futile endeavours to mount. So jumping off his own horse he literally lifted him into the saddle. Swan was so completely taken by surprise that he could only stammer out some unintelligible words.

"Now, sit tight," cried Mackenzie, when he had remounted. "We'll have to ride hard for the next few miles, but when we get to Settlement Creek—that's the Wentworth—the danger will be over; the fire can't cross that."

They galloped together in silence for the next half-hour, sometimes the fire-king being close at their heels, and at other times allowing them to slacken their pace. At last they came to the broad, partially dry bed of the great creek, and crossed slowly to the other side. The squatter led the way to a large shady fig tree, and jumped off his horse.

"We're safe, and can rest now," he remarked; "the fire can't cross; besides, the dead forest ends on the other side—precious good job it's burned, too. You had a narrow squeak. Let me get you some water."

"Look here, sir, before we go any farther, I owe you an abject apology," said the New Chum, who now felt much better again. "When I think——"

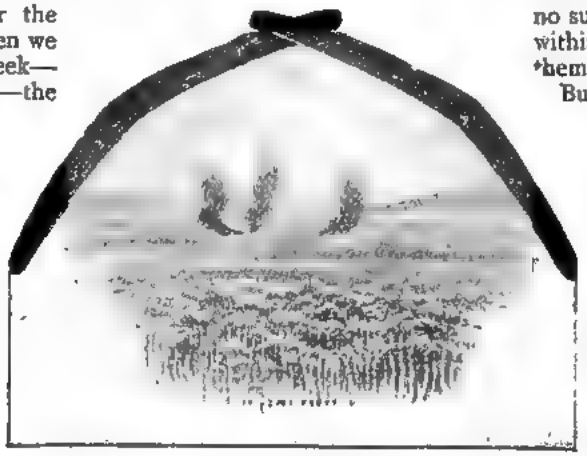
"Well, we'll call it square," interrupted the squatter. "You see, I said something about your grandmother's neck. I couldn't get any peace after you had gone for thinking about that, so when I saw the smoke coming up from the direction in which you were travelling—— But we'll go on to the station in another hour or so, if you think you're able to travel. I've got to start for Burketown to-morrow to meet my partner's son, young Conway, who is coming out——"

"That's what I wanted to apologise about, sir. You needn't trouble going into Burketown. You've met him. I'm the man! I arrived in Burketown about a fortnight too soon, and it was some vagrant whim that made me come to the station in the way I did, and ask for work."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the squatter, "and I gave my own partner the sack!"

And he laughed again until his whole body shook, and as if there was no such thing as a bush fire within a hundred miles of them.

But Dorothy did not go down to Sydney for several months, and when she went she was accompanied by the New Chum.



AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRE.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

BRITISH GUIANA.—Messrs. Butler Bros. have sent me a new 2c. stamp, which, hitherto printed in lilac and orange, now appears in lilac and carmine, the colour of the 96c. value. No doubt this also will be changed shortly.

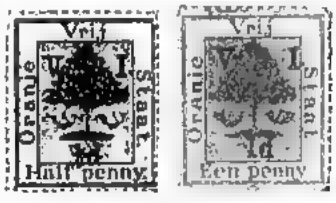
NEW ZEALAND.—I am indebted to Mr. J. Patrick, of Christchurch, N.Z., for some interesting news of local changes. The 4d. stamp has disappeared, and the design has been transferred to the 1d. value. The ½d. stamp, hitherto printed in chocolate, is now green—the Postal Union colour—while the red 2d. stamp is now clothed in violet. The new issues referred to are also printed on *watermarked* paper (N. Z. and Star). Several other changes are impending.

GREAT BRITAIN. "Army Official."

GREAT BRITAIN.*—The new ½d. green stamp will by this time be common to all post-offices. The 1s. stamp is to be issued this month, printed in two colours—a hint for those with a shilling to invest to purchase a copy of the green stamp before it becomes obsolete. The illustration represents the new ½d. green value, with the surcharge, "Army Official," in black.

MAFEKING.—I doubt whether many readers of THE CAPTAIN will ever have the good luck to possess one of the Mafeking provisionals, issued during the siege by Colonel (now Major-General) Baden-Powell. Current Cape of Good Hope stamps were employed, surcharged "Mafeking Besieged," and new value, in black. Up to the present I have heard of the following three values :—

1d. on ½d. green.
3d. on 1d. carmine.
6d. on 3d. claret.



ORANGE FREE STATE, SURCHARGED.

Besides the above, it is also reported that a special 3d. stamp was issued during the siege, bearing a portrait of "B.-P.," recalling the 1860 issue of New Brunswick, when the post-master, Mr. Connell, issued a 5c. stamp with his own portrait represented thereon, bringing upon himself severe censure, through which he subsequently resigned office. We scarcely think the gallant colonel will be similarly treated!

NORTHERN NIGERIA.*—This is an entirely new issue of stamps, which, I presume, is intended to supersede the pretty Niger Coast stamps. The design is the conventional De la Rue type, in use for Seychelles, Leeward Islands, and other British colonies, with the name "Northern Nigeria" at top. The values run from ½d.—2s. 6d.

ORANGE FREE STATE.*—Last month I described the provisionals created on the occupation of Bloemfontein by the British Army. I am enabled this month to illustrate two of the values, the ½d. and 1d. The full list, for which I am indebted to Messrs. Bright & Son, is as follows :—

½d. on ½d. orange.	3d. on 3d. blue.
1d. on 1d. mauve.	4d. on 4d. ,,
2d. on 2d. ,,	6d. on 6d. ,,
2½d. on 3d. blue.	1s. on 1s. orange.

Interesting and desirable as these provisionals are, I would caution readers against paying exorbitant prices for them. "V.R.I." does not necessarily imply "Very Rare Indeed," and in all probability the course of time will prove that there are plenty of the stamps to allow of their sale at a fair percentage over their face value. It is the earlier issues of both the O.F.S. and the Transvaal which collectors should study to obtain; the surcharged issues of the former country should presently become scarcer and rarer than they have ever been.

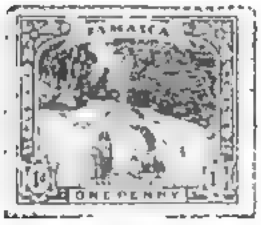
Following the provisionals issued in the Orange River State, we should shortly be receiving stamps of the Transvaal with similar surcharges.

PERU.*—A change has been made in the colour of the 10c. stamp, black replacing yellow. 10c. black.

PORTO RICO.

PORTO RICO.*—The set of current U.S.A. stamps surcharged "Porto Rico" which I described and illustrated in Vol. I., pp. 422, has been issued with a new setting of the surcharge, by which the name is now spelt "Puerto Rico," as illustrated.

JAMAICA.—I have received from Messrs. Butler Bros., and also from a correspondent in the Colony, a new 1d. stamp, which I illustrate. Llandovery Falls are situated on the north side of Jamaica, in the parish of St. Ann. The colour is carmine-red, but, curiously enough, the watermark is C.C. (Crown Colonies) instead of the usual watermark, C.A. (Crown Agents.)



JAMAICA.

TASMANIA.*—In our May issue, p. 154, I illustrated two of the new pictorial stamps which have been issued. The other values having come to hand I give illustrations of the ½d., 2½d. and 5d. values, which speak for themselves. They are a handsome set, and stamps like these, whatever may be said against them, do a great deal in popularising stamp collecting. The full set is as follows:—

½d. deep green.	3d. brown.
1d. red.	4d. orange brown.
2d. violet.	5d. ultramarine.
2½d. deep blue.	6d. carmine.

*Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand, London, W.C.

TASMANIA 2½d.

SHOULD WE ISSUE A KHAKI STAMP?

The prize of a bound volume of THE CAPTAIN is awarded to Mr. John B. Edgar, of Lockerbie, N.B., for the following:—

SIR,—Referring to above competition, I beg to say that, being a stamp collector, I have no desire to see stamps put on the market unless they are urgently required, but at the same time I think we might with propriety have a "Khaki" stamp—as a substitute, say, for the present 3d. stamp. Stamps are often issued in celebration or commemoration of great events, and my reason for the issue of a "Khaki" stamp is that it would celebrate the victory of the British arms in the present war, and commemorate those "absent-minded" heroes who have so nobly bled and died for Queen and country.

TASMANIA 5d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. Frank.—This correspondent has read my recent article on Transvaal stamps, and thinks it would be an excellent plan if in future issues of THE CAPTAIN other countries were treated in the same way. What do other readers think? **F. P. B.**—I cannot value stamps unless they are sent for inspection, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for their return. **"Loyal to my Captain"** and other correspondents are again reminded that it is quite impossible to receive replies to their queries by return post. Also, as THE CAPTAIN is printed early in advance of the date of publication, I cannot always guarantee replies to queries in the issue following receipt of letter. **E. A. Smith.**—No, you cannot count the different letters in the corners of the early Great Britain stamps as varieties. The explanation of these letters is interesting, but too lengthy to enter into here. **An Irish Girl.**—Many thanks for your letter concerning a stamp club, Norah. We would welcome lady members if started, but the suggestion is some distance yet from being put into action: Yes, I have the new German Stamps, and think them tolerably ugly; don't you? **The Outcast.**—Put them under Orange Free State, of course.

TASMANIA ½d.

A Reader.—The "Strand Album," published by Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. (see advertisements), should suit you well. I cannot value stamps from mere descriptions. **I. L. F.**—The four values you name are catalogued at 3s. 6d. **Veda** asks me why the colour of the ½d. British stamp was changed to green without a change in the portrait of the Queen. This is a question which many would like answered, but the Post Office keeps the secret to itself. Can there be anything more incongruous than the blending of the green with the lilac 1d. label, both bearing a portrait sixty years and more old? **W. J. E.**—There were no postage adhesive stamps in use in 1813-19. What do you refer to? **"Tootles."**—It is a great question whether your Suez stamps are genuine, and if they are, it is not possible for me to fix their exact value, used. **"Red, White and Blue."**—(1) Certainly. (2) Yes, you will do well with the Imperial, and the catalogue, too, but you may find this one too advanced. Try Bright & Son's A. B. C., price 2s. 6d. in one volume. **J. D. Marks.**—Many thanks for information. You will see I noted the issue in July. **A. W. B.** (JAMAICA).—Many thanks for your letter and the information, which you will see I have used elsewhere. **Joey** would like to know the best time to commence a collection. There is no time like the present, and, in fact, stamp collecting flourishes all the year round. **Imperialist.**—I think you are wise in specialising Africa. All stamps, of the east and central portions especially, should in time show the wisdom of your choice. **M. F.**—The largest stamp transaction ever negotiated has just taken place. Mr. M. P. Castle, a Sussex magistrate, having sold his collection of European stamps (unused), comprised in sixty volumes, for £30,000. **Young One.**—Yes; Spain, Holland, and Italy. **George W.** wants to know how perforations are counted. I gave a full description on this point in a recent issue. Apply at the office. **Spero.**—Don't believe all you read in the papers about philately! **H. W. P.**—(1) 2s. 6d. (2) 2d. (3) 1d. (4) 8d. (5) 5s. (6) 3d. (7) 3d. (8) 1s.

Many correspondents have received a reply per post.

"WHEN THE SHELLS BURST."

MR. JOHN MACKIE—whose stories every reader of THE CAPTAIN will remember—is having plenty of fresh experiences in South Africa, as a sergeant in Brabant's Horse; and no doubt when he gets back—as we all hope he will soon, safe and sound—he will have lots of fine yarns to tell. "The Old Fag" has heard from him several times, and with his last letter he sends a portrait of an old Etonian, Lieut. Eric Seymour Stevenson, whose portrait is published on this page. Here is what Mr. Mackie says:—

MR. JOHN MACKIE.
Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The New Chum," etc., etc.

West of Thabanchu (midway between Bloemfontein and Ladybrand, Orange Free State).

12th May, 1900.

DEAR OLD FAG,—Just a hurried line to enclose what may be of interest to some old Eton boys. It is a portrait of Lieutenant Eric Seymour Stephenson, who was at school there. He belongs to the 2nd Reg. of Brabant's Horse—the same regiment as I belong to. He and I lay in the same trenches together during the deadly little sixteen days' battle at Wepener, or, more properly speaking, Jammerberg Drift, when 8,000 Boers with thirteen big guns completely surrounded the Colonial Division, consisting only of 1,900 men all told, with seven guns. We were a bait for the Boers—a sprat thrown out by Roberts and Kitchener to catch a whale; but something went wrong with our reliefs, and the consequence was that the Boers very nearly succeeded in wiping us out. Stephenson is only about twenty-two. He played a good deal of football at Eton. He is much interested in THE CAPTAIN, and when in the trenches with me he read and re-read the March number of that magazine till I think he must have got it all off by heart. He hardly stopped to duck his head when the shells burst. He has been right through the campaign, and distinguished himself by carrying round ammunition to the men under a heavy fire at Dordrecht.

I have now got four stripes or bars on my arm, as they have made me a staff-sergeant; but I shan't take anything further, as my heart is in my work back in London, and as soon as this war is over I am going home.

This afternoon we are moving out to engage the Boers near some hills about seven miles south-east of us. French, Rundle, and Macdonald are somewhere to the south and north of us; but I expect, as usual, we shall have to do the principal part of the fighting. You see, we Colonials fight the Boers their own way. We have had skirmishes with the enemy several times since we left Wepener.

I long to see another number of THE CAPTAIN. I have been charmed with "Tales of Greyhouse." I distributed several numbers about amongst the officers, and I can assure you you have secured a great number of new readers amongst old boys.

With kindest regards, yours very sincerely,

JOHN MACKIE.

Writing on another occasion, he gives a graphic description of some of the perils he has undergone:—

"A fortnight ago to-day the Boers caught us 'on the hop,' and surrounded 1,900 of us at this place. Since then we have fought them day and night, and hope to 'pan out' all right. I don't think that for 1,900 men with seven guns to fight successfully 8,000 Boers with thirteen guns is mere commonplace. I was hit on the knee the first day by a spent bullet, but did not report it, as I feared being put off duty and missing the fighting. I have lain in the trenches for days and nights on end, without food or sleep, being shot at and shelled all the time, and have been in two midnight attacks from which I never expected to come out alive. The men on each side of me were both shot down. I would not have missed the battle of Wepener for everything I possess. For forty-eight hours on end so persistent was the fire at us in the trenches that no one could bring us food. Officers and men alike are ragged, unshaven, and unwashed. I never was blessed with much superfluous flesh, but now I have hardly enough to cover my bones. Have sold a book by wire, but can't bother about writing books now. Fighting fills up all one's time."

There, that is what I call something like a letter! It grips the imagination. Mr. Mackie is in his element in a fight. All his life has been adventurous. He has been a gold digger in Queensland, a mounted policeman in North-West Canada, and an explorer in tropical Canada. He is of the stuff that pioneers are made of. Nothing comes amiss to him. And when he comes home to dear, peaceful old England he finds his relaxation in detailing exciting stories for the benefit of readers of THE CAPTAIN. Long may he live to do so!

LIEUT. ERIC SEYMOUR STEVENSON
Who found THE CAPTAIN much more interesting than the Boer shells when in the trenches at Wepener.

I.

"ANOTHER duck; that's the third in succession. He's having a bad time of it lately."

The boys watched their captain as he walked slowly away from the wicket.

"Awfully hard lines, old chap. Never mind, you'll make up for it later on."

Archer said nothing. He took off his pads and flung them into a corner of the tent. Then, donning his blazer, he strolled away.

After the school's opponents had run up a big score, Archer had gone in first, intending to play with extra care—but that first ball!

He proceeded to a meadow which adjoined the cricket field. He wanted to get out of sight and indulge in his gloomy reflections, for he was one of those boys who seem to find great consolation in such a luxury.

Lying down under the hedge he thought over his run of bad luck. Three innings he had played since the holidays, and three o's stood to his credit. "When shall I make a score?" he muttered, savagely.

"Perhaps I could help you."

Archer looked round quickly. Standing behind him was a fat little man clad in flannels, blazer, and cricket cap.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the captain. "I didn't know you were there."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the stranger. "I am Elf Willow, the fairy of cricket. I hear you have been very unlucky lately, so I have come to help you."

"Look here, do you take me for a kid?" asked the captain, irritably.

"It doesn't matter what I take you for," said the other, composedly; "the question is whether you want my help?"

"Don't talk rubbish," snarled Archer, as he rose to his feet. "It's bad enough getting another duck, without your wretched chaff into the bargain."

"You don't believe me, then?" The little man fixed his keen eyes upon Archer in such a manner that the latter felt quite nervous.

"Well—er—you know, I didn't want to be rude to you; but fairies are all bosh."

"Now don't be silly; you have no proof that we are all bosh. Besides, don't you think I look like a fairy?"

"I've never seen one, so I can't say; but if you were to turn yourself into a frog or a rabbit, I might believe you."

"Nothing simpler," said the other.

"Eh! What?" gasped Archer, for the little man had disappeared, and a big, solemn looking frog stared at him—a frog clad in a little suit of flannels, with blazer and cap complete.

"Rather sudden, was it not?" said the frog, pleasantly. "Now that you believe what I have

said, I shall do what I can for you. To-night you shall receive a bat. Look after it carefully, for it is an enchanted bat. Whoever uses it must score a hundred runs against any bowling; not once only, but every innings."

Archer rubbed his eyes, and looked again; the frog was gone.

"I must have dozed off and dreamt it," he thought, as he returned to the cricket field. "I wonder what put such rot into my head."

As he reached the pavilion the last batsman retired, and the school was beaten.

"Tom," said Archer's chum, Wyles, that evening, "there's a parcel for you."

Archer seized the package and unwrapped a splendid bat.

"I wonder who sent it?" he exclaimed. "Why it must be from that chap Willow, I do believe."

"Who's Willow?" asked Wyles.

"Oh, you don't know him. Hullo! here's a letter."

He read the letter. It was from an uncle of his, who was not supposed to be generous.

"Fancy Uncle Dick sending me a bat," he thought. "Rum go the way it fits in with my dream. I shall almost expect to score a century against Rookdale next week."

II

"I SAY, old man, what a lovely bat; I've just had a few smacks at the nets with it. Where did you get it?"

"Uncle Dick sent it; jolly brickish of him, wasn't it?"

"You lucky beggar. He never sends me anything. Look here, we are in first; you might let me use your bat, will you?"

"I don't mind."

"Thanks awfully. I don't suppose I shall keep it long; I'm a fearful muff at batting."

Archer's cousin was the wicket-keeper of the Rookdale team, whom Archer's men were now opposing. He was a poor batsman, and usually went in last. On this occasion he came in according to custom.

The Rookdale team had completely broken down in batting, and the board showed nine wickets down for forty-five runs.

"Young Manton won't do much," said their captain.

But young Manton did. The first ball he received went to the boundary, and it was followed by the second and the third. Rookdale fairly howled their applause.

Manton kept up the batting end, and over after over he stayed in, scoring freely off every bowler.

The hundred went up. Rookdale felt quite comfortable as ten after ten was added. Manton scored all the runs, gained his century by a brilliant drive which sent the ball clean over the little pavilion, and was bowled next ball.

"By Jove!" he said, as he returned the bat to its owner, "Uncle knows how to choose a good bat; there's a regular magic spell in the thing. I never scored so easily in all my life. I hope *you* won't go making a hundred with it."

"I sha'n't have time, even if I stay in," laughed Archer. "We can only make a draw of this match."

He had serious misgivings as he proceeded to the wicket; they were soon dissipated, however. He found himself scoring with an ease that astonished him. Surely the fairy was right; there must have been some enchantment used in the making of such a bat.

Boundary after boundary he hit in rapid succession, and just as time was called he completed his century. The match was a draw; but the bat had fulfilled the fairy's promise so far.

The captain was congratulated on his magnificent return to form, and in the glory and excitement that followed his—or rather the bat's—achievement, he left his uncle's present behind him.

Meanwhile, a certain Giles Thomas, who happened to pass at the time, saw and coveted the fairy bat, which was lying neglected outside the pavilion. Taking advantage of the excitement at the close of the match, he climbed over the railings which separated him from the object of his desire, and, having secured it, was making off with it, when the appearance of a stranger caused him to hide it amongst some nettles which grew in a dry ditch by the roadside.

The stranger, who was a recruiting sergeant, and who had long had designs on the strapping rustic, succeeded in capturing him, and for many years Giles Thomas served his Queen, while the enchanted bat remained in the nettles

III.

"YES, sir, as you say, if I could only play cricket like the other masters, the boys would like me all the more; but you know I was never cut out for that sort of thing."

"My dear fellow, you have never tried. I knew a man—he was older than you—and he thought just the same as you do until he became a master in a public school. He soon developed into quite a respectable cricketer. Try, that's what I say"; and the Rev. Smiley

Wyles swished amongst the nettles with his walking stick at imaginary balls, scoring imaginary boundaries in a style W. G. Grace himself might envy.

"Hullo! what's that I hit? Well, I—it's as fine a bat as ever I have seen. One of the boys must have lost it." He handed the bat to Mr. Wren, the new master, who held it as dubiously as if it were a pair of tongs.

"Er—yes, I've no doubt it's a good bat."

"Catch hold of it properly, and feel the spring in the handle," said Mr. Wyles.

Wren held it in a more approved manner.

"Why, I believe I could score a few runs if I tried," he said, as he swung it over his shoulder; "it feels quite natural somehow."

"You'd better find out whom it belongs to. Reverting to what we were saying, you really must play in the masters' match against the boys. Even if you are no cricketer, they'll think more of you when they know you take an interest in their sports."

The enchanted bat had already worked wonders; through merely handling it, Wren felt quite confident. "Certainly I will play," he said.

THE STRANGER, WHO WAS A RECRUITING SERGEANT, SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING HIM, AND FOR MANY YEARS GILES THOMAS SERVED HIS QUEEN WHILE THE ENCHANTED BAT REMAINED IN THE NETTLES.

No one claimed the bat, and the master kept it by right of discovery. The match between masters and boys was played, and the enchanted bat carried Mr. Wren to the topmost pinnacle of glory. "And we thought he was a muff!" said the boys to each other as they fielded his hits.

The Rev. Smiley Wyles was delighted. "What did I tell you?" he exclaimed. "Why you are a born cricketer, and you didn't know it. Your bowling and fielding are certainly a trifle below the mark; but to score a hundred when you've never played before! Allow me to congratulate you."

IV.

Squire Archer and the Rev. Smiley Wyles sat together, talking about their school-days.

"Fancy your being headmaster of Rookdale," laughed the squire. "Do you remember the matches we used to play against this school, you old turn-coat?"

"Ah," sighed Mr. Wyles, "they *were* good old times. I remember when you and I bowled out Rookdale for thirty runs."

"Yes, and do you remember the century I scored that day I lost my bat?"

"Talking about lost bats, did I ever tell you of the one Wren and I found in the nettles behind the old pavilion? It must have been there a long time, for no one knew anything about it — but it looked quite new."

"Isn't Wren the man you were telling me about who has scored a century every time he has played?" asked the squire.

"Yes, most remarkable, is it not? He never touched a bat before he came here. They're going to try him for the county next year."

"I say, Wyles, could you play in a match I am getting up one day next week?"

The sudden way the question was put quite staggered Mr. Wyles. "What! at my age?" he gasped.

"Never mind about your age. I haven't handled a bat for twenty years, but I'm going to play."

"But what are the teams, and why have you got hold of such an extraordinary idea?"

"Only a bit of fun. Mrs. Archer is giving a sort of garden party to the villagers next week, and they are anxious to show off their new cricket club. I promised to get together a scratch eleven, which I shall call the 'Old Buffers.' By the way, you might bring that fellow Wren as well."

"But you can hardly call him an 'Old Buffer.'"

"I know that; but he could go in last, if we scored well at the beginning of the team. You see, the Scorpions, as they call themselves, have a really good bowler—you know that old soldier, Giles Thomas—and I'm afraid that some of the older 'Buffers' might get out quickly. In that case we should send in Wren about fifth wicket as a trump card."

"Your idea certainly amuses me," said Mr. Wyles; "and it will be rather jolly for us being once more in the same team."

"That's right! I knew you would play."

The "Old Buffers" *versus* Scorpions was a decided success. The former won the toss, and decided to bat first. The Rev. Smiley Wyles, and Squire Archer opened the batting.

"I feel quite young again," said the squire, as he once more handled the enchanted bat which Mr. Wren had lent him.

Mr. Wyles soon retired, but the squire gave an astonishing display. In spite of his ponderous figure and his shortness of breath, he quickly ran up a big score. Seventy, eighty, ninety, crack! and the bat was sprung. The squire would not change it, however. Crack! crack! a two and a four. The blade of the bat split down the centre.

THE ENCHANTED BAT LITERALLY FLEW INTO PIECES.

The bowler paused. "Never mind, play up!" shouted the old gentleman, excitedly.

One tremendous hit, and the ball rolled merrily to the boundary; but the enchanted bat literally flew in pieces. Squire Archer stood puffing and blowing, while the delighted crowd cheered his century to the echo.

And when they looked for the fragments of the bat, nothing was to be found; but a huge frog hopped away to the nearest marsh.

THE START.

SOME OBSTACLE RACES.

With sketches by Frank Feller.

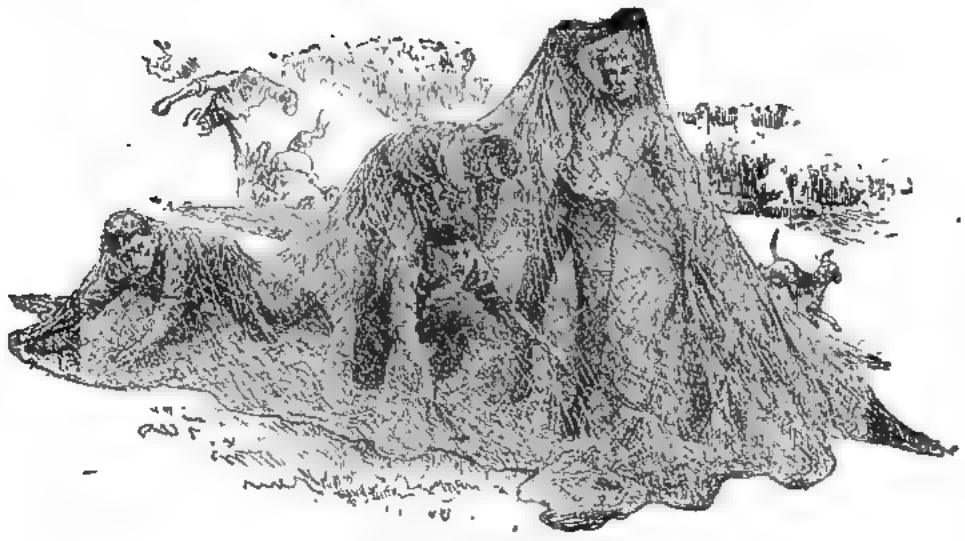
Obstacle races are of varying sorts. Men may swim obstacle races in the water, may ride them on bicycles, or may run them on their own natural feet. The obstacle race is not a form of sport largely affected by the great London clubs, on their sprucely-kept grounds, but at country meetings, held in the handiest field, at seaside regattas, and among the diversions provided at a sporting festival organised by a larky crew of bluejackets, the obstacle race bloometh and flourisheth exceedingly, and glorious and great is the congregation of guffawing spectators, who gather thickest at the muddy-water jump.

Nobody is very particular about his costume at an obstacle foot race. The bluejacket tucks up his trousers and runs on his brown skin, the yokel goes perhaps in boots, perhaps in socks, and everybody else dresses according to his fancy — this being a go-as-you-please race of the most pronounced description. Indeed, a certain flavour of variety is sometimes introduced into the business by competitors disguised as Mr. Sloper, a policeman, and an old lady. A good, clear run is given before the first obstacle is reached, just to break up the crowd a little, and send them into their difficulties with plenty of impetus. It is a remarkable thing that, no matter what may happen in other races, there is always a dog about when an obstacle race is started—a dog which goes off after the runners, and barks and snaps angrily at their heels. He is as regular as the Derby dog, and gets a deal more fun for his trouble. There would seem to be some affinity between stray dogs and boys, in that one or more is sure to be present when anybody comes a cropper or otherwise gets into an undignified scrape, to enjoy the agony of the sufferer and deride him. That is why there is always a stray dog at an obstacle race.

Perhaps the first obstacle is a row of hurdles, or rather of strong rails and posts, five or six deep, one beyond another, and very short distances apart. You may either scramble over

OVER THE RAILS AND POSTS.

these or crawl under. If you scramble over, you bark your shins greviously, fall between the rails, alighting on the most painful corners, and find difficulty in climbing out. On the other



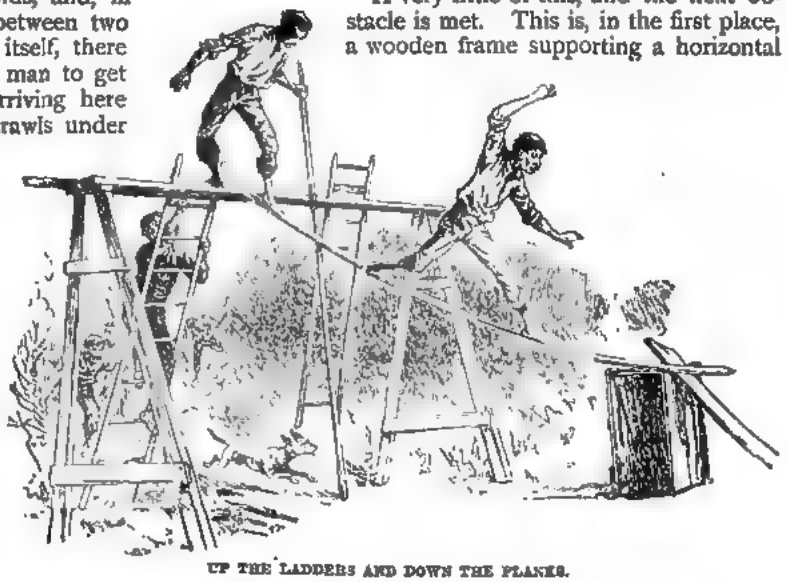
CRAWLING THROUGH THE NET.

hand, if you crawl underneath, you only break the falls of all those who are scrambling above and falling through; also your own head, amongst the posts. It is considered proper to alight upon your feet on springing from the last rail, but the spectators prefer you to use the other end, a plan very frequently carried out.

After this the competitors, with such advantages as the scramble has severally given them, and such bumps and scrapes as they have themselves collected, take another run on the flat. At the end of this an immense net is pegged to the ground on all sides but the nearest. This net lies thick in many folds, and, in some secret place, either between two of the pegs or in the net itself, there is a hole big enough for a man to get through. The first man arriving here throws himself down and crawls under the unpegged end of the net, followed by the others as fast as they may, until that great net contains a piled-up crowd of wriggling humanity, each man making his best effort to find the exit, and getting in the way of all the others.

You never can tell when the first man will get out. He may find the hole at once or he may be almost any length of time; in fact, very often it is found that some frantic competitor is unconsciously standing on that part of the net. Sometimes, if the net is very large, the artful man does this purposely in order to seize the opportunity when everybody is making a wild rush at some other part, to bolt out with a good start. When at last somebody does get through there is a magnificent scramble among the rest to follow, and the crowd stream out, much the worse for wear, and in a very different order from that in which they went in. Often is it the fate of the man who entered far ahead of the field to leave far behind it. And so for another run on the flat.

A very little of this, and the next obstacle is met. This is, in the first place, a wooden frame supporting a horizontal



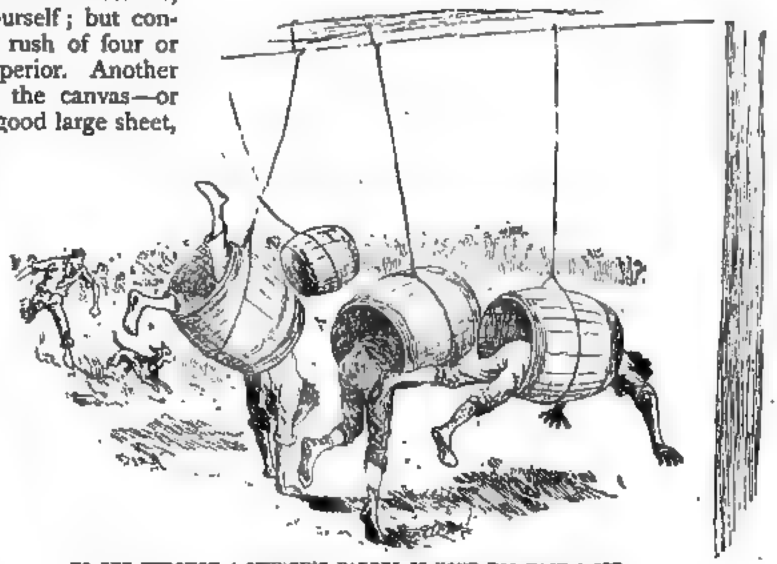
UP THE LADDERS AND DOWN THE PLANKS.

UNDER THE CANVAS.

pole or plank 9ft. or 10ft. from the ground. There are two ladders by which this may be scaled, so that there is a likelihood of two men reaching the top at the same moment. But the way down on the other side is scarcely so convenient. Here you must walk on a steeply sloping, narrow, and very springy plank, as far as an old packing-case, or some similar support, and then on just such another plank to the ground. You must not jump off, or "fudge" this arrangement in any way, or you will be ruled out. The spectators, however, do not object to your falling off. This last is a very easy feat, as anybody may find for himself who will try walking down a thin plank at an angle of about 40degs., with a big man striding down before him. To succeed in the race it is preferable to be a good way ahead at this obstacle, and to have the plank to yourself; but considered entirely as a show, a rush of four or five on the plank at once is superior. Another level run leads, perhaps, to the canvas—or maybe tarpaulin. This is a good large sheet, laid flat, stretched, and pegged firmly down on two sides. You arrive at one of the unpegged sides and proceed to insert your head under the canvas, like a gentleman about to be guillotined. The task is to grovel under the whole length of that canvas, and get out at the further end with as little delay as is consistent with bringing your clothes with you. If you are close behind, and gaining upon a man under this canvas, it is advisable to look out for his feet—as well as you can; sometimes they catch you about the ears, heavily. It is bad enough to be alone under this sheet; but to be under when the presence of several others is tightening it, is mere personal flattening and the wiping out of features. The tendency of this gentle exercise to produce baldness has not hitherto been taken into account by the compilers of medical essays, but it must form an enormous factor in the total result. You may observe the crowd come out visibly balder than it went in, just on the spots where the friction with the canvas acts.

There will probably be another obstacle before the final run in—perhaps a row of barrels, minus the ends, suspended at a height of 3ft. or 4ft. by ropes lashed about them. Here is great fun. Every man must get through one of these barrels as best he can—alighting on hands or nose, or both, as Fate may direct, before rising to finish the race. To get through a swinging barrel is none too easy a job, as the gentle reader may test for himself, if so minded.

To begin with, the thing is unstable, tilting fore and aft at a touch, and swinging in every direction. This makes it difficult to raise oneself into it at all, and doubly difficult to wriggle through, once the head and trunk are in. Halfway through, the victim presents a hepless and tortoise-like appearance, making mad efforts to



TO GET THROUGH A SWINGING BARREL IS NONE TOO EASY A JOB

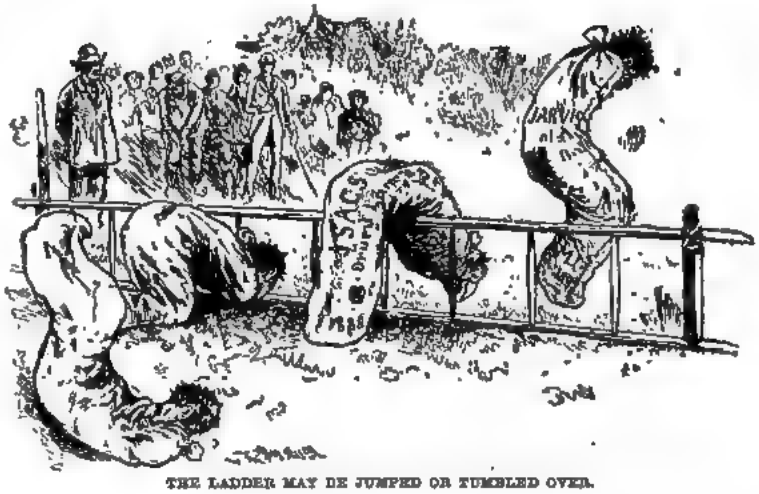
THE SACK RACE.—THE START.

throw his hinder half sufficiently high to cause him to fall out head-foremost. Once he has been fortunate enough to alight on his hands and save his nose, the smart practitioner does not waste time in a merely comic attempt to kick and wriggle himself clear of the barrel, but makes three or four steps forward upon his hands, when his feet fall quietly to the ground behind, and he rises, top-end uppermost, to run. The man who, resting on his hands, tries the kick-and-wriggle plan, even if he succeed at all, only falls in a confused heap, with his head at the bottom of the pile. Then, when he rises, he is apt to cause hilarious applause by bolting off in some utterly insane direction, quite away from the finish; for several seconds' struggle in a barrel liable to spin round, followed by a miscellaneous tumble head-downward, never improves a man's topography, and his first impulse is to rush straight ahead. An improvement of some kind is frequently introduced into the barrel business; an improvement, that is to say, from the point of view of the unsympathetic unlooker; for any improvement in an obstacle race always takes the form of some new persecution of the competitors. One such improvement was introduced at the sports held in connection with the Manchester Jubilee celebration. The barrels, usually empty, were stuffed tightly with a fearful mixture of paper, tow, cotton-waste, and soot. To fight one's way blindly through paper, tow, and cotton-waste in a wobbling barrel is a worse thing than to do the same through the empty article; but when soot is added in generous quantities — then is the bitterness of the obstacle race seen indeed, and felt, and tasted. The gentleman who invented this horrible preparation holds a most respectable position in Manchester, and has probably now repented, wherefore his name shall not be mentioned; but a few hundred years ago he might have commanded an immense salary as a judicial torture-merchant and witch-baiter. In this particular race itself one competitor was especially unlucky. He was far and away the best of the crowd, had come out triumphantly ahead at all the previous obstacles, and arrived at the stuffed barrels a long distance to the good. He seized the nearest and boldly rammed his head among the contents; but he got no further. Man after man arrived, and, with such luck as might be his, wriggled through his barrel in more or less time, and started away again, a sooty scarecrow and a public derision. But the first man, head and shoulders immersed, still struggled in hopeless suffocation, until everybody was hundreds of yards away ahead, and then it was discovered that the miscreant carpenter, whose business it was, had forgotten to knock the other end out of this particular barrel!

The sack race, pure and unadulterated, is a funny spectacle enough, but when sack racers have obstacles set them beyond their sacks, truly they must work for their prizes. There are two ways of getting over the ground in a sack. One is by grabbing the loose sack tightly with the hands and jumping—both feet together.

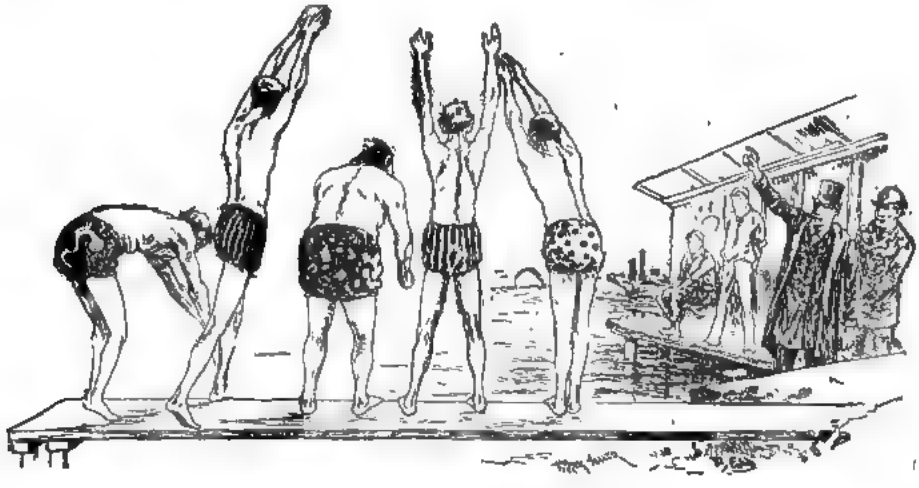
THE ROPE OBSTACLE.

This looks a good way, but the least inaccuracy in balance, or alighting with feet too far back or forward in the sack, means an ignominious bowl over, and much prostrate wallowing. The better way is to get a foot into each extreme corner of the sack, pulling it tightly up in the middle, and to waddle along with quick, short steps. But if these steps be too quick, or not short enough, disaster is certain. For the wily sports-promoter who ruins this design by giving the competitors *round-ended* sacks is reserved the gratitude of the many—spectators, and the indignation of the few—competitors. A rope across the path and a ladder laid on edge are usually enough obstacles for unfortunate creatures in sacks. It is not easy to jump over that rope and alight right end up, and therefore some turn their backs and fall over it. But then you are down, and might as well have lain down first and rolled under—which, again, some do by choice. If you have come a cropper near the rope, this is the best plan, since it involves only one getting up. The latter, too, may be jumped or tumbled over, but in the latter case it is uncomfortable to go face-foremost. An attempt to wriggle through the ladder on the part of a competitor already prostrate is likely to end in painful failure and an ill-used chin. At the finish, of course, in all sack races, it is policy to fall through the tape, as being quicker than running, jumping, or waddling to breast it; but —and it is a great but—never fall an inch too soon, or you will go under without touching it.



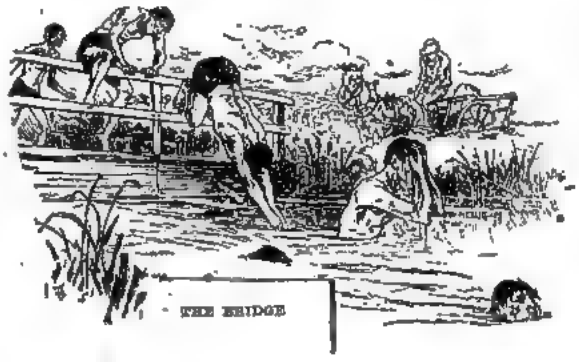
THE LADDER MAY BE JUMPED OR TUMBLED OVER.

The water affords facilities for obstacle races equally with the land, and such a race among swimmers has its points of interest. Often a condition is that each competitor take with him, the whole way, a large inflated bladder or an empty barrel. These things must be taken *under* certain obstacles, such as a pole fixed across just over the water, a row of punts, or the like. Let anybody who has tried to take a large inflated bladder under water with him tell of the joys of these feats. Or the rules may dictate that the competitor must climb *over* the obstacle himself and push his bladder or barrel *under*, taking care not to lose it in the process. Indeed,



THE SWIMMING OBSTACLE RACE.—THE START.

special rules and directions must be made for almost every obstacle race, the most meri-



THE BRIDGE.

torious set being that which entails most misery upon the competitor.

Obstacles existing in the ordinary course are not altogether wanting in a a swimming race properly planned. There may be a wooden bridge, which the swimmers may be made to climb over, or a pontoon bridge may be put down for the occasion. Something with rails on it is preferable to the barbarous tastes of the scoffing multitude, since they afford an additional awkwardness and tend towards indecision and the breaking of toes. If this bridge be at a shallow part it is also sometimes considered an improvement, since an inconsiderate and vigorous dive may lead to personal battery in the bed of the stream.

Next, perhaps, the hardy adventurers meet a row of punts, moored across the waterway, often an irregular row, demanding generalship in selecting the easiest point of attack. For, by properly selecting one's direction, it is possible here to find an advantage, taking a pull at this and a push at that; while it must not be forgotten that he is not necessarily slowest over who has most punts to negotiate, providing he have but one pull out and one dive; since running and jumping are quicker than swimming.

It is not unusual in a swimming obstacle race to give the swimmer an occasional trot

THE PUNTS.

THE LADDER AND PLANK.

over dry ground, or up or down a ladder, thus equalising the chances of the lean and long-limbed with those of the fat, who float and swim the better. Thus, perhaps, after a bit of straightaway swimming the way may be blocked by a dam, and all must get out and scramble along at the side towards a ladder, up this, and off the plank to which it leads, into water once more. Now, men can only ascend an ordinary lader in single file, so that he who reaches the foot of the ladder first must be first to make the ensuing dive; wherefore, a very eager race on bare feet for that ladder.

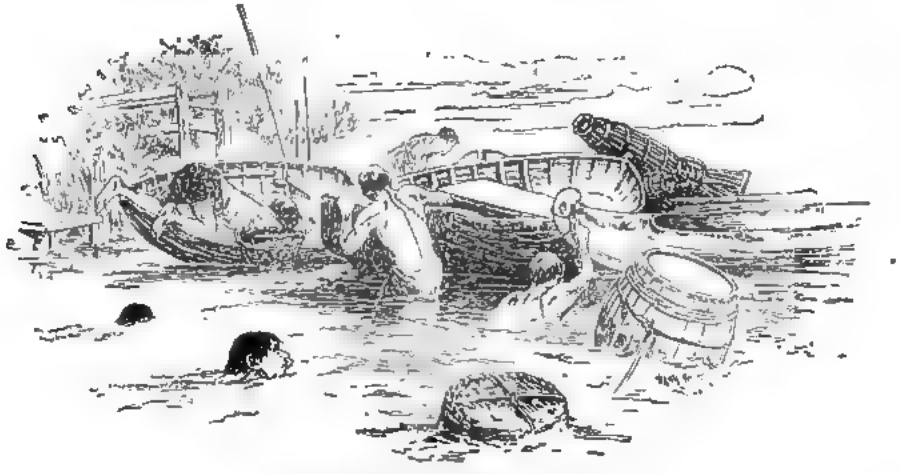
There should also be a row of barrels somewhere on the course; a row of barrels so artfully lashed together that they turn over in any direction at a touch. An incom-

THE BARRELS.

petent committee has sometimes allowed diving under these barrels, but the correct thing is to send the competitors over—if they can get over—unless they are carrying the aforementioned bladders or barrels, when to get under will be something difficult to do. But to get *over* this row of barrels and pass the bladder *under*, this is the thing which should be ordained, that all the people upon dry land might rejoice with a great laughter.

stern on, offers an opportunity not to be despised, affording a fairly easy pull up and promising a clear run through the barricade. Of all things, canoes and barrels are to be avoided, as well as all craft broadside on. Any green novice who has tried getting into a boat from the side will know this, even if the reflection never occurs to him that a broadside-on obstacle probably means more behind in awkward positions, with a chance of falling between.

After this perhaps a net, and then the finish. The net is not a vast difficulty, having only to be dived under or, easier still, lifted. But it gives a check to the merely fast swimmer in his rush home, and prevents the oncoming competitors from seeing exactly how the race is going in front, and makes them peg away to the end. Also, the headlong young man, coming as hard as he can with the side stroke, is apt to run foul of this net, to his utter confusion and entanglement, and the "letting up" of some



SOME MISCELLANEOUS OBSTACLES.

After this a little more plain swimming will lead, perhaps, to a miscellaneous string of obstacles, all across: boats, baskets, punts, barrels, canoes—anything, and nearly everything that floats—loosely tied together. Here more than anywhere, the swimmer requires generalship. His eyes are below the level of the obstruction, and he has not the advantage of a general view. A good large, broad-beamed boat, slower competitor maintaining a better look-out.

And of such are the ways of the obstacle race—a thing good in that it gives play to something more than speed alone, whether on water or dry land, and teaches prompt resource, activity, and address; and provides vast diversion for unventuresome onlookers, who revel in the misfortunes of those bolder than themselves.

THE THREE SCOUTS

A STORY OF THE BOER WAR

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I. to XVI.)

At the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunson, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer. Geoff is taken on as a warder, and is thus able to smuggle in a change of clothes for each of his three friends, who, under his guidance, escape and go to the Krykraft Bank in Johannesburg. The next day he joins them: but while on a visit to Vesta Krykraft, his sweetheart, meets Bunsen, who is his deadly rival. As he does not return to the party at the bank house, Bunny goes in search of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A THOROUGH SCOUNDREL.

BUNNY went straight to the Krygkrafts' house, which—the hour being nearly two in the morning—he naturally found shrouded, like its neighbours, in darkness.

"Geoff can't possibly be here," Bunny reflected; "and I don't like to rouse them up at this hour of the night. But they may know what has become of him; for he is sure to have been in earlier in the evening."

Bunny stood in the porch and considered, and then considered again, and had almost made up his mind that he couldn't decently knock up the household, when, thinking that perhaps Geoff's safety might depend upon his own prompt action at this crisis, he rang the bell.

It was the old nurse who came, after a long interval. Bunny was at first sight glad it was she, for, of course, she would recognise him, and know at once that all was right, and that he might be admitted and Vesta called up to see him. Then he remembered that in his present disguise he might be unrecognisable.

The nurse peeped through the gap of the partly opened door, keeping the chain fastened.

"What is it?" she said. "And why do you come at this time of night?"

Bunny disguised his voice, and asked to see "The young lady."

"What for? And won't the morning do? Is it more news from the master?"

"Yes; important news from her father," said Bunny, grateful for the suggestion.

"Stay where you are then, and I'll fetch her; though I think you might have waited till the morning," grumbled the old woman, proceeding to Vesta's room.

"Maybe father told him he must come straight to us whenever he arrived," said Vesta, hurriedly dressing. "Go to bed, nurse, and don't be angry; it isn't the man's fault."

The old woman departed, still grumbling.

Vesta imagined that this must be Geoff who had returned with information of some important development. She knew he would not come at this hour unless the matter were absolutely imperative, therefore she hastened into the hall as quickly as she could get ready.

"Don't be frightened, Vesta; it's I," said Bunny. "I'm awfully sorry to knock you up at this hour, but—well, has Geoff been here?"

"Come inside, Bunny," said Vesta, faintly.

She let Bunny in, and sat down upon a hall chair looking very white. Bunny's heart sank; Vesta's aspect frightened him.

"Is anything the matter, Vesta?" he said. "Are you faint? Has anything gone wrong with Geoff?"

"I can't tell—I can't tell! Oh! it's that horrid—horrid Mr. Bunsen. Yes, he has been in; and he went away with Mr. Bunsen. They were not on good terms, and I am afraid that——"

"Stop, Vesta! How long ago was this?"

"Oh, they left at half-past nine, I think. About that."

"And now it's two in the morning, and Geoff hasn't yet turned up at the bank. Vesta, where does this fellow live?—tell me quickly—Bunsen, I mean—at his old quarters?"

"Yes, at his old quarters. Do—do go quickly, and see after Geoff, dear Bunny. That man is not to be trusted."

"I know. I shall go at once. Good-bye, Vesta. You shall hear if it's all right, or in any case."

Bunny hastened away. The bank house lay between the Krygkrafts' and Bunsen's lodgings, and he let himself in there in order to inquire whether Geoff had been home meanwhile; but the two anxious men waiting within had no good news for him.

"Then I must go and find him," said Bunny, hastening away again. "Sit tight here till you hear from us. You've food enough for two days—if we're longer than that I'll find means to let Vesta know you want more."

Let us now return to Geoff and his rival. When the former heard Guy Bunsen's threat, he firmly bade himself keep cool. "Remember, it's those that keep their heads who get out of difficulties," he told himself. Only when he had quite mastered the rage that boiled up within him at sight of the fellow, and, even more, at the words he uttered, Geoff spoke again.

"Very well, my friend; then we are agreed upon that matter, at any rate. It is understood that you are going to get me into trouble—if you can. It is just as well I should know it. Thanks for telling me."

"Yes, you're glad to know it, no doubt. You may remember that we have old scores to settle—I do, at any rate. Well, as it happens, I think I see my way to paying them off now, once for all. What a fool you were to come to Johannesburg!"

"Ah! well, I had to, you see, in order to make sure that Vesta here was all right. One doesn't like to think that she is in the same town with such a confounded rascal as yourself, you know; for even though you may be powerless to hurt her, you can be a constant worry and nuisance, and I find that you have been both. Well, well, all that will soon end now"

"Oh, indeed? So I have been a constant worry, have I, Vesta? I shall remember that! I wonder how your father will like to know that you have received visits from a spy of the enemy!"

"My father would be glad to hear that Geoff came to take care of me, especially if he had heard you talk to-night, Mr. Bunsen. Geoff is perfectly right in saying that your visits will now end, for I can no longer receive you."

Bunsen grew livid with rage; he ground his teeth, and swore audibly.

"Be quiet, you cad!" said Geoff, angrily. "Remember you are in the presence of a lady."

Bunsen ignored this speech.

"If I am not to come here, at any rate I shall see *he* doesn't come again!" he snarled. "You know what's done with spies, don't you, Vesta?"

"You daren't inform against him, you coward!" said Vesta bravely. "You are living here on sufferance yourself, and you know it. If the authorities knew that you were at large, and not ill in bed, as you pretend, you would have been sent out of the country long ago."

"It's a lie——" began Bunsen, but Geoff stamped his foot so fiercely that he paused.

"Sit down there, and listen to what I have to say," cried Geoff, and he said it in a manner which apparently convinced the other that he intended to be obeyed, for Bunsen sat down, looking ill at ease.

"In the first place, see what I have here! Don't be alarmed, dear Vesta — we shall not come to violence, I hope, but it is better that this person should know I am prepared."

Geoff produced from his pocket, and laid upon the little table at his elbow, a small revolver.

"I always carry this," he continued, "and it is as well that Mr. Bunsen should know it, even though we shall not enjoy his society very long. In the second place, you spoke the simple truth, Vesta, when you said just now that he is living here on sufferance. He is; he has been allowed to stay in the town because, being afraid to carry a weapon on behalf of his country, he preferred to keep away from the front, and shammed ill in order to obtain permission to stay here. Well, he has now seen the error of his ways, and is going to give notice to the authorities that his precious health is restored to him."

"Oh dear, no, he isn't!" said Bunsen nervously, pretending to laugh.

"Ah, well, perhaps you may alter your mind when we have had a short conversation on the subject. Vesta," continued Geoff, now perfectly cool. "I think this would be a good opportunity for you to retire to bed. Our long talk will only weary you. Go to bed, my dear, and we shall let ourselves out presently."

Vesta looked anxiously in Geoff's face. She approached him, and whispered: "Geoff, I am so frightened! Promise me you will do nothing rash with him—if he became desperate he might——"

Geoff interrupted her, smiling reassuringly.

"I won't be rash," he whispered back, "but I must settle this matter once for all. Things cannot be left as they are. Vesta is afraid we shall quarrel, Bunsen," he added aloud, "and is kind enough to intercede for you. Bid her good-night, and thank her for her goodness, which is quite undeserved, tell her."

Bunsen turned his back, muttering something which did not reach the others. Geoff pocketed the revolver, and led Vesta to the door. "Don't be alarmed," he whispered again. "I have the fellow's measure to an inch. It will be all right, and you shall hear what passes. I will write you, and post the note in the town—they won't interfere with local letters."

"Promise — *promise* you'll be careful, dear Geoff!" said Vesta, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, I do promise. I may see you again, and I may not—it will depend upon circumstances. Now good-bye, dear—dearest Vesta."

Geoff turned the key in the lock before he rejoined Bunsen at the other end of the room.

"Now, Bunsen," he said, "sit down and talk the matter over as man and man. You've got to get out of this, my friend. I don't care where you go to, nor whether you take a hand in the war or not—but you've got to leave Johannesburg, and at once."

"I'll see you——" began Bunsen. But Geoff interrupted.

"No," he said, "you needn't swear. It won't help you or hurt me. I say again, you've got to go; you are not to be trusted in this town with Vesta. Now, will you come with me? I'll do my best to see you safely through; or will you be sent over the border by the authorities? Come now, choose."

"I choose to stay where I am, thank you. I'm pretty comfortable here, and intend to remain."

"Come, I am giving you the choice of two alternatives," said Geoff, ignoring Bunsen's speech. "If you're wise you'll choose one of them."

"I tell you I shall stay, and I tell you something else too—and that is that unless you clear out of this place by daylight you'll come to a bad end. You seem to think you've the whip hand over me, but you're wrong. It's I that can smash you, not you me! And now I'm off home. Open that door, or I'll make a row that'll fetch up the night-police."

"Oh, I'll open the door with pleasure," said Geoff, to Bunsen's surprise. "I only locked it in order to make sure that you should hear what I had to say before giving me the slip. Go, now, by all means; we can continue our talk in the street."

Geoff let his companion out of the room. Together they went silently downstairs and out at the front door. Then Bunsen walked quickly down the street homewards. Geoff kept pace with him.

"Look here," said Bunsen, turning angrily upon him. "I didn't ask for your company, and I don't want it. You'd better clear out and go your own way."

"My good man," said Geoff, bracingly, "I am doing so. Your way and mine are one and the same. I'm coming to your rooms. You didn't expect to be so honoured, did you?"

"You'd better wait till you're asked," said Bunsen, surlily. If it had been light enough Geoff would have seen that his companion had grown two shades paler. He had not realised Geoff's intention, and the prospect before him did not please him.

"No; I think I'll come, anyhow," said Geoff. "Down here, to the left, isn't it? Ah, I thought so! I've a good memory, haven't I?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUST IN TIME.

When the door of Bunsen's lodgings was reached, Bunsen opened it with his latch-key, and, passing quickly into the passage, attempted to bang it behind him. But Geoff was ready for this manœuvre, and put his foot forward. Bunsen sprang back to force the door shut, but again Geoff was too quick for him, and got his shoulder in. Then, with a curse, Bunsen realised that the game of violence was useless, and he ran upstairs, followed by his uninvited guest.

"There, now we're all safe and comfortable, and may make, I suppose, as much noise as we like," said Geoff. "It would have been awkward to come to blows in a lady's house. Now we can do as we like, and if anything gets broken, why, after all, it'll be your fault."

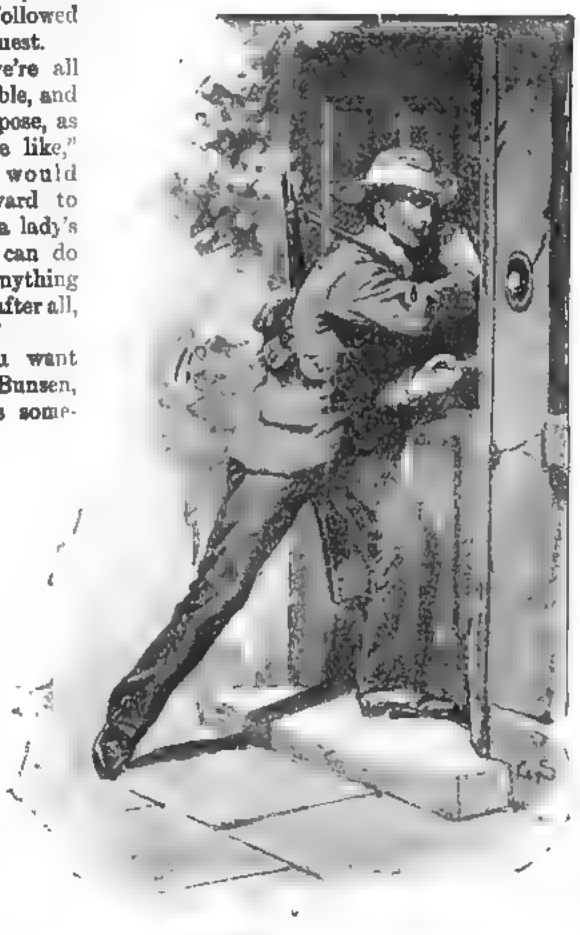
"What do you want of me?" said Bunsen, sullenly. He was somewhat cowed by Geoff's persistence in following him home and his present attitude. "You'd better be straightforward for once in your life, and tell me what you mean by all this violence."

"I simply mean that I am determined you shall leave Johannesburg at once. I have told you that you can, if you like, go south with me. I shall be off to-morrow or next day. But if you prefer to travel alone that can be arranged. I shall see that you do one of the two—which shall it be?"

"Why should I do either? By what right do you attempt to coerce me in this way?"

"Well, for one thing, I think I am the stronger; but, of course, that is easily tested, if you like. My reason for wishing you away is, that I do not trust you. You have threatened me, though that does not matter in the least; what does matter is that you also threatened one who is dearer to me than life itself, and who possesses certain claims upon me for protection, over and above that which I should consider any and every woman entitled to, were she menaced by dangers which I thought I could forestall. There, that is my case in a nutshell."

"Very well. I don't recognise your right to order me about, and I'll see you hanged before I budge from this place."



GEOFF WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.

"The awkward part of your obstinacy would be that neither of us is going to move out of this room until you have agreed to one of the two alternatives I have put before you, and we have made arrangements for your departure. Even then you might have to put up with my society until you were ready to accompany me to my own quarters."

Bunsen considered for a short while. At last he spoke:—

"Well, supposing I promised to leave the town—would that satisfy you?"

"Theoretically, yes; I should be glad to hear it. But I'm afraid I should require certain pledges from you. I don't trust you, Bunsen; it's no use mincing matters."

"What kind of pledges?"

"Well, if you elected to accompany me, it would only be necessary to wait while you collected a few traps for the journey, then we should leave the house together."

"Thanks; in any case I should not accompany you. I prefer my own society, and should travel alone, if I went. I am prepared, if you like, to promise that I will apply for a passport and leave the town as soon as convenient to me after receiving my papers."

Geoff shook his head.

"No, Bunsen," he said, "that would never do. Why, my good man, the first thing you would do

to-morrow morning — supposing I were to take your word and leave you here now—would be to put the police upon my track. That might have awkward consequences for me, though I am the most innocent of mortal men, because I have private reasons for keeping my presence in Johannesburg a secret."

"Well, what *do* you want of me?"

"I can tell you in two words what I mean you to do; you're to take pen and paper, and write that application for a passport at once; then you're to address the letter to the Police Department, and lastly, you and I'll step out and post it."

"You must be more than an ordinary fool to think I'd consent to do anything of the kind," said Bunsen, with suppressed fury. "If you don't choose to accept my word, I retract my promise. I shall take my own course. You have defeated your own ends by being an unreasonable fool and attempting to bully me. I tell you I won't be driven."

Geoff sighed resignedly.

"Then I'm sorry to inflict my company upon you," he said, "but I'm afraid it must be an all-night sitting. I shall not leave you, day or night, until that letter is written and posted. It's somewhat chilly—with your permission I'll light the fire, which is laid I see. Have you supped?"

Bunsen did not condescend to reply. He sat gazing in front of him, the picture of a furious, sullen man. Geoff lighted the fire and sat looking into it with an eye ready to note the slightest movement of his companion. Thus the pair remained for an hour or more, neither uttering a word.

Suddenly Geoff broke the silence.

"After all," he said, "it doesn't much matter who writes the letter. I could write it myself and sign it in your name; the main object is to draw the attention of the police—or of whomsoever it may concern—to the fact that you are fit to travel and ready to go south. I shall allow you another half-hour to think over the matter. At the expiration of that time I shall write the letter myself; but you shall come with me to post it, Bunsen, in any case."

Bunsen sat still, and answered nothing.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he suddenly rose.

"Well—I'll write the letter," he said. "I'm sick of your presence here; I want to go to bed."

"So you shall when the letter is written and posted."

Bunsen sat and began to write. A moment or two later, Geoff, hearing steps outside in the road, rose from his chair in order to patrol the carpet in front of the windows: he was afraid lest Bunsen should make a rush for one of them, in order to call for help.

This movement on Geoff's part infuriated Bunsen, or maybe he became suddenly bold in the prospect of assistance, having, like Geoff, heard the sound of footsteps; for he abruptly seized a heavy brass candlestick that stood at his elbow and hurled it at Geoff's head as he passed close behind the table at which he sat and wrote.

The candlestick struck Geoff at the back of the neck, and he stumbled forward with the sudden impact, and fell. In a moment Bunsen was upon him, and feeling in his pocket for the revolver.

"Help!" he shouted, at the same moment "I am attacked by a madman!"

Geoff was half stunned by the blow, and for a moment he was scarcely able to offer resistance. Bunsen knelt upon the small of his back and pressed his face down into the carpet, half suffocating him, while with his right hand he felt for the pistol. Luckily Geoff lay upon it, and he could not get at the weapon.

Meanwhile the steps had stopped at the house door, which was then opened and closed again; someone ran quickly up the stairs and burst into the room.

The newcomer took in the situation at a glance; he uttered a cry of fury or astonishment, or perhaps a variety of mixed emotions, and threw himself upon the struggling mass of humanity.

In a moment, Bunsen, to his disgust, found himself overpowered and pulled backwards, none too gently.

"Get up, Geoff, get up! Good heavens, you're not hurt, are you?" Bunny bent over his brother in a frenzy of alarm. "Am I too late? You scoundrel, Bunsen, if you have injured him I solemnly swear I'll——"

Geoff sighed and sat up.

"Dear old Bunny!" he said, smiling; "no; he shied something and hit me from behind when I wasn't expecting it. I don't think it's much. What a happy chance that you should have come just in time to help me."

Bunsen had slunk away and now sat staring into the fire.

"Thank heaven! you're not murdered," said Bunny; "I thought I was too late. He's capable of anything. I heard from Vesta he was with you, and hurried up. Here's what he threw at you; it weighs about a ton. No wonder it brought you down."

"I was an idiot to turn my back upon him. Jove! my neck's stiff. Sit down, Bunsen, and finish that letter, my friend. You nearly got the better of me that time, but the fates, you see, are against you."

"I should have wrung your darned neck in

another minute," growled Bunsen. "You were always cowards, you Bigbys, and inclined to go two against one."

"That's a lie, and you know it! Stand up, this minute, and I'll take you on with one hand!" said Bunny.

"I shouldn't trust the other fellow behind me," said Bunsen. "If I were getting the best of it he'd come in with you. A pair of beastly cowards, I call you!"

Bunny strode furiously up and stood before him.

"Look here, Bunsen, keep a civil tongue in your head, my friend, or I shall not keep my hands off you; I haven't so good a temper as Geoff, remember, and I should love, beyond anything, to smash your head. Come now, sit down and write the letter, whatever it may be, as Geoff bids you, and be sharp about it."

Bunsen rose sulkily, and moved towards the table.

"I wouldn't have done it for one of you," he began; but Bunny unceremoniously pushed him forward, and he flopped into the writing chair with a curse.

"Write as I dictate," said Geoff. "That will save trouble."

Then Geoff dictated a letter to the Controller of the Police Department, Johannesburg, setting forth that the writer, Mr. Guy Bunsen, clerk and Englishman, having recovered from the indisposition which unfortunately had prevented his departure from the city at the outbreak of the war, was now ready to leave as soon as the Controller should forward his passport to the nearest English station.

When it came to signing the letter Bunsen made a last demonstration of resistance, and absolutely refused to sign it.

"Very well," said Geoff, resignedly, "you can have half-an-hour. When that is past, I shall myself write and post an unsigned letter to the Controller, and shall mention that the writer has good reason to believe that Mr. Bunsen is acting as an English spy in Johannesburg——"

"You fool!" cried Bunsen. "As if I couldn't prove that *you*—disguised as a Boer, and in hiding here—are the spy, and not I."

"Certainly, if you could produce me," said Geoff. "But I shall take good care that you are unable to do that, and they won't take it on trust, you know."

"Well, give me the confounded thing," said Bunsen, "and I'll sign it; but if I don't pay you out for all this one day, both of you, then I hope you may die in your beds, which isn't likely in any case, if there's a hangman about."

"Thanks," said Geoff, taking the signed letter and placing it in the envelope which he had already stamped and addressed. "I'll just step out and post it. Keep an eye on the gentleman, Bunny, and don't turn your back upon him. I think a breath of air may do me good after that fall."

CHAPTER XIX.

FELLOW CONSPIRATORS.

A few minutes after Geoff's departure, Bunsen worked himself up into a condition of insane fury. Whether he fancied that Bunny would prove a less redoubtable antagonist than Geoff, or whether he decided that by taking the Bigbys by surprise and one at a time he would enjoy a better chance of overcoming both, and thus gratify the feeling of revenge which at this moment ached like the pangs of starvation within him, or whatever may have been his exact motives, at any rate he lost control over his discretion, and suddenly, unexpectedly, and most furiously threw himself upon Bunny as he sat in the lounge chair before the fire.

The onslaught was so unexpected and so spirited that both chair and Bunny rolled upon the floor together, and, almost before Bunny realised that he was attacked, Guy's fingers were about his throat, and a pressure was being put upon his windpipe which was unbearable.

But Bunsen had—to use an Americanism—bitten off more than he could chew.

Bunny was as lithe and active as a young leopard. He had not, moreover, the least intention of allowing himself to be garotted, and the sense of suffocation instantly roused him to so desperate and irresistible an output of energy that Bunsen literally had not a chance. Bunny laid hold of his wrists, forced his hands away, twisted him round, and was, in his turn, on top of his antagonist, and all in the space of three or four seconds.

"You villain!" he gasped, somewhat out of breath with the short but sharp attack of strangulation to which he had been subjected. "You meant that for murder! It would serve you right if I gave you a touch of the same treatment."

"No, don't! I was furious, and didn't know what I was doing. You can't blame a fellow for getting angry when he's set on and mobbed by two."

"Well, I won't murder you, as you would have done by me if I had let you, but you are not to be trusted. Biting dogs must be chained up and muzzled, and so must you. Take off that leather belt!"

Bunsen's discretion once again took wings and fled. He almost shrieked in reply: "I won't—I swear I won't! If you lay a finger upon me I'll

BEFORE BUNNY REALISED THAT HE WAS ATTACKED, GUY'S FINGERS WERE ABOUT HIS THROAT

shout till the whole street is roused! I'll get you shot yet for spying, you sneaking coward, that daren't appear by daylight when honest folks are about! I'll——"

What further threats Bunsen was about to fulminate must ever remain unknown, for at this instant Bunny deftly whipped out his handkerchief, and, kneeling on the other's chest, contrived to pass it over his mouth, and—in spite of kicks and struggles—to tie it behind his head. This was but a temporary measure — a demonstration, to mask the real attack.

Then, while Bunsen's hands were busy tearing at the gag he unfastened his belt; which done, he forced his opponent's hands down, and, kneeling on one while he held the other, got the strap under and round, so that, with a quick tug through the buckle, he had both wrists tightly bound to his sides.

The gag was half off, and Bunsen snarled the while like a wolf, too madly angry to articulate his words, but with hate and murder and all the evil passions looking out of his eyes, and struggling for expression at his lips.

Bunny was engaged in adjusting the gag more securely, being anxious lest Bunsen should fulfil his threat of shouting for help, when the door opened and Geoff reappeared.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that astonished hero. "What's up? Have there been ructions again?"

"Just a bit. He tried to murder me by strangulation—that's all!" laughed Bunny; "but he's harmless now, for a while at least. He wanted to rouse the town by yelling, so I thought I'd better put his nosebag on."

"Yes," said Geoff, "quite right. I was afraid we should have to do something of the sort."

He approached Bunsen, in order to see that he was not bound or gagged so tightly as to cause pain or discomfort in breathing, but Bunsen kicked savagely at him.

"We shall have to tie him to a chair and leave him," said Geoff. "It's getting late—going on for two. Lend a hand, Bunny, and we'll fix him up in no time."

Between them, and at the expense of a few kicks and many scowls of deadly hatred, they placed their man in a comfortable chair, tying him securely into it, hands and feet, and rearranging the gag so that it could not by any efforts of his be displaced.

And there they left him to wait for daylight and the arrival of the Boer woman who came daily to see to his rooms and his breakfast.

"I'm sorry to treat you like this, Bunsen," said Geoff at parting, "but if you are ever in a position to consider the matter impartially you will see that I was obliged to act as I have, for you threatened to inform against us, and we cannot afford to leave you at large. One more word—if you should injure Vesta in any way, by word or deed, I swear that I will seek you out, wherever you are, and when I find you the matter shall not end, as now, with gagging and hand-tying. I forbid you to go to her house, even if you should have the opportunity."

Bunsen glared in response. If he could have murdered Geoff at that moment by some process of slow torture he would have done it gladly.

Then they left him and hastened away.

"Lock the door on the outside and take the key," said Geoff. "We don't want him about too early."

At the bank house they found Hugh and Rosenthal in a fever of anxiety, but the sight of both the brothers, safe and smiling, quickly restored them to equanimity.

"Are you all ready for a flitting?" said Geoff. "We must be off at once. It will begin to grow light in an hour, and by that time we must be well out of the town."

Within five minutes all was ready. The remains of the food had been cut into portable shapes and pocketed, flasks had been filled, and revolvers inspected.

Then downstairs the party crept and out into the darkness. Geoff locked the door and took away the key. He looked up at the house; the upper windows were boarded, and the lower ones shuttered. It did not wear the appearance of having been inhabited. Assuredly no one would suspect it rather than any of its neighbours—all equally dead to daily life and the presence of living man.

Geoff had secured a postcard at Bunsen's, and had addressed it to Vesta, having hastily scrawled

DOWNSTAIRS THE PARTY CREPT, AND OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

upon it "All well. Sorry impossible to call again. Don't let Guy be admitted on any pretext whatever."

This he posted as the party hastened through the streets, making for the nearest point at which the open country would be reached. In ten minutes they were out of immediate danger, and in fifteen well away from the town.

The two young Bigbys knew every inch of the district, and quickly led the party towards a place, west of the town and in the Wonderfontein direction, where they knew of a spot which would make an excellent hiding-place.

By the time daylight had begun to render further progress undesirable—if not dangerous—they had reached their intended sanctuary. This was a pleasant spot by the side of a small river, a tributary of the Wilge, well off the beaten track. The narrow valley was so full of rocks and boulders, deposited by the river in ancient days, before it had fallen to its present humble estate, that hiding would in case of need be an easy matter, and discovery difficult.

Here they encamped for the day, and before breakfasting and settling down to sleep, which would be done by turns, two watching and two sleeping, a consultation was held in order to settle, if possible, the main points to be kept in view during the retreat.

"Has anyone a good idea?" asked Geoff.

Several were put forward in reply to this invitation, good, bad, and indifferent. Two were reserved for serious consideration.

The first of these was, though more or less ingenious, found impracticable when considered in detail. Stated shortly, it was as follows:—

"We are all four Boers. We are dressed as such, and must therefore support the characters; but, unfortunately, two of us speak little or no Dutch, These two have, therefore, been wounded in the jaw or face, are bound up, and cannot speak. The other two have also been wounded, but have practically recovered. We are returning to the front from the nearest hospital."

This proposed plan was greeted with no little laughter, and even Bunny, who was its author, was quite alive to the humour of it.

It would be so remarkable, all agreed, that two out of four should have been so badly wounded in the jaw that even after coming out of hospital they should still be unable to speak. The plan might work brilliantly with one silent member, but two such just made the difference, and rendered the thing absurd.

"It would be so very awkward, too, if the doctor at the front insisted on treating us," said Jack, "as he probably would."

"Or if," added Hugh, "the commandant happened to be a soft-hearted kind of an individual, and sent us back to hospital to be better stuck together."

So this ingenious plan of Bunny's was rejected.

The second suggested scheme was the offspring of Hugh's brain, and was considered so promising that it was at once adopted *nem. con.*, with congratulations to the author.

Hugh's plan was as follows:—

"Geoff and Bunny are Boers. We others are loyalist farmers—Englishmen with farms in the Transvaal or Free State, who have been commandeered under heavy penalties to serve against the Queen's troops. We are unwilling to fight against the English, whom we regard as our own people. You other two have been privately requested to bring us to the front, and to keep an eye upon our movements. You are to request the field cornet to place us, the suspected ones, in those corners where the bullets are likely to fly pretty thickly. In the end we all hope to be employed upon outpost duty, and shall then take the first opportunity to slip out and get within the British lines."

"Yes," said Geoff, when Hugh had finished the exposition of his plan, "that's good. I think it had better remain at this, boys—what do you others think?"

All hailed the scheme with acclamation, and Geoff pronounced it to have been adopted *nem. con.*

The next question was, what point should be made the objective for the "retirement" from Johannesburg, and after consideration it was determined that this should be somewhere near De Aar or Colesberg, or wherever a British division should happen to be found about those parts. Which knotty and important point being settled, two of the party stretched themselves out for a sleep, while the remaining pair remained awake to watch, to take their turn of rest at midday.

CHAPTER XX.

COMMANDEERED.

So far as any danger from the inquisitiveness of the population was concerned no fears need have been entertained. The country through which our little party travelled was as bare of male population as a turnip-field is of strawberries. There were women in the small towns and villages, but no men; the town guard of some of these places was composed of lads of thirteen years, who were to be seen being drilled in the work they were ex-

pected to do in defence of their homes, and seemed to take the matter very seriously.

But tramping through the country was weary work indeed, and more than one of the party became very footsore after two days of it.

But horses were extremely scarce and dear, and the four men between them had scarcely money enough to buy a single one. Nevertheless, after consultation it was determined to obtain one, at any rate, by fair means. It would be a relief to ride from time to time, and they could mount the beast by turns. It might be advisable to get hold of a second horse; if so, it must be obtained by foul means.

"Stolen, do you mean?" said Geoff, in some surprise. "I don't know that I quite like the idea." It was Jack Rosenthal's suggestion.

"We can easily note the address, and send the value afterwards," he explained. "Nobody will be any the worse; we shall pay them a full price when the time comes."

"We'll buy one first, and see how we get on," said Geoff.

But at the first farmhouse reached after this arrangement there lived an old Boer who was one of the old-fashioned uncompromising anglophobes. The old fellow was far too old to fight, though he explained that he had taken a hand at Majuba, and had had the pleasure of shooting five *rooineks* there, and others at Laing's Nek.

"Ha! we're off to lend a hand in that kind of business. We've had a turn already, and lost our horses; don't happen to have any for sale, do you?" asked Bunny.

"I had ten, and six mules, but they were all commandeered except one—my old saddle nag. I'm keeping him to ride to Pretoria, to see Rhodes shot in the market place."

"Ah! that would be a grand sight, indeed!" said Geoff; "but we've got to catch him first. They say he's very slim."

"Oh! he may be that, but old Cronje is slim also. I know Cronje; I've fought with him; he's as sly as an old jackal. Where do you come from?"

"Krugersdorp," said Geoff.

"And you?" continued the old man, addressing Hugh, who did not understand a word of what he said; "same place, I suppose?"

"He comes from near Krugersdorp, too," said Geoff, wishing to save the trouble of explaining that Hugh was—as arranged—a commandeered Englishman.

"Why doesn't he say so, instead of standing there like a stuffed cow?" said the Boer.

"He's had a shock—concussion, poor fellow, from one of the new English shells," said Geoff; "he can't speak."

"And he's going to fight again? That's the kind of man for me. Shake hands, lad; give us your hand."

"Shake hands with him," whispered Bunny, standing near, and Hugh promptly took the hint and did so.

"I say, Hugh," Geoff laughed, presently, when the party had left the farm, after having lunched well at the old Boer's expense; "this won't do. You must bind your head up when we're among Boers; you nearly gave the show away! The old boy said you stood there like a stuffed cow, and I had to explain that you have suffered concussion from a shell, and have lost the use of your voice."

"He seemed to like me all the same," said Hugh.

"That was because I told him you were going to fight, in spite of being a stuffed cow. Another fellow might not be so easily satisfied, unless you're bound up a bit. You see, you ought to know *some* Dutch if you're a farmer on Boer soil."

So Hugh promised to swathe his head in a bandage next time, and, indeed, made a point of doing so in future whenever there were Boers to be dealt with.

Jack knew a little Dutch—quite enough, he said, for a *really* loyalist farmer.

But the need of horses became urgent, for Bunny's feet were sore, and the slight wound he had received at his capture bothered him to some extent.

"We must have a couple of horses at least," he said. "Jack's plan is a perfectly justifiable one. We can find out the address of the people we 'borrow' the animals from before helping ourselves. Besides, it wouldn't be wise to spend all we have on a horse when we still have so far to go. We'll bag a couple, and pay afterwards for both."

There was sense in this, and it was agreed to adopt Jack's plan as amended by Bunny, and borrow two horses at least. And an opportunity soon came.

It came in a small township, or village, some sixty miles south-west of Johannesburg. The party tramped into the place, weary and limping, and inquired at an inn for horses.

"To buy?" asked the innkeeper. "Where are your own?"

"Our two are both shot," said Geoff, nodding at Bunny. "The other two fellows are English farmers; all their horses were commandeered, and now they're ordered to the front themselves. They don't like it," he added in a low tone; "we're here to see they get along, and I tell you we have our hands full."

"So you want to mount them! Why, they'll

HEINRICH FIRED A COUPLE OF SHOTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

ride away on your horses first thing, and go back to their farms!"

"Not they—we hold the guns, my friend."

"Well, do as you like with the nags—what do I care so long as I get my money for them?"

With these words mine host disappeared into his yard, in order to fetch the horses, reappearing presently with a groom-lad, each leading a horse.

"Trot them up and down," said Geoff; "let's see how they move."

As the groom trotted the leading horse past Jack, who stood in the road, that conspirator tripped up the lad and sprang upon the back of the horse, which instantly broke into a startled gallop.

"Thunder!" shouted Geoff, "he's off with the horse! Give me the other, quick!" Geoff fired a couple of shots into the vault of heaven, and, seizing the bridle of the second horse, jumped on his back and dashed off in pursuit.

"See to the other fellow, Jan!" he shouted back to Bunny, who promptly laid hold of Hugh, as though alarmed lest he too should attempt a bolt. The innkeeper was entirely deceived.

Down the road he ran, in a vain attempt to keep the horses in view, and shouting for someone to stop or to shoot the thieving rascal.

A man ran out of a house near the end of the town. "Who has to be shot—which of them?" he shouted, getting his rifle unslung and placing it to his shoulder.

"The front one! Stop him, Heinrich, for the love of Heaven! He is stealing a horse! The other fellow will never catch him on old Willem!"

Heinrich fired a couple of shots in quick succession. The leading horseman, at the second report, was seen to start and shout something to his pursuer.

"The second got him," said Heinrich; "he won't ride far!"

By this time all the inhabitants of the village—women and children—had crowded out of their houses to see the fun. Bunny and Hugh rushed down the road with the rest of the population. The innkeeper ran panting and swearing alongside of them. "I shall lose my horse, all through your confounded friend!" he said. "I wish to thunder you had never come my way!"

Bunny reassured the fellow.

"You needn't fear," he said, "he's a rich man, and you'll get the value of it one day if Piet doesn't catch him. Ask for Rosenthal's farm outside Pretoria when the war's over."

"I'd rather have my horse now," said the man angrily; "and I shall see I don't lose sight of *you*, my friend, until I get it."

"Well, you'd better follow me to the front if that's the case."

At this the Boer altered his tone. "Well, do your best for me, I must have my horse—both horses. Is that other fellow to be trusted, the one that pursued?'

"Absolutely; you are sure of your horses or their money value. You could claim from Government if he didn't pay."

"What's his name and address? Give me that, and we'll say no more about detaining you."

Bunny gave the address as Piet Kuyper, Bokfontein Farm, near Johannesburg, and was allowed to depart in peace together with Hugh.

They met a few straggling boys and the man with the rifle. These had given up the chase and reported that both horses had galloped right away over the veldt.

"The front man won't ride far, he has a bullet in him," said Heinrich, proudly.

"I hope to goodness the rascal is lying," said Hugh, hurrying forward anxiously. "We didn't bargain for Jack to be shot at by anyone but Geoff."

But when they had proceeded for a couple of miles or more they came upon a sorry sight. Jack Rosenthal lay in the shade of a boulder by a brook, looking pale and sick; his coat was off and his shirt sleeve rolled to the shoulder, and Geoff bent over him washing and doctoring his arm, half way between elbow and shoulder, where the quickly flowing blood showed that he had been struck by Heinrich's bullet.

Jack was in considerable pain; he believed the bone was chipped or shattered, but the bullet had passed clean through his arm, passing out at the opposite side

"I shall feel better presently," he said. "I've been abusing poor Geoff like a pick-pocket; I thought he had shot me instead of firing wide."

"When you feel up to it, old man, you'd better get on the horse and ride on a bit, in case of pursuit," said Hugh; "the old boy who owns the horses seems extremely angry."

So Jack was helped to mount, and the party rode on for five or six miles until a pretty farm was reached, standing at the foot of a wooded hill. Here they stopped, lifting Jack from his saddle, and asked for food and shelter. A few Kaffirs were working in the fields, but no white men were to be seen; the sole white inhabitants appeared to be two Boer women, mother and daughter.

These good souls soon proved themselves to be of the sympathetic kind—true women, whose hearts beat high with pity for the wounded and distressed; who ask no questions, but afford help and comfort for the love of humanity.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the old Tante. "Wounded, I see! Oh, the cruel war! Let him

come in. Run up and prepare the guest-room, Marta, while I fetch food."

Both women bustled out, leaving the four men in the kitchen.

"Dear, good souls!" said Geoff. "It goes against the grain to deceive such people, yet deceive them we must, I suppose. They'll want to know all about us, and we must be consistent and stick to our fable about commandeered loyalists and so on."

When next Tante entered the room Geoff spoke to her:—

"I think we ought to tell you, Tante, that the wounded man is an Englishman, and so is this other. They have been commandeered for service against their own people, and are naturally averse to the work."

"None the worse for that! Farmers, I suppose, in Transvaal territory or the Free State?"

"Just so, Tante. I will tell you, further, that we were obliged, owing to the weariness of travelling on foot, to borrow two horses at the village of Hartefontein. We intend to return or pay for them, but the owner believed us to be evil folk and robbers, and fired upon us as we left the village—that is how this one is wounded."

"You commandeered them, after a fashion, that is. You required them for the service of the allied States; I do not consider that very wrong in war. If you are sure that the owner will be recompensed, he will suffer no harm."

"Thank you for your kind words, Tante. You will not, then, turn our sick man out of doors?"

"God forbid!" said the Tante piously. "But, in case you should be pursued, it would be as well if you two rode away meanwhile—when you have eaten—into the wood, while these two remain in bed. I will see they are not disturbed, and will direct the pursuers over the veldt—if you are sure that the man will be paid for his horses."

"Indeed, Tante, he shall! You shall give me his name—it is the innkeeper at Hartefontein—and I pledge my word he shall be paid."

"Then there is no harm done. Here is the dinner—eat, all, and welcome!"

When Geoff and Bunny had finished a hurried meal, they went out in order to hide their horses and themselves for a while, as Tante suggested, in the wood. But they had scarcely set foot in the yard when Geoff hurried back into the house.

"Go up and get into bed quickly, both of you," he said. "There are four fellows riding down the road. I've examined them through my glasses, and I'm almost certain one is Guy Bunsen. Keep a stained rag round your head, Hugh, and be badly wounded and unconscious. Be quick, above everything! If it *is* Bunsen, we are in serious danger!"

(To be concluded.) Fred Whishaw.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

FICTION.

Quentin Durward. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by H. W. Ord, B.A. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black).

The Talisman. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. Melven, M.A. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black).

Marmion. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

The Lady of the Lake. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by R. G. McKinlay, B.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

Wide World Adventure. True narratives of extraordinary human endurance. 2s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Deeds that Won the Empire. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett ("Vedette"). 6d. (Newnes).

Lally of the Brigade. By L. McManus. Popular Edition. Price 1s. (T. Fisher Unwin).

The Reproach of Annesley. By Maxwell Gray. 6d. (Newnes).

SPORT.

The Badminton Library. Swimming. By Archibald Sinclair and William Henry. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Bat v. Ball. Individual Cricket Records from 1864 to 1900. Compiled by J. H. Lesten. 1s. nett. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sunday Strand. Volume I. 6s. 6d. (Newnes.).

A Peep into Punch. By J. Holt Schooling. 5s. (Newnes).

The Coast Trips of Great Britain. Compiled by Milton Smith. 6d. (Newnes).

Electric Batteries: How to Make and Use them. Edited by Percival Marshall, A.I.M.E. 6d. (Dawbarn & Ward).

The Story of Bird Life. By W. P. Pycraft. 1s. (Newnes).

Khaki in South Africa. Parts II., III. and IV. 6d. Fortnightly (Newnes).

SONGS FOR SCHOOLS.

The Grand Old Flag. Words by Lawrence Morley. Music by Charles J. Maberley. 4s. (Weekes & Co.).

The Playing Fields. Words by Henry Newbolt. Music by F. Pascal. 4s. (Joseph Williams).

Play the Game. Words by M. C. Gillington. Music by Florian Pascal. 4s. (Joseph Williams.)

BICYCLE BRAKES.

By Haydon Perry.

WHAT is there in the whole range of outdoor pastimes that is to be compared with the swift, exciting, down-hill rush of the "coasting" cyclist?

'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

These are the lines from a boy's song, written by H. C. Beeching on "Going down hill on a Bicycle." There is a fine enthusiasm about them, which runs all through the verses, as here:

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

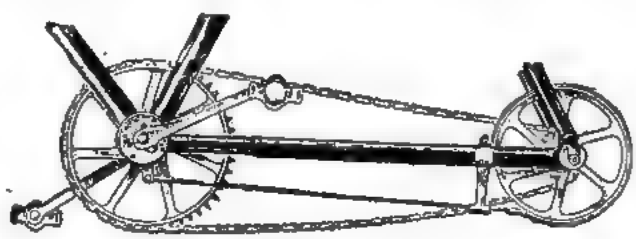
Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh and the
throat cry:
"O bird, see—see, bird, I fly!

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird? Then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

GAMAGE'S HOLBORN BRUSH BRAKE.

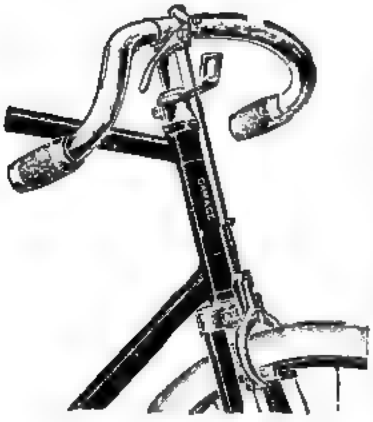
There you have it all—the true spirit of the thing; the fierce joy that is snatched, the exhilaration of the wild, inpetuous downrush. But there is a practical as well as a poetical side to this delightful form of recreation. It is because it is becoming more and more to be realised as one of the chief delights of cycling that it has been necessary to give more and more attention to the mechanical means by which this fascinating form of flight may be made free from all hazard, and rendered as safe as it is enjoyable.

It is a singular fact that most vehicles are brought to a stage of perfection long before adequate means of checking their speed have been invented. The perfection of the railway brake—even if that can be said to be accomplished—is an achievement of comparatively recent times. Nearly all brakes for horse-drawn vehicles are crude and antiquated. There is scarcely a brake for the new motor carriages that does not fall short of possible emergency requirements; and until the last few years there was no bicycle brake that was not marred by very obvious shortcomings. There are still people at large who believe in brakeless machines. To put it mildly, these persons are not philosophers. The writer is of opinion that the brakeless machine is out of place everywhere save upon the racing track, and ought not to be ridden even to and from the arena of contest except at a very moderate pace and over level and unfrequented ways. A brake is not a luxury; it is an absolutely necessary adjunct to good and enjoyable riding. Those who seldom or never employ it can still enjoy the freedom and security of knowing that it is there to fall back upon, and have, in consequence, the command of a greater variety of speeds when running in unknown or risky places. With the free wheel, of which I spoke last month, a brake is not only necessary to enjoyable riding, but it is essential to the preservation of life, and any free wheeler who attempts to ride without a brake, even on level ground, ought to be regarded as a candidate for Bedlam. His death by cycling accident would be properly described as suicide. Not altogether exempt from the charge of folly is the free-wheel rider who relies upon one brake only. The cyclist who is truly wise will take care to have two efficient means of checking the career of his machine; nor is there any excuse in these days for not being thus provided. The advent of the free wheel has turned the attention of hundreds of inventive geniuses to the subject of braking; and, while a few good brakes existed before, their number now is legion.



RADIE BACK-PEDAL BAND BRAKE.

The early attempts to brake the bicycle were at once ineffective and dangerous. The "spoon" brake on the tall "ordinary" was productive of "headers" unless it was fed on gradually and with great skill—as, indeed, it is most advisable that modern perfected brakes should be handled, although the new generation of riders would



GAMAGE'S "HOLBORN" RIM BRAKE

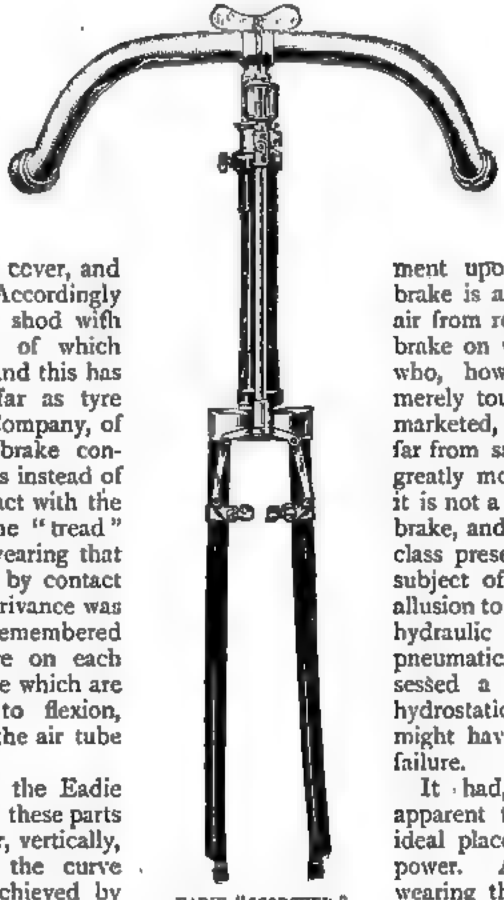
seem to be ignorant of this. Other forms of brake for the tall machine were usually less effective, and nearly all of them more dangerous, and so it came to pass that when the safety was invented, practically the only heritage that came down to it in the way of brakes was the common "spoon,"—or, as it is generally called, "plunger"—applied to the front wheel. Its use at once resulted in the breaking of many fork crowns, the fork crown being obviously the point where most of the bending stress took effect. Accordingly crowns were in various ways strengthened. Then came the pneumatic tyre, and it was found that the plunger rubbed and tore the outer cover, and greatly shortened its life. Accordingly the plunger began to be shod with a variety of substances, of which rubber was the favourite, and this has answered fairly well so far as tyre brakes go. The Eadie Company, of Redditch, introduced a brake consisting of two rubber pads instead of one, these coming in contact with the rubber on either side of the "tread" of the tyre, and so not wearing that part of it which was worn by contact with the road. The contrivance was not bad, but it must be remembered that the parts of the tyre on each side of the tread are those which are most cruelly subjected to flexion, owing to the flattening of the air tube under the rider's weight.

The Toggle Brake of the Eadie Company also comes upon these parts of the tyre; not, however, vertically, but at right angles to the curve of the rubber, a result achieved by employing an ingenious system of compound levers. The company have also other brakes to offer now, as will be seen below.

Before leaving the plunger type of brake allusion should be made to one or two forms of

THUMB BRAKE DETACHED.

brush with which it has been shod by inventors. Some used bristles. Messrs. A. W. Gamage & Co., of Holborn Viaduct, E.C., brought out the rubber brush brake shown in illustration. It is an effective plunger, and scatters much less dust than do bristles. Again, owing to its novelty of application, every rider has at least a passing acquaintance with the pneumatic brake. This consists of two hollow rubber chambers connected by a long air-tight tube. One chamber is squeezed by the hand when air is driven into the other, causing it to expand and force a substantial pad into contact with the tyre, front or back, as the case may be.

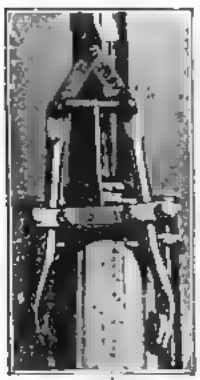


EADIE "SCORCHER," A THUMB BRAKE FOR FRONT WHEEL.

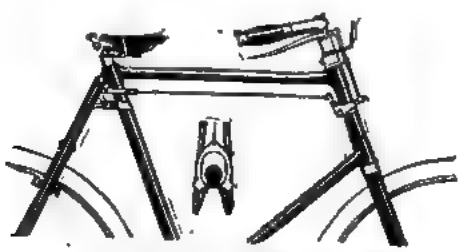
An added improvement upon the early form of this brake is a valve which prevents the air from returning, and so keeps the brake on without effort of the rider, who, however, can release it by merely touching a button. As first marketed, the pneumatic brake was far from satisfactory, but it has been greatly modified. In its latest form it is not a tyre brake at all, but a rim brake, and will be dealt with in that class presently. I may dismiss the subject of tyre brakes by a passing allusion to an attempt to introduce an hydraulic brake in imitation of the pneumatic. Had the inventor possessed a schoolboy's knowledge of hydrostatics and hydrokinetics he might have been spared the cost of failure.

It had, however, long become apparent that the tyre was not the ideal place to which to apply brake power. A tyre brake, apart from wearing the tyre, flings off upon the rider's clothing a disagreeable amount of whatever may be taken up from

the road in the way of mud or dust. If there be much mud it is liable to clog. Further, the efficiency of a tyre brake depends upon the tyre remaining inflated; and serious accidents have resulted from a puncture at the beginning of a long, steep slope. It is clear that all brakes must be applied to some moving part that is fairly substantial, so that, if not on the tyres, they must press either upon the rims or the central parts of the wheels. Dealing with the latter first, we have the large class of band brakes, the varieties of which are very numerous. Sometimes the band is made to expand inside a sort of collar attached to the hub, sometimes it is made to wrap tightly round the outside of it. An excellent example of the latter device is that of the Eadie Company. The backing of the pedal on their free wheel machine brings a clutch into action which imparts tension to the rod shown in the illustration, and drags the band into contact, while the onward motion of the rear hub tends to throw the brake off the moment it is released. It has been argued that a band brake acting upon a 4in. drum can only be one-seventh as effective as a rim brake on a 28in. wheel—which sounds plausible enough. But there is a fallacy in overlooking the fact that the surface of contact of the band brake is in most cases very much greater than is that of the



THE TOBY.
Torbay Machinists Co., Torquay.



COOPER PATENT RIM BRAKE, BRISTOL.

rim brake. Still, it cannot be denied that rim brakes are, for the moment, by far the most popular, and makers are not slow to supply a demand which the genius of inventors has created. I propose to deal with a few very excellent types of rim brake.

Here the Bowden Horse-shoe Brake fairly deserves first mention, because it was the first to offer a practical solution of a real difficulty. The horse-shoe almost encircles a section of the tyre and rim. It is furnished with a couple of friction pads of vulcanised fibre or hard leather, and when these are in action they are drawn hard against the inner surface of the rim, on each side of the spokes. The brake can be fitted to either wheel, but communication with it from the hand is not by means of any complicated system of hinged levers, ball joints, pulleys, or bell-wire triangles.

THE SUTTON RIM BRAKE, SWANSEA.

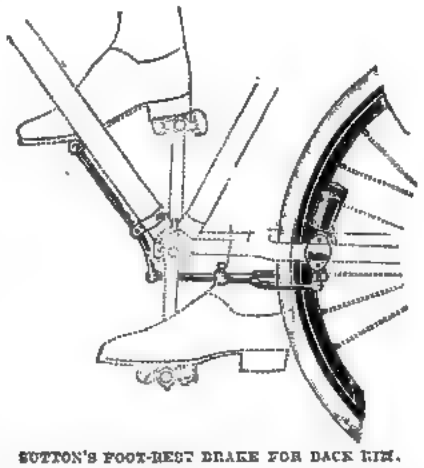
Instead of these there is a simple pull. This is communicated by means of a strand of wire contained inside a fine spiral wire, which latter forms a smooth tunnel that may be gently bent round corners and angles of the frame, and led to any distance desired—say from the handle-bar of a quadruplet to the rim behind the rear rider's saddle. This ingenious device pioneered the popularity of rim brakes.

COMPLETE DETACHED SET OF SUTTON'S BRAKE WORK.

A clever modification allows of the brake being put on by a turn of the handle grip, when it will, without being further held, remain on at any tension desired so long as the rider wishes.

The action of Gamage's Holborn Front Wheel Rim Brake is sufficiently shown by the illustration. The Eadie "Scorcher" or thumb brake is also for the front rim. Its system of levers is so arranged that mere pressure of the thumb is sufficient to impart considerable power to the brake shoes. The Toby Rim Brake, made by the Torbay Machinists Company, of Paignton and Torquay, is adaptable to either wheel. It possesses two important features. First of all, the friction pads, instead of coming up under the rim, close in like jaws upon each edge of it,

and so are far removed from the chance of fouling the spokes or the valve, however untrue may be the rim. Further, these jaws have a lateral side-play, enabling the pads to adjust themselves to a rim which has become out of truth. The Cooper Rim Brake, which emanates from Dighton Street, Bristol, also has this advantage of adjustability to a rim that is no longer circular. It is fitted to the back wheel, and the power is transmitted to it by a system of rods and hinges, as shown in the picture. The Sutton Rim Brake Company, of Swansea, apply their brake to the front wheel by means of the ordinary lever and brake rod. But there is a see-saw arrangement clamped on to the front forks, so that when the rod descends the friction pads rise just to the rear of the forks, and make contact there. Another illustration shows an adaptation of the same brake to the back forks and rim, the power being in this case applied by foot pressure upon a rest, as is sufficiently evident from a glance at the diagram. In the pneumatic rim brake, the extending pad, which in the older pneumatic brakes comes upon the tyre, serves to depress a lever clamped to the back stays, and this pulls up a pair of brake shoes from under the top segment of the rear wheel rim.



SUTTON'S FOOT-REST BRAKE FOR BACK RIM.

With so large a variety of excellent braking devices to select from, it will be admitted that there is no longer any excuse for a rider to go ill equipped with efficient means of checking his speed under all circumstances. Complete control in this respect renders riding infinitely safer and more enjoyable, while in a hilly country travelling is rendered more speedy as well.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

SOLUTIONS OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

(1) The Grocer and the Draper.—It will be found that the grocer was delayed half a minute, and the draper 8½mins. (seventeen times as long as the grocer), making together 9mins. Now, the grocer took 24mins. to weigh out the sugar, and, with the ½min. delay, spent 24mins. 30secs. over the task. But the draper had only to make *forty-seven cuts* to divide the roll of cloth, containing 48yds., into yard pieces. This took him 15mins. 40secs., and when we add the 8½mins. delay, we get 24mins. 10secs., from which it is clear that the draper won the race by 20secs. The large majority of my readers seem to be under the impression that it takes forty-eight cuts to divide the 48yds. of cloth into yard pieces, forgetting that the last cut makes two pieces!

(2) Chocolate for the Army.—The interior dimensions of the box would be 25ins. long, 25ins. wide, and 2½ins. deep. Eight slabs of chocolate will lie flat, end to end, along one side of the bottom of the box, and nine of such rows will cover the bottom all but a quarter of an inch along one side. Eleven of such layers of seventy-two slabs each will just reach the top of the box, and as the depth of the box is the same as the width of the slabs, and the space left down one side of the box (¼in.) is the thickness of the slabs, the remaining eight slabs will fit in perfectly, and complete the packing without any waste space.

(3) The Hungry Boer.—The Boer cannot eat even one egg on an empty stomach, because after the descent of the first mouthful the stomach will no longer be empty. Of course, if I had not said "hard-boiled eggs," the answer might have been "One," because he could swallow it whole in an uncooked state. Ordinary hens' eggs were correctly understood to be intended.

After going carefully through a large pile of letters I have been considerably surprised to find that only twenty-three competitors sent correct solutions to the "Grocer and Draper." Every one of the others fell into the error of supposing that forty-eight cuts are necessary to make the forty-eight pieces of cloth. But only ten of these twenty-three competitors solved all three puzzles. I have awarded the three prizes of 7s. each to the following:—Class I.—George Kaye, Ellesmere College, Salop. Class II.—Percy R. Green, 28, Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E. I have not found one competitor in Class III. who appears to me to deserve a prize, so I award the third 7s. to another one in Class II., J. A. Dickenson, Manor House, Tonbridge. I also give honourable mention to the other competitors who correctly answered all three puzzles. Class I.—J. W. J. Charbounier, M. O'Callaghan, Percy H. Bryant, Charles Annear and Francis Brough. Class II.—David Pryde and W. Hope-Jones.

HOW WOODLANDSHIRE FOUND THEIR FAST BOWLER.

By W. M. Elkington.

Illustrated by Victor Venner.

WOODLANDSHIRE, being at the bottom of the list of first-class cricketing counties, was in a state of internal disruption. The inhabitants, from the seaport town of Westport, on the coast, to the far distant boundaries of the shire, were possessed of that scornful disgust of all things pertaining to cricket that only the dwellers in an effete county can realise; and since the last crushing defeat at the hands of Surrey on the Westport County Ground it had been whispered about by a local wag that unless something could be done to stay the run of bad fortune, and that quickly, the executive of the club would be forced to give a trial to the Westport Workhouse patients and the scholars at the infant schools.

Mr. W. H. Brownlow, the captain of the club, was at his wits' end. During the last two seasons he had scoured the county, and used every endeavour to secure a good fast bowler, the one thing necessary to check the reverses of Woodlandshire. He had visited every village in the county, and had watched trundlers of all grades, from lob-bowlers to the fast and furious, with nothing to recommend them but pace. He had tried upwards of twenty youths of all denominations, and had never been able to say of one that he earned his luncheon and travelling expenses. He had even ventured into adjoining counties and tried what the offer of substantial wages would do to effect a transfer. But luck was against him, and Woodlandshire was still without its fast bowler. Consequently, the last four matches, which had been played on a fast wicket, had resulted in the utter rout of the Westport team, and the averages of such men as Abel and Hayward of Surrey, Brown of Yorkshire, Gunn and Shrewsbury of Notts, and Quaife of Warwickshire, had leapt up with remarkable rapidity.

On the Friday before the Monday on which commenced the important match with the neighbouring county of Parkshire, the steamship, *Kalgoorlie*, from Melbourne and Sydney, arrived at Westport, and discharged its passengers and mails. The good people of the county town, being absorbed in the match with Lancashire, took little notice of this fortnightly event, and the majority of the passengers took train for London with a very poor opinion of an English welcome, as represented by Westport. Only one of the steerage passengers, a tall, sunburnt, slouching youth, of very poor appearance, and carrying a small cloth bag, in which reposed the whole of his real and personal property, discovered the real cause of Westport's distraction, for in roaming through the outskirts of the town in a vague, uncertain manner, he suddenly came upon a long wall of hoarding, and read the numerous placards that told of the great event,

HE PRODUCED A COIN FROM A SHABBY PURSE AND ENTERED THE GROUND.

"Lancashire *v.* Woodlands." Instinctively he sought the entrance, produced a coin from a shabby purse which contained but three more of its kind, and entered the ground.

To tell the truth, Jim McAlister was just about dead-broke. Beside the three sixpences that remained in his purse he had not a penny in the world. The contents of his bag would not have realised more than a few coppers from the most generous of pawnbrokers, and the most interesting article it contained was a slip of dirty paper and a certificate, carefully folded in a still dirtier blue envelope. The paper, presumably part of a letter, contained the following instructions, written in a faltering woman's hand:—

> Do not stop here any longer, dear Jim. Go back to England and tell the folks as it has been the death of your poor father and mother. Go to Westport and then to Littleton, which is ten miles away, where you were born. When you get there ask for Tom Dixon, the blacksmith, who was your godfather. Tell him all about us, and he will help you to get honest work. Good-bye, my boy. I send your birth certificate. God bless you.
>
> MOTHER.

When Jim received this letter at the diggings, two months after it was written and the writer had passed away, he packed up his few belongings, withdrew his scarce earnings, and started for the coast. Then, acting trustfully upon the advice contained in his mother's last letter, he embarked on the *Kalgoorlie*, and arrived in his native country on his twenty-second birthday.

To an Australian-reared lad of sporting instincts the great match on the Westport ground was a revelation. He had watched the English cricketers of Stoddart's eleven at Sydney one or two years ago, and had come to conjure up all kinds of fancies in connection with the great men of that team. He had studied the batting of MacLaren, the bowling of Richardson and Hearne, and the marvellous wicket-keeping of Storer, until it had become his one ambition to go to England to see these great players and others of their class in all their native glory.

And at the present moment Jim, despite his poverty, was perfectly happy. Lancashire had just commenced their first innings, after disposing of the Woodlandshire men for 267. Ward and Baker were at the wickets, and how they did hit! Boundary after boundary sent up the score from 50 to 100, and on again; while the Woodlandshire bowling was changed time after time. But to no purpose; there was not a man in the team who could separate the two batsmen, and not a fast bowler who could check the high rate of scoring. At last one of the men was run out, and Tyldesley came in. Then the score mounted higher and higher, until, at length, two of the great Lancashire cricketers reached their centuries.

Jim McAlister, lost in admiration of the magnificent hitting, yet found a space in his heart to pity the poor Woodlandshire fielders, and to commiserate with them upon their weak bowling. If only they did but possess one of the many Australian fast bowlers who fail to win a place in first-class cricket, he thought, what a different aspect might be put upon the game! But still the score increased.

"If only I could try a few overs myself," he exclaimed in his ardour.

Several of the neighbouring spectators glanced round with disgust at the ragged-looking tramp, who immediately subsided, and became deeply, yet silently, interested in the game.

At last the broiling hot day came to an end, with Lancashire's score at 437 for five wickets. The spectators melted away; the groundsmen emerged with brush and roller to clear the pitch; and Jim, after lingering in the neighbourhood of the pavilion to catch a glimpse of the successful batsmen, strolled down the street towards the docks. Entering a seamen's eating-house he expended two of his remaining sixpences on a hearty meal, and then, with an indifference common to colonials, he sat upon a pile of timber on the dock and watched the shipping until the big red sun sank below the horizon, and the lamps of the town began to dispel the summer twilight.

Then the traveller accosted a policeman and inquired the way to Littleton. Following the instructions given, he mounted the hill that rose above the town, and presently came once more to the hoarding of the County Ground. By this time it was dark, and the lamps that illumined the town failed to penetrate this sylvan spot in the suburbs.

The great pavilion loomed up ahead, and brought back to the mind of the colonial visions of the great match he had witnessed during the day. What would he not do to see it concluded on the morrow? He had still one sixpence left with which to pay for entrance, and, after all, there was no reason why he should go on to Littleton at once. On the contrary, great matches such as Lancashire *v.* Woodlandshire are not to be witnessed every day, and it was nothing less than madness, after journeying so many thousands of miles, to walk away from such an opportunity.

It was soon settled. Littleton was forgotten, and Jim began to think of spending the night. An Australian larrikin is not usually particular about his resting-place, and Jim was no exception to the rule. But the dark shape of the pavilion gave him another idea. There were, no doubt, within the enclosure, grassy banks where sleeping would be infinitely pleasanter

than by the roadside. Moreover, there was no spot in the whole town more hallowed in the mind of an Australian than that beautiful expanse of turf. Without another thought, Jim clambered over the hoarding and dropped upon the other side.

He picked his way to the front of the pavilion and gazed up at the framework of the telegraph board. Then he peered curiously in at one or two of the windows, and at length, when pressing his face against a pane, felt the sash move. It was open!

With his bag still under his arm, Jim squeezed himself through the aperture, and found himself inside a large hall. A table ran the length, upon which remained some glasses and scraps of food. Jim passed round the walls and came to a door. A key was in the lock and it turned. The smaller apartment was the club dressing-room. A number of sweaters and jackets hung from pegs; a litter of pads and boots strewed the floor; and from a series of rods round the walls hung a number of portraits of past and present Woodlandshire cricketers. It was a place to conjure up the fancies. There, over the mantelpiece, hung a life-size portrait of one of the finest old bowlers England has ever known, while around there peered out from their frames the faces of all the greatest players Woodlandshire has produced.

Jim struck a match and looked round with awe and admiration. Then he coolly took a bundle of pads and formed a pillow, and with his bag beneath his coat he lay down below the picture of the old bowler, and fell asleep. The day had been a tiring one, and the only thing he dreamed was that his own portrait, with the name "James McAlister" in large gilt letters, hung over the door and winked continually at the genial countenance of the old cricketer above his head.

* * * * *

"Look here, Brownlow! What the deuce is this?"

The gentleman appealed to, dressed, like the speaker, in flannels and the Woodlandshire colours, came into the room and gazed in astonishment at a ragged sleeping form upon a pile of pads.

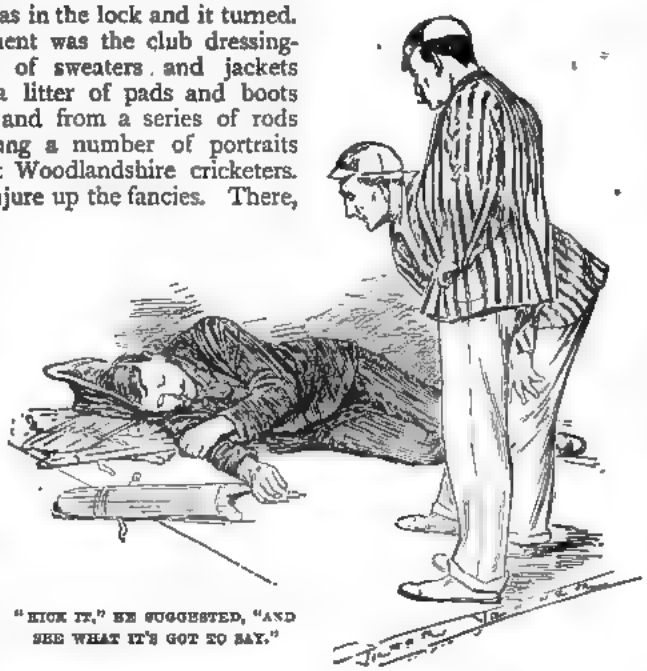
"Kick it," he suggested, "and see what it's got to say."

The first speaker kicked, gently at first, and then harder, until "it" awoke and rubbed its eyes.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the captain, "but we require this room for the present. I'm afraid you've overslept yourself—it's ten o'clock."

The trespasser continued to blink his eyes in the strong light of day, and looked round in vain for the picture of himself.

"Looks like a foreigner," suggested his discoverer; "try a little French."



"KICK IT," HE SUGGESTED, "AND SEE WHAT IT'S GOT TO SAY."

The captain tried French, and then a little German, ultimately returning to forcible English, upon which the tramp sat up and commenced to apologise for having allowed himself to be found in such a predicament. He attempted to rise to his feet, but the captain called two of the groundsmen, who held him in a chair while another went to search for the police.

In the meantime the two cricketers put their heads together as to the best course to pursue with their sorry looking visitor. It was plain he had committed no robbery, but whether such was his intention when he fell asleep no one could tell. At any rate, sleeping upon private premises without an invitation was quite sufficiently bad a crime to ensure him a month's lodging at Government expense, and the police would no doubt know how to deal with him without further trouble. That was the decision they arrived at.

The captain turned to look once more at the miserable looking creature and stopped.

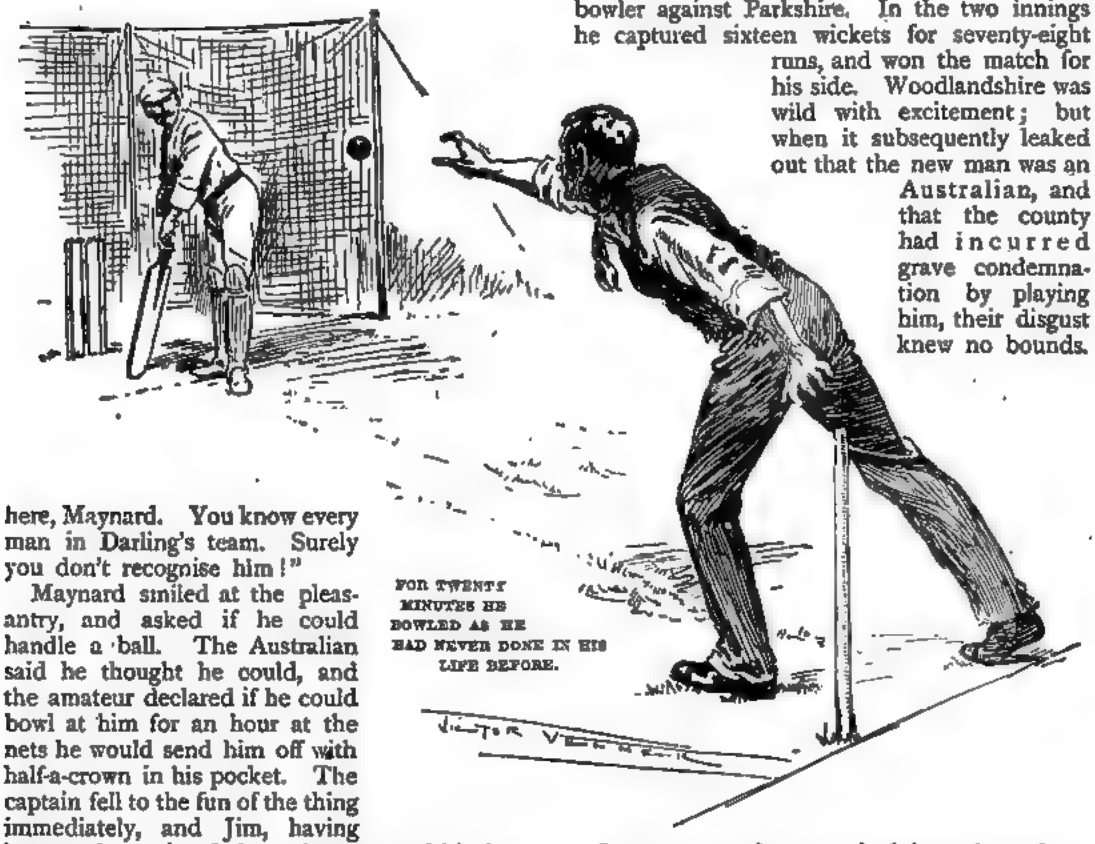
"Maynard," he called to the amateur, "upon

my word, that fellow has got the eye of a cricketer. Where do you come from?" he asked the prisoner.

"New South Wales," replied Jim.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the captain. "Come here, Maynard. You know every man in Darling's team. Surely you don't recognise him!"

Maynard smiled at the pleasantry, and asked if he could handle a ball. The Australian said he thought he could, and the amateur declared if he could bowl at him for an hour at the nets he would send him off with half-a-crown in his pocket. The captain fell to the fun of the thing immediately, and Jim, having borrowed a pair of shoes from one of his late captors, took the field against the Englishmen.

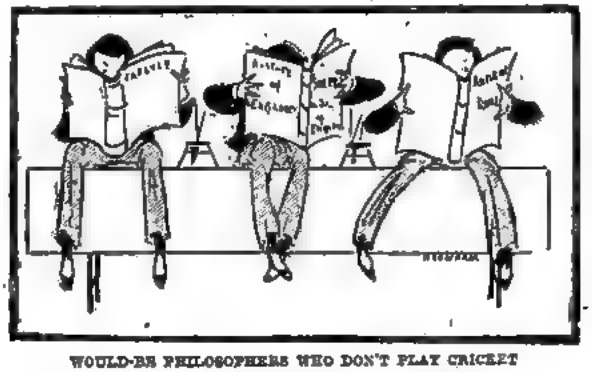


FOR TWENTY MINUTES HE BOWLED AS HE HAD NEVER DONE IN HIS LIFE BEFORE.

For twenty minutes he bowled as he had never done in his life before. Varying fast and slow, with leg and off breaks, such as he had learned to send down in his own colony, he defied every effort of the two great Woodlandshire batsmen to hit. At the end of that time the captain came out from the net, and, laying his hand kindly upon the bowler's shoulder, said: "That'll do now. Say no more about Australia for the present. Come into the pavilion!"

It is a matter of history how, on the following Monday, Woodlandshire tried their new fast bowler against Parkshire. In the two innings he captured sixteen wickets for seventy-eight runs, and won the match for his side. Woodlandshire was wild with excitement; but when it subsequently leaked out that the new man was an Australian, and that the county had incurred grave condemnation by playing him, their disgust knew no bounds.

It was only after men had been busy for a week on a dust heap and had discovered an old cloth bag containing some rags and a greasy envelope, that Jim McAlister was proved to be a Woodlandshire born man, and the fortunes of the county were retrieved. And now they say that since he has held such fine averages he is almost certain to be chosen for the next English team for the colonies.



WOULD-BE PHILOSOPHERS WHO DON'T PLAY CRICKET

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Bramptonian (June) contains a clever little sketch entitled, "The Romance of a Dress Suit," by M. A. D., and the inevitable parody of Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar." The editor would do better, however, to devote more of his space to school topics, and not give up two valuable pages to the pretentious poem that appears in the centre of the magazine.

The Carthusian (June) is rather a sad number. Several of its columns are taken up with obituary notices. The school seems to have celebrated Mafeking right well. It must be a fine thing to be of the number of B.-P.'s schoolfellows.

The Eastbournian (June) is a capital number, full of news from cover to cover. The photograph of the Eastbourne College First Eleven is very well produced, and the idea of having pictures in a school magazine is one that might well be extensively copied.

Falkirk High School Club Report contains an excellent portrait of Mr. George Galbraith, the president, and a tasteful appreciation of the late Dr. Hugh Campbell, first hon. president of the Club.

The Hurst Johnian gives only eight out of its forty odd pages to college topics, which is rather a mistake. A good feature is the "Great Thoughts for Daily Reference," from which I select the following: "To see boys as they are not, and never can be, is the Penny Dreadful's peculiar privilege." "If you would be virtuous, don't write poetry."

The best thing in **The Invalid** (June) is the "Hockey Alphabet." The "Sporting Intelligence" and the school news generally are weak, and lack snap and go.

The Lorrettonian (June) has a well-written "In Memoriam" notice of Captain William McFarlan, of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch. "From the time he landed at Cape Town on November 13th, down to Magersfontein, he never passed one night in bed. . . . He could, it is believed, easily have saved himself, as he was wounded in the arm or hand early in the afternoon, and might have retired with perfect credit, but he stayed on, and when some shouts of 'Retire!' were raised, he ran up and down his line calling, 'Not the Black Watch!—we don't retire.' These are the last words he is known to have spoken."

The school notes in **The Llanelly County School Magazine** (No. 2) are excellent, and the Editors are much to be congratulated on the general tone and get-up of the whole publication. There is a useful article on "The Civil Service," by Percy Thomas. We wish the magazine all success.

The Ludlow Grammar School Magazine is somewhat heavy. It needs a lighter touch in the paragraphs. The characters of the Football Eleven of the past season seem somewhat inadequate, but the magazine suffers from no lack of school news, as the whole of its pages are devoted entirely to school topics.

The Malvernian (June) is well arranged and compiled, but shows no sign of idea or originality. I am sorry to see the announcement that seven O. M.s out of the number who have been engaged in South Africa have been killed, which seems an enormous percentage.

Congratulations to **The Mercers' School Magazine** on a rattling good number for June. An attempt at alliteration by an artful adversary, setting forth the adventures of Alfred Acres, an ardent adventurer, Ada Adams, his acquaintance, and Adeline Abbott, Ada Adams' antagonist, is a clever and ingenious piece of work.

The Olavian (June) on its fine hand-made paper, with its strangely designed grey cover, is a model production. In appearance it resembles a volume of effusions by a minor poet—the sort of thing that a long-haired versifier would give to his lady friends. But though somewhat lacking in humour, the literary contents reach a high order of merit, and one comes away from the perusal of *The Olavian* with a firm conviction that the students of St. Olave's and St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, are absolute paragons of virtue and of learning

*[Owing to pressure on our space a large number of reviews of magazines have been held over.—*The Ed. The Captain.*]*

THE FIRST APPEARANCES OF FAMOUS COUNTY CRICKETERS.

By John A. Stock.

We will begin with "W. G." Dr. Grace's first appearance in a first-class match may be said to belong to a past generation, and few can remember how, as a boy of sixteen, playing against the gentlemen of Kent, he made 62 runs in his first innings.

There are not many cricket records which the Doctor has left unaccomplished. His 344 for M.C.C. *v.* Kent at Canterbury, in 1876, is the third best individual score ever made in a first-class match. On no less than three occasions he has performed the rare feat of making two separate hundreds in a first-class match, and has scored no less than 118 three-figure innings during his thirty-five years' play. During the many matches in which he has played, his scores have stood at every figure from 0 to 100—a really unique record.

The following is a reproduction of Robert Abel's reply to the query as to his first appearance :—

Dear Sir,—I went on the cricket field as soon *as I could toddle.* Played for Surrey since 1881. Am afraid I can say no more, as most of my anecdotes have appeared before.—Yours

R. Abel.

Robert Abel.
From the "Book of Cricket."

The cheery little "Guv'nor," however, made his first appearance in 1881, when he played against Notts, and, going in eighth wicket down, contributed a modest single. It was not until two years later that he began to figure prominently in county cricket, and, though not making big scores against the Australians last year, in 1886, playing against them, he made 144 runs, remaining at the wickets seven hours. In 1891 he made 197 runs, his highest score in first-class cricket.

C. Edmund de Trafford, the captain of the Leicester team, will have done yeoman service, though his first appearance might well have discouraged him. He says :—

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 4th May. My first appearance in county cricket was playing for Lancashire *v.* Derbyshire, at Derby, on August 4th, 5th, 6th, 1884, when I made 0 and missed a catch, so was not asked to play again.—Yours truly,

C. Edmund de Trafford.

The accomplishments of C. B. Fry, the famous Captain contributor, as an all-round athlete do not need repetition here, his successes being too numerous to mention. As a cricketer, too, he has easily earned a place amongst the most famous. His first appearance, though, was somewhat discouraging. It is given below :—

Surrey *v.* Warwickshire, 1890, August. Got 1 and 0 not out. Dull day, bad light, poor match. No particular recollections.—Yours truly,

C. B. Fry.

The late captain of the Notts team, J. A. Dixon, has proved a remarkably good all-round cricketer, but, like Mr. Fry and Mr. de Trafford, his first appearance cannot be said to have been particularly brilliant. He thus briefly summarises the occurrence :—

I suppose you mean first class cricket. 1882, August 17th, 18th, 19th, at Trent Bridge ground, Nottingham :

J. A. Dixon, c Webbe b Tuke 0 c Walker b Webbe,.. 0

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Bowling	9	2	31	0

Although rather singular that so many failures are recorded in first appearances, it can, perhaps, be understood that to figure for the first time must be a decidedly trying ordeal, and one liable to lead to discomfiture. Mr. F. Stanley Jackson is yet another player who did not

achieve a brilliant initial success, though the excellent services he has performed since that time are well known to all followers of first-class cricket. In writing of his first appearance, he says :—

I can scarcely remember it. Certainly nothing happened upon that occasion which has particularly impressed itself on my memory. I suppose I was like all others placed in a similar position—nervous, though I am not much bothered in that way, and I remember thinking that I would sooner become a "star" in the cricket world than anything, but I thought I should have to have a lot of luck to gain my ambition. My first appearance for the county I made 0 and 2, and missed two catches! I thought county cricket was no good to me, or rather, I was no good for county cricket. — Yours truly,

F. STANLEY JACKSON.

The four following original reproductions briefly summarise the records of Mr. K. J. Key, the late captain of the Surrey team; Captain E. G. Wynyard, of the M.C.C. and Hampshire; Mr. A. J. L. Hill, another prominent Hampshire player; and Alec Hearne, the Kent professional :—

First appearance in county cricket, Surrey *v.* Kent, August, 1882. Age, 17. Surrey won in one innings. Scored—c and b Wootton, 16. Got one wicket, that of G. G. Hearne, who was caught at slip by Barratt. W. H. Game and Pooley were also playing in the match for Surrey.—Yours,

K. J. KEY.

Learnt cricket at Rev. C. B. Fendall's School, Woodcote House, Windlesham, 1872-73, and played at Charterhouse, 1874-77 without getting into eleven. Played for Hampshire *v.* M.C.C. at Lord's 1879 or 1880, got 0 and 1. Played a good deal for South Hants, Moors, and Free Foresters, and army cricket for 8th King's Regiment, also for Aldershot Division. First 100 for county was 114 against Sussex, at Brighton, 1888, I think. Have, in all matches, made 200 and over on five occasions, and 100 and over seventy-four times.

E. G. WYNYARD.

Born 1871. Marlborough College XI., 1887-88-89. Cambridge Jesus College 'Varsity XI., 1890-91-92-93. Went India, Lord Hawke's XI., 1893; Lord Hawke's XI., America, 1895; Lord Hawke's XI., South Africa, 1896. Top batting average, India, 1893—30 average. Top batting average, America, 1895—36 average. Played for Hampshire since 1889, was born at Southampton. Played for Wiltshire 1886. Bowl right hand—fast. Bowling average for Marlborough 1887-88. Batting average for Marlborough, 1889.

A. J. L. HILL.

WOODS. (A Marvel!)
From the "Book of Cricket."

My first appearance on the cricket field was for the old Mid Kent C.C. in 1878. In 1879 and 1880 I took the bowling average — sixty-two wickets for 2·11, and fifty-five wickets for 3·5. First century at Catford Bridge, 112 not out against Royal School of Mines, 1882. First county match for Kent *v.* Somerset, 19 not out, 1884. Played regular for county since.—Yours faithfully,

ALEC. HEARNE.

Samuel Moses James Woods is the somewhat lengthy name of the popular Somerset captain, although to all lovers of the game he is affectionately known as "Sammy." He was born in Australia, and educated at Cambridge University, and for the college team, as well as for his county, has done much good work. The following letter was received by the writer, and although it does not detail his first appearance in a county match, is sufficiently interesting to warrant its inclusion in this article :—

DEAR SIR,—The first game I played was in Manly Beach, Sydney, Australia. The other side went in first and scored 55. I went in No. 8; there were six out for 12. The first ball I had bowled me. I was so nervous I declared the sun was in my eyes, so the captain of the other side allowed me to have another innings. I stayed in while our best batsman hit off the runs, much to the surprise of the other side. — Yours faithfully,

S. M. J. WOODS.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

This month I have awarded one year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN to J. EMILE GASMANN, Tattlebury House, Goudhurst, Kent, for the following essay.

Norwegian Boys.

(By One of Them).

As a general rule, the average Norwegian boy has received an excellent education—I am now speaking of the public school boy—probably very much better than the average English boy gets. He has the advantage of learning several—generally four—languages. He is also much better up in science, natural history, geography, and religion. He gets the very best drill instruction; he is, as a rule, a first-rate swimmer, a good sailor, and an excellent skater or skier. Skiing is purely a Norwegian sport, and one of which we are justly proud. When we have our yearly national ski "Derby," hundreds of foreigners come to witness this unrivalled contest. But that is almost the only real sport we have—the summer sports are hardly worth mentioning. That grand game, football, although just being introduced into Norway, is very little known, and an Englishman would hardly think much of the game as played by the Norwegians. I think they mostly make the rules themselves. Cricket is less known still, as also is tennis, and golf is absolutely unknown. Altogether, the Norwegian boy does not go in much for any kind of sport; he is, perhaps, too indolent; and I think it is a very great pity, because, after having seen what a good effect games have on English boys, I cannot help lamenting that we Norwegians are so far behind them. I am afraid that too much sneaking and bullying goes on in Norwegian schools. Boys will sneak to the master out of and in class, and it is considered more as a merit than sin—a very great mistake. I have seen a great deal of bullying in the school I went to. For instance, if one boy had been unfortunate enough to offend some of the others, they would all set upon him at playtime, kick and cuff him, and, during lessons, sneak about him, and bring all kind of true or untrue charges against him to the ear of the master, who is often too willing to listen to sneaking.

"HIS FIRST CHOKER."
By J. P. Grandidier.

But it is not my intention to charge all Norwegian boys with being sneaks, cowards, and bullies—far from it. There are so many exceptions, and I think the fault lies as much with the masters—who ought to put a stop to it—as with the boys, but certainly there is too much of it.

Norwegian boys have the same sterling qualities as English boys, only they do not get the chance to show them so much. Anyhow, I need in no way be ashamed of my compatriots, who are at least brave, upright, and honourable.

I have only now been able to tell you very little about Norwegian boys, but hope later to say some more about them, and to tell you about their sports, and particularly about snow-shoeing.

EMILE GASMANN.

CURIOUS PETS.
Photographed by O. W. Thompson.

Here's health to Baden Po—ell,
Who when but a boy at scho—ell,
Could finely bat and bo—ell,
And was simply grand at go—ell,
And who, taken as a who—ell,
Was a thorough rare good so—ell.

Yours, &c.,

A. (but not "Baden") POWELL.

A Riddle.

What is the most popular number represented at the front?

Why, one hundred and four, of course (C.I.V.).

F. V. PULLIN.

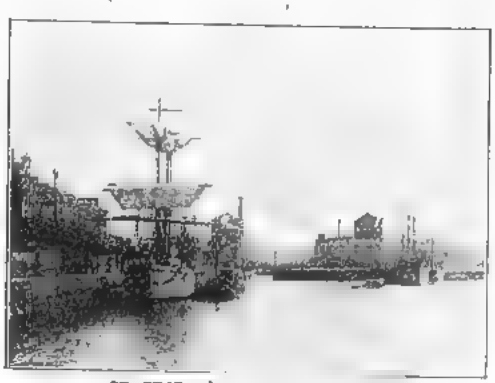
A CLEVER DESIGN FOR A HEADING TO A MAGAZINE ARTICLE.
By Fred Carter.

A Miniature Bull Fight.

Two years ago, while I was visiting a large farm in Dorsetshire, my cousin and I had a rather exciting experience. In a field about half a mile from the farm-house there was a young bull and some heifers. As the field was on the side of a hill the animals, when away from the trees, were visible from the farmyard. One day my cousin and I noticed that the bull had broken through the hedge, and was enjoying himself in a field of young wheat about a foot high. My cousin quickly saddled one of the horses in the stables, and taking with him a short-handled whip with a tremendous lash, started off at a gallop, intending to drive the bull back into its proper field. In the meanwhile, I waited where I was to see what happened. In a few minutes my cousin was riding cautiously up to the bull, but the animal evidently had no intention of returning, for it started to trot in an entirely opposite direction. Seeing this, I ran down into the valley that separated us, hoping to head the animal back. I had just broken into a walk, and was making for a gate, when over the gate came the bull, with my cousin close behind it. I beat a hasty retreat and was soon over the other side of a gate higher up the field, but I was only just in time as the bull was very close behind me. For some reason or other the bull did not attempt this gate, but preferred to savagely charge my cousin, whose horse just escaped the animal's horns. Recovering itself, the bull again charged, and would undoubtedly have brought my cousin and his horse to the ground, but when the bul was a few paces from him my cousin cracked his whip, and the sharp report so surprised the bull that it swerved on one side. At this moment I blew a powerful whistle that I had with me with all my might, which still more alarmed the bull.

My cousin then shouted out to me to make my way to the lower gate and open it, hoping that the bull might go through without more trouble. No sooner had I moved than the bull was after me, and I raced for all I was worth, but again the sharp crack of the whip attracted the animal's attention, leaving me just time to reach the gate. After I had propped the gate open I made my way through a small hole in the hedge to watch the result. My cousin then advanced as near as possible to the bull, and with shouting and cracking his whip he gradually drove the animal towards the gate, and ultimately, when hearing the lowing of its companions, it trotted back to its proper field. When I joined my cousin his horse was shivering with excitement.

P. W. Drof.



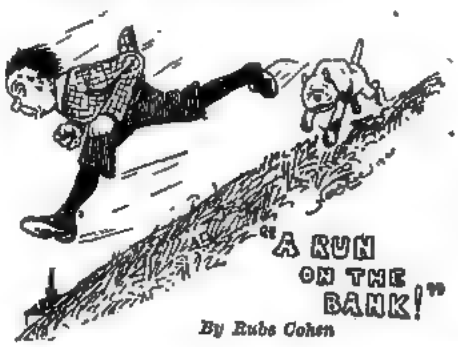
ST. GEORGE'S DOCK, LIVERPOOL.
By K. H. Smith.

Man's Only Want.

[Mr. Judson, who has been silent for a time—possibly doing impositions—favours me with this poem. As Mr. Judson is only fifteen, it is possible that a melancholy void in his purse has inspired the effusion.]

I want not splendour or pride,
Or the gift of a womanly bride;
I seek not the line of resource
Or the race of the royalist's course.

I look to the moon and the stars,
I find not the prison or bars,
I seek what is honest and true,
And sigh for my earthly due.



By Rube Cohen

There are situations wanting and vacant,
And people who work like a bee and an ant,
But I should have freedom just like a hound,
If I could win a *bright, yellow, round pound.*

T. C. JUDSON.

Curiosities in Figures.

DEAR SIR,—In your March "Special Pages" you published an article written by Alex. Lingford on "Curiosities in Figures." The law he lays down as infallible is not so. Here are some figures which follow his directions to the letter, but yet do not get the same result:—

£	s.	d.
17	12	3
3	13	5
13	18	10
10	19	1
£24	17	11

It does not seem right that anything should be published which is incorrect.—Yours,

JOHN OUCHTERONY.

A Riddle.

What four rivers would a father name if he found his son making mud pies?

"Why, Dan, you be a vulgar nipper."

(Wye, Danube, Volga, Dneiper.)

A. C. W.

THE 13TH LANCERS CHARGING THE BOER-GERMAN CORPS, VET RIVER, MAY 7TH.

Drawn by Geo. F. Davis.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

T. and O. B.—The verse is "fair." You are not boys. Am I right? **Hughes & Co.**"—Judging men page you send, your worked very well indeed **Wallace.**—The sketch "**Davies,** by the spec: hektograph **Fred. W.** "Prahistoric Zoo," is too much blotted for reproduction. Have another try. Keep the drawing clearer. **H. C. James.**—I don't like your "Kruger" joke. The sketch is good, but rather niggled. The reproduction of sketches which have been much worked up is very difficult, and they do not print well. "**Du Rennes.**"—I am keeping your puzzle, and will use it if possible. Use blacker ink, and make larger drawings. **D. Graham-Crofts.**—Thanks for photo. To explain the difference between a training-ship at sea and any other ships would take too much space here. Broadly speaking, the difference is slight. **Robert Ewald.**—The photos are, unfortunately, too dark; I can only use one. Many thanks. **W. B. Tapp.**—Draw more carefully, and make your pen and ink lines firmer. The sketches you send now would not reproduce very well. **Archibald Dale.**—Kruger sketch is good. You ought to have put a blue tint behind, and not a wash, as I cannot reproduce this in line. Your second sketch is better, but I do not care for the joke. **Victor Glenmore.**—Good joke! Use black ink in future. **Secobrain.**—I cannot reproduce pencil drawings in the "Special Page." **W. H. Owen.**—Photographs very interesting; sorry I cannot use them. **Sid. F. H.**—Make your drawing more distinct, Sidney. **F. H. Ogar** sends the photograph of "an egg within an egg." Unfortunately, it is a very poor print and I cannot clearly reproduce it. **W. W. G.**—Very carefully drawn, but coloured sketches make poor blocks. **Charles C. Dawson and "Eagre."**—From the very slight sketches you send, I should not like to advise either of you to go in for black and white. Better contribute to the "Special Page" for some little time, then I will be able to tell you your strength a little later on. **One of the Hands.**—I would have reproduced your drawing in the "Special Page" if it had not been worked with such a fine pen. Why not look at the line illustrations in THE CAPTAIN and see the kind of thing we want? **A. R. Noltenuis** (SOUTH AUSTRALIA).—I will try to use your sketch and essay if I can possibly find room. **G. F. Davis.**—Your composition of the British Army charging the Boers is good. **D. Hughes.** Your little sketch in colour, "Clouds at Cardiff,"—shows great promise, but it would not reproduce very well, so I am returning it to you. **Harley Russell.**—Many thanks for letter and photograph of Bedford Grammar School pavilion. **W. Dale and Arnold**

SMALL BOY (to party on solid tyres): "Hullo, guv'nor, yer tyres want pumping!" *By Geo. Monks.*

Whiteley should not put quite so much work into their sketches. Try again. **George Monks** seems to have copied his idea from one of Mr. Hassell's sketches. **Quack.**—Candidly, I do not think the sketch you send in shows very much merit. I should like to see more of your drawing. **K. H. Smith.**—Many thanks for photograph. Yes, your letter is very neatly written. **Claude D. I'Anson.**—Your sketch is a pretty good one, but I do not see my way to reproduce it as it is of no special interest. **Albany H. Farrow.**—Do not try such an elaborate subject till you have had more practice. **D. M. S.** (ABERDEEN), sends what he considers a unique method of photographing stamps, but I do not think it would be of much value for reproducing in a magazine. I will send on his specimen to Mr. Gooch. **E. Law.**—Your sketch is good; but drawing for "Special Pages" must be in ink, not pencil. Use a black ink and make the lines firm. **W. Matthews.**—The maze is too small and not distinct enough. In future, make sketches larger. **Joan Sterling.**—Joke good. Take more pains with drawings, and try again. **J. A. Ramsey, Mac., and P. Mairet.**—See reply to E. Law. **A. Adams and Harold Stewart.**—Good ideas, but lines too fine to reproduce. **H. Garland.**—Not much. **D. G. Barnsley.**—Your work is good, but we cannot use sketches in colour. **L. Williams.**—Oom Paul is not our guest at St. Helena up to the time of going to press with this number. Many thanks for your joke. **W. Nettleton**—Too chalky for "S.P." **F. W. Sleetburn.**—Don't be afraid of the ink, and make the lines stronger. **R. Hughes.**—Have another try next month. **Jack Point.**—Many thanks. Sorry photo is so dark. Write again. **Roy Evans.**—Please make your drawings stronger, and then you will soon appear in print. Why don't the other chaps write?

Contributions also received from: Chas. Norman, A. E. Olley, Edgar W. Railton, L. O. Hughes, Lewis Higgins, D. W. Harris, F. Carter, D. Brown, Athol Kirkpatrick, W. Daly, H.G.R., E. B., W. Fenning, T. W. Herring, A. M. Millar, H. M. Pigott, J. B. Edgar, Gwendolen Braddell, R. H. S., J. Hembrow, S. F. H., and F.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 13th

No. 1.—"**Longest Words Competition.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the three competitors who send in the twelve longest words they can find forming a complete sentence. Here is a sample of what is meant:—

Ranjitsinhji reluctantly conceded privileges only obtainable through strategic diplomacy of considerable ingenuity.

No. 2.—"**Punsters' Competition.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best punning riddles on the lines of the following:—

Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spider.
Why did the quail quail?
Because the woodpecker woodpecker.

Riddles may contain names of birds, beasts or fishes, but must be absolutely original.

One class only ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"**Holiday Competition.**" THREE DE LA RUE'S FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded for the three best essays not exceeding 400 words on "My Summer Holiday."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"**Map Competition.**" THREE SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS will be awarded for the three best maps of South America in pencil or colours, neatness taken into consideration.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**My Home, Competition.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the sender of the three best sketches of their homes in pen, pencil, or water-colours.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Photograph Competition.**" THREE HANDSOME "MOUNTING" ALBUMS (for preserving photos in) will be presented to the readers sending the three best photographs of seaside or country scenes.

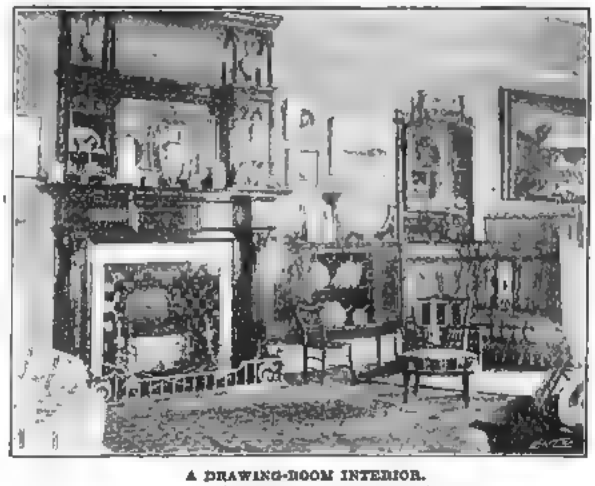
Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

THE way you take a holiday very much depends upon what you consider to be a holiday. With some folks a holiday is all repose; with others, all restlessness. I expect most Members of my Crew are to be included in the latter category. And quite right, too! Cricket and claret-cup, lawn tennis and lemon squashes—"Sing ho! jolly ho!" for the summer holidays!

I am writing these lines in a cabin on a P. & O. steamer, and as near as I can reckon, I am about three thousand miles away from THE CAPTAIN office, and within a day's sail of Egypt. I shall post my letter to the printer at Port Said, and, that done, I shall convey my big, white sun-hat and other belongings to the city called Cairo, and there, in the intervals of viewing mummies and pyramids, think out some new ideas for Vol. IV.

Of course, this is not quite the time of year for a visit to Egypt, but a man must take his holidays when circumstances do best suit, and I would rather glide through this blue ocean than roll about on the Atlantic, or dodge in and out of Norwegian fiords. So I have braved the heat and come along. My ship, the *China*, is indeed a good ship. The Bay of Biscay wore a smile when I passed through it; and I have fallen amongst excellent company. It was a little cold in the Channel, and people paraded the deck in overcoats and wraps. Once in the Mediterranean, however, such coverings were cast aside; the lightest of summer raiment was donned, and since then we have basked perpetually in the sunshine of this sweet southern sea (interrupted outside Marseilles by a heavy roll, which made people hurry below in a sudden and eccentric manner).



A DRAWING-ROOM INTERIOR.

By W. C. Duckworth, Winner of Competition IV., Class I.

Another time I hope to discourse at greater length of the beautiful things I said to the cabmen at Gibraltar when they tried to overcharge me. I will tell you of the thousands of great guns hidden in that grim rock, and I will not forget to mention what I paid my Spanish guide for telling me all about them. The old rascal (to please me, I suppose) was enthusiastic in his references to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. I appreciated this sort of thing at first, but, at last, growing a little weary of so much affectation, I presented him with a shilling, and observed, "There, now say a word or two about your own poor little King!" I could see from his crafty smile that

it was quite immaterial to him *which* European monarch he praised, so long as he was paid for it.

The beauty of a sea voyage like this is that you have nothing whatever to bother about; nothing to do—no letters, no newspapers. It is an absolutely idle existence, and it is an absolute change. The greatest change always affords the best holiday. Country people generally derive benefit from a visit to London, and to the Cockney's sallow cheeks the sun and breeze of the shires lends a glow of health. The sailor seeks rest and recreation ashore; the inlander makes for the coast; the inhabitants of seaside towns quit cliff and rock for the meads of Warwickshire or the hills of Malvern. The great thing is to get away from your own neighbourhood for a time—even if it be but for a week at Baden-Baden or Margate-Margate.

On board a ship of this sort the passengers thaw and thaw until they become quite a happy family. You find yourself talking to men as if you had known them all your life, and to ladies — really — as if they were your sisters. Then, when night has fallen (there is hardly any twilight out here), and you can watch the wake of the moon's rays for miles, when the strains of music steal out to you from the drawing-room, and when there is even rude melody in the churning of the great keel through the waves—then life is ideal, and cannot be better. Watch the stars and watch the waves, and forget all your troubles. Dream as you like—dream all sorts of things; but whatever you do, do not lean too far over the rail, for there may be a shark waiting for a meal just beneath you.

There! The very bliss of this life is a little sad, for only those who have endured great sorrow can soar to the topmost heights of happiness. They that go down to the sea in ships witness wondrous things; and one cannot travel over six thousand miles of ocean without gaining much knowledge worthy of life-long keeping. You are in touch with Nature in her grandest and her most terrific and her gentlest and kindest moods. Life on a liner would be just about perfect if you could get your shirts washed.

Somebody is hammering at my door and asking me to umpire in a game of cricket ("Starboard *v.* Port Cabins"), which is just now to be played on the hurricane deck. So, ever a faithful fag, I go. Before I left London I answered as many letters as possible, and these replies you will find below. As for me, I must leave you, to take a watching part in the most glorious game ever invented, no matter where it be played!

Bazaar.—Would any reader of THE CAPTAIN be kind enough to send some contributions for a bazaar for the soldiers, which will be held about the middle of August. If so, please send all contributions to Miss Talbot, Little Gaddesden House, Berkhampstead, Herts.

A BIT OF NORTH WALES.

By Gordon Barnsley, Winner of Competition IV., Class II.

Volumes I. and II. are still to be had at the published price of 6s., or by post 6s. 6d. I would, however, advise new readers who have not got them to obtain them at once, while they are yet procurable. Each volume contains over six hundred pages, most profusely illustrated, is crammed with school stories, tales of adventure, athletic articles, stamp articles—in fact, everything dear to thy heart, O boy!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chubby.—Thank you, my dear. Kind regards to your cousin.

Derfla Senoj.—Thanks for post-card. Very curious mishap, I'm sure.

May Queen.—You are too young to contribute to magazines. Be content with competitions and "Special Pages."

Tom Tayler.—A very manly letter. Go on, and do all the good you can among those around you.

Harry Burton.—You have plenty of weight for your height; you ought to be a useful "Rugger" forward.

Too Inquisitive.—(1) Put "Special Page" on envelope, if you send poetry. (2) Yes, separate letters. (3) The editors send their magazines for review.

F. B. L. (Redhill).—I hope your editorial duties have not turned your hair grey. I am far too busy to contribute anything to private magazines.

A. M. B.—The much coveted Victoria Cross is a small, plain bronze Maltese cross, for which the War Office pays 4½d.

F. T. Gilderson.—We will have a Stamp Collectors' Competition very shortly.

Cox O'Higginson.—Because somebody had just bowled him, of course.

Percy Joscelyne.—A very nice letter! I will make inquiries about the camp you mention.

Beautiful Bounding Bertie (Liverpool) wishes me a happy "birth-month," and assures me that he will take The Captain in until he is "broke." He says that Liverpool doesn't seem to have won many 'Captain' prizes, and desires me to urge all Liverpudlian readers to "buck up."

W. Franks.—Was much pleased by your letter, which I have handed on to Mr. Gooch.

Shrapnel.—You may send as many solutions as you like to any competition.

K. F.—Keep your silk-worms in a cardboard box, along with some "mulberry or lettuce leaves." You need not separate them when they begin to spin unless the box would be too crowded if they remained together; then it would be advisable.

Northern Fir.—All papers are open to you. Try the popular pennies, like *Tit-Bits*. Send them some really new and interesting personal paragraphs about celebrities up your way.

FIREWOOD.

By Tom R. Wilson, Winner of Competition IV., Class III.

A. L. Hamilton.—Sorry no space for your exciting ghost story. Kind regards to the ghost.

Kenneth.—Yes, certainly. Two years on board one of our training ships is allowed for by the Board of Trade as one year before the mast and, of course, ship owners prefer a certificate beginning in this way, in preference to the ordinary apprentices. See my reply to "Duncan Younger."

Duncan Younger, Ralph Smart, "Second Mate," and several others, have written seeking information about joining the Merchant Service. There are two ways of doing this. The first, to join such training ships as H.M.S. *Impregnable* at Devonport, the *St. Vincent* at Portsmouth, the *Revenge* at Queenstown, or the *Worcester* at Greenhithe, etc. In this case it requires a premium of fifty guineas and upwards, but from my correspondents' letters I presume they wish to go to sea without putting their parents to such expense, and yet it is rather difficult to be apprenticed to a good shipping firm without a small premium, which is usually returned in wages. I should advise "Second Mate" and others to apply by letter to any of the shipping firms that advertise in our large daily papers, for full particulars. By paying a small premium, they will be able to join a good ship for four years, live apart from the crew, generally in a deck-house, and altogether treated as petty officers. There are a few firms in the provinces that will take apprentices without a premium. These generally ship you into small vessels, and although a boy learns as much on an 800 ton ship as he would were he "brass-bound" on a 3,000 tonner, I should like to point out to both my readers and their parents that it is highly important not to be apprenticed to the captain, but rather to the shipping firm, and for this reason—when apprenticed to the firm there is a much better chance of getting a berth as second mate in the same line of ships, whereas to be bound down to a captain would mean that when out of his time, his skipper may leave that vessel and go to quite a different part of the globe. Will any of my correspondents who want further information from me, apply by letter, enclosing a stamped envelope?

"Colleen Bawn."—Unless you send me some of your specimens I am afraid I cannot give you any advice as to the class of magazine to send your work to. You had better make some sketches from Nature and send them to the "Special Pages." Many thanks for your letter; but for many reasons, I don't feel inclined to change The Captain cover. If ever I come to Erin, I hope to be received, as you say, "*Cead mille failte.*"

H. G. J.—If your fourpenny-bit is in good condition, it is worth about 6d.; but if it has been in circulation it would not be worth more than half that sum.

Bashful One.—Get a mutual school acquaintance to introduce you. That is the only advice I can think of.

H. W. W. is a Cambridge man of twenty-two who has taken in The Captain ever since the first number, and counts the bound volumes "amongst his treasures." He tells me that his old school, Elstree, has contributed £90 to the War Fund. When one considers that schoolboys are not overburdened with cash, I think Elstree is to be highly congratulated. A good many Elstrenians must have denied themselves "tuck" in order to contribute to the Fund.

A. E. R. Whitehorne (Jamaica).—I'll give you plenty of time when next I give you a comp.

An English Boy.—French boys do not dress quite like you do. The French do not regard these matters as we do, and probably they think your dress a most curious costume. The younger boys often wear "blouses"—yes—but not velvet knickerbockers. I have not noticed their boots.

An Admirer of "The Captain."—I thank you.

J. O. T.—(1) Palmistry is a very fair amusement for a dull evening when a few young people want a change from "blind man's buff," but I do not regard it in a serious light. A great many silly girls are humbugged into paying half-guineas and half-crowns to so-called "professors" of this art. (2) I will not print a page of "Handsome Brothers" in The Captain, as it is not my desire to foster vanity in my readers.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—"The Life and Exploits of Alexander the Great," and "The History of Alexander the Great," both with an introduction and Notes by E. A. Wallis Budge Litt, D., published by the Cambridge University Press at 12s. 6d. and 25s. respectively; also "The Story of Alexander," price 7s. 6d., published by David Nutt, London. I should think you ought to be able to consult these books through a first-class reference library, or you might possibly pick one or other of them up at a second-hand bookseller's, or by advertising in the *Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart*. Your *nom-de-plume* is an excellent life motto.

J. H. T. P.—(1) No such coin as a George III. two-shilling piece exists; a shilling of the same reign is worth about 1s. 3d.; a George I. half-crown would probably fetch 3s. 6d.; a William and Mary halfpenny is practically valueless; the Spanish coin you mention would not be worth more than 1s.; a Queen Anne threepenny piece is possibly worth 6d., according to its condition. (2) If you progress in the same proportion as hitherto you will certainly be a "six-footer" ere you are twenty-one.

"May."—Your coins are valueless, the twopenny piece of George III.'s time being worth but one halfpenny, while the penny and halfpenny of the same reign are worth nothing whatever.

"Coins."—The only coins amongst those you mention that are of any value are the Indian rupee and two annas, and the 100 cents Netherlands—the first two being worth 1s. 3d. and 2d. respectively, and the third about 2d. also.

G. M. S.—A pronouncing dictionary is not needed when studying Spanish. If you must have one, you would have to get a very large and expensive one. "Bustamantes'" is not a pronouncing dictionary.

A. S. (Dundrum).—The value of your coins depends entirely upon their condition, both the William III. two-shilling piece and the Queen Elizabeth's shilling being worth anything from 6d. to 10s. each, according to their state of preservation.

Xaymaca.—Thank you for your letter. I will endeavour to use the photo you send of the Jamaica High School, although it is a very poor one. I do not know that our competitions for foreign and colonial readers are any harder than the others. Go in and win, sir.

John C. Craig.—Your name should have been placed among the "Hon. Mens." in Class I., but by a mistake it was printed in Class III.

L. M. G.—The letters "B. R. D." occurring in the dedication of the late R. L. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," constitute a signal which means simply "*Adieu*."

G. W. H.—(1) I don't think you can do better than purchase "The Coin Collector," by W. Carew Hazlitt, price 7s. 6d., published by Mr. George Redway, 9, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London. (2) Your medal is of no value at all.

H. C. (Jamaica).—Yes; Vols. I. and II. of The Captain are still obtainable, price 6s. 6d. post free.

"Floreat Rugbeia."—No, I don't see how it can be illegal to print stamps of your own design on your letters, as they would be merely a sort of monogram.

"Amphibian."—I think you are made of the right stuff and will get on, and see no reason why you shouldn't do as you suggest. I would recommend to you the following books, all of which are published by Mr. Edward Arnold, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.: "Allen and Greenhough's Latin Grammar," price 6s.; "Practical Latin Composition," by W. C. Collar, price 5s.; "Latin Prose Exercises," by Professor A. J. Eaton, price 2s. Others you could get to meet your requirements in the special branches of the study which you take up.

Mavourneen.—I should advise you to obtain "The Art of Modelling in Clay and Wax," by T. C. Simmonds, price 1s., published by Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, which will give you all the information you require.

"Tiger."—Your guinea-pigs will eat with equal relish nearly everything in the vegetable line; but their staple diet should consist of grass, bran, clover, dandelions with oats, bread, apple-parings, and any vegetable.

Gillingham.—I am forwarding your letter to Mr. Fry; it just arrived as we go to press.

W. J. C. and others.—The authors of the article on "How to Build a Canoe" inform me that they obtained their canvas from a local draper. It was something after the same style as the canvas used in making mattresses, was 5ft. wide, and cost 6d. per yard. It was a little coarse, but very strong; and when well oiled and painted, made a splendid skin.

Cleopatra.—The expression "When Homer nods" means that at times the greatest intellects are liable to grow drowsy, and the greatest people act in a most commonplace manner.

Loyal to my Captain.—Each competition must be sent in a separate envelope or on a separate post-card. Have handed letter to Mr. Gooch.

David Muir.—I am rather tired of telling would-be black-and-white artists to consult Mr. Tom Browne's advice to such in the August editorial (1899). An editor only asks an artist to illustrate a story when he is quite sure of his man. An artist generally introduces himself to an editor by either sending sample sketches or calling with them. When sketches are sent, stamps for return should always be enclosed. It is a good plan to go to an Art School and enter into competition there with other young artists.

Brer Rabbit informs H. F. Mackie, and other rabbit-keepers, that "Hare's Parsley" is a very good food for rabbits. I should like to hear what other rabbit-keepers have to say on the subject. Also, will some experienced rabbit-keeper send me "A List of Foods for Rabbits?"

S. K.—Your superb copy of "Tower of London" has just arrived. Was it thrown in with a penny-worth of water-cress, or did you pick it up in a rag and bone establishment?

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Erin-go-Bragh.—Do not know your district so cannot say anything about the cadet corps in it. If you are a Londoner, there are the London Rifle Brigade Cadet Corps, the Tower Hamlets, and many others.

H. W. Everitt is thanked for the photo he sends of the masters' and boarders' house, Earl's Colne Grammar School. It would serve my purpose better if he would send a photograph of the school itself.

E. R. V. (Dulwich College).—Send a better photo, and I'll use it.

Roy and others.—You must have influence. It is necessary to get a nomination from one or more of the directors of the line on whose ship you wish to become a purser. A knowledge of shorthand, book-keeping, and one or more foreign languages, is also essential.

Also letters from: "J," Khaki, "Mansie," Junior Eastbournian, Gordon Barnsley, A. H. Liddle, J. Kirtland, Cader, H. H. Denning, "Mudge" K. M. F., "Dear Girl Friend," "Crystal Palace," T. W. Wilson, J. Joseph, F. A. Rogers (Nawmpoort), "Glory," "A Colonial Admirer," "Leslie," "The Bourse," "Loyal Paddy," Arthur Kellas, "Sub Editor," H. Pearson, J. Jungheun (India), R. E. Robinson, "Captain Reader," W. R. Rimmer, "Well Wisher," "Centenary."

A number of answers held over for want of space.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—Best Description of a "Cycling Tour."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of 7s.: Sadie Harbison, "Roskeen," Rosetta Park, Belfast.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of 7s.: W. J. C. Nettleton, 70, George Street, Portman Square, W.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: W. H. Simmons, "Brenzett," Banisters Road, Southampton.

Honourable Mention: J. P. Salway, J. H. Knight.

No. II.—Best "Cricketers' Alphabet."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: R. Ashby Howe, 94, Roker Avenue, Sunderland.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: M. Edwards, "Leehurst," Salisbury.

Honourable Mention: Fred C. Dewar, R. Bruce Beveridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Kenneth G. Finlay, 2, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: W. A. Oldfield, 39, Waterdale, Doncaster.

Honourable Mention: Elsie Holden, Victor Glenmore.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

Winner of "Swan" Fountain Pen: Noel Haddon, Mellor Road, Marple Bridge, Stockport.

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: A. H. Downes-Shaw, South Eastern College, Ramsgate.

Honourable Mention: W. L. Hallworth, Walter Colquhoun, W. F. Heath, L. E. Binns, F. G. Skinner.

No. III.—Best "Map of India."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of 7s.: John Thomson, c/o A. Reid, 21, Maryfield London Road, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: H. S. Spain, Ethel Owen, Ada C. Meredith, Robert Adam, Mary Moreton, Ethel Walker, Robert Bowden, Edith Brewis, Elsie J. Tattersall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of 7s.: M. E. Cock, 35, Milton Road, Fitzhugh, Southampton.

Honourable Mention: Mary Dollman, Gladys M. Holden, A. E. Smith, Gertrude Allen, H. Mitchell, Dorothy Watkins, George B. Grieve, B. H. E. Price, H. R. Brown, Philip M. Fremlin, Esca Allday, Charles Whilby, A. L. Ilsley, Katherine Wilkinson, Winifred W. Bedale, R. R. Bussell, Kity Wheatley, Alice Seager, Evelyn Cossart, A. Wakeford, A. de Montfort-Thorpe, Janet Laidlaw, Gordon D. Adam, W. Haymes, J. O. Nicol, C. S. C. Roberts, Ruth Chippendall, Jeanie Belfrage, A. Taylor, J. A. Forster, Alice Leggott, Lettice E. Evans, C. Thomas, A. Morrison, A. C. Legard, Enid M. Walters, T. A. Macallan, Joan Clark.

CLASS III. (Age limit Fifteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Gordon Jellicoe, 74, Parkhill Road, N.W.

Honourable Mention: T. R. Davis, L. MacDonald Gill, F. C. Porter, Alice M. Cooper, C. H. Ilsley, Dorothy Piggott, R. N. Davis, Dorothy Wheatley, Dora C. Swindon, Dorothy M. Cross, W. T. Leeming, Thomas Gilson, Margaret Drayton, Janet C. Betts, Dorothy Stewart, J. Douglas, Jack Watts, E. Slack, Clara Coster, Marian Coster, E. P. Wheatley, D. R. Brandt, C. H. Baker, H. R. Hodge, S. E. Bennett, H. Kingscote, J. S. Potts, S. D. Adam, Fred Ingham, Ian C. Russell, R. B. Langmer, Herbert Briggs, John Gauld, Arthur E. Lane, Margaret Rose, T. W. Herring, W. B. G. Kent, H. H. Downes, Hugh St. G. H. Maxwell, Andrew Guthrie, D. L. G. Williams, Lizzie Douglas, A. B. Clements, J. F. Harlow, Hugh Golby, H. Denby, W. L. Andrews, T. J. Jones, D. M. McNaught, T. R. Rishworth, Esther Taylor, David Thomas, Marjorie Wells, R. Maxwell, F. E. Daun, A. S. Jones, Hester Holland, Frank Mallet, A. J. Taylor, U. Thomas.

No. IV.—Best "Amateur Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of 7s.: H. C. Duckworth, "Oaklands," Kimbolton Road, Bedford. (Drawing-room interior.)

Honourable Mention: Lily R. Brazier, H. Y. Fielding, Alfred Boudet, Alfred Briggs, Maida Sturrock, Leonard Bressey, Jessie K. MacRobert, Charles A. Organ, J. W. Langdon, M. Briggs, Gladys Morris, C. E. Pease, D. M. Strath, E. H. Hunt, C. H. Leigh, W. H. Lucas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Gordon Barnsley, Rydal Mount, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales. (Landscape.)

Honourable Mention: R. M. Donald, I. G. Thomson, Ernest S. Woodward, B. L. Rolling, Arthur Turk, W. Hander, son, Stanley Goldsmith, Cecil B. D. Fox, I. R. Dyson, H. C. Mortimer, A. S. Brookes, J. F. Moylan, H. Pollock, H. Jaeger, E. Smith, James Connock, C. Seelig, A. W. Dicks, A. D. Wood, G. H. Lowden, J. Keane, W. H. Scorer, D. O Milledge, John Fuller, Daphne M. May, H. B. Dibben, W. A. Monteith, Douglas Woodhams, Frank Smith, Flossie L. Booth, Richard L. Bridgnell, Douglas Weaver, S. E. Gritton, Herbert Lee, Effie Kennedy.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Tom R. Wilson, 26, Drummond Place Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention: John W. Hepple, F. C. Sharp, G. H. Willcox, A. G. Schofield, William Huntly, H. C. Lott, J. F. Taylor, H. P. Heyworth, E. W. Tanner, A. W. Woodhouse, J. Fletcher, Edward Slack, C. R. Cairns, E. Baker, F. Garratt, H. Oppenheim, B. White, A. C. Hutt, R. H. Southern, S. G. Hine, V. R. Lucas, F. B. Clarke, E. Nicholson, "Hunter," M. Worlock, C. B. Tidmarsh, G. Lough, W. A. Young, David D. O. Mountfield, J. Douglas, J. K. Dyer, J. Prentis, A. Rose, E. H. Strange, C. E. Garrett, H. C. Armitage, R. J. Spink, C. D. Dowding, G. L. Vigers, H. S. Thompson, A. W. G. Oliver, F. C. White, Alex. J. Duncan, C. S. Milledge, Violet Brown, Clifford Southall, Dudley G. Burton, J. Donald Hughes.

No. V.—"Sphinx's Puzzles." (*Vide* "Captain Puzzle Corner," p. 464.)

No. VI.—Best Musical Setting of "The Postboy's Song."

£1 1s. divided between: Amy Garraway, 35, Beversbrook Road, Tufnell Park, Holloway; and Morella Hamer, "Bryn Hyfryd," Twthill, Carnarvon, N. Wales.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Sadie Harbison, "Roskeen," Rosetta Park, Belfast; and George D. Cunningham, 43, Westbere Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

Honourable Mention: W. J. D. Flavill, Beatrice Craik, J. F. Staton.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Strand," "Wide World," or "Captain."

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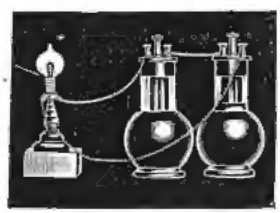

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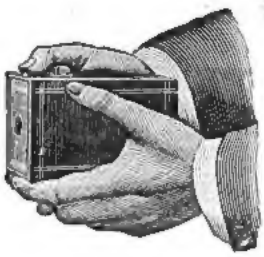

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